

HANDY-VOLUME SERIES.

OUT OF TOWN

BY

F. C. BURNAND.



LONDON
BRADBURY EVANS & CO.
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Burnand, F. C.

AUTHOR

Out of town

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THE
GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

NOTE.

THE first step towards going out of town is evidently to consult *Bradshaw*.

The intending tourist will do well to study the following treatise, which, perhaps, scarcely exhausts the subject ; but the reader will see how he finds himself after it

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

PREFACE.



ELDORADO, if ever, has the gigantic intellect of man been employed upon a work of greater utility, or upon one of such special application and general comprehensiveness, as in the projection, completion, publication, and sustentation of the now familiar *Bradshaw*. Few literary efforts, however high their aim, either in the ethereal regions of Art, or the sublime paths of Philosophy, have ever achieved so much for the cause of Progress as has the Book of Bradshaw.

And yet, such is the original imperfection inherent in even the most carefully elaborated human scheme, the writings of Bradshaw, it is objected, contain so many difficulties, real or apparent, so many contradictions, so much error, mingled, it is allowed, with a certain amount of truth, as to partially destroy its character for credibility, and so far to injure its usefulness for guidance, as to render it unworthy of that

implicit reliance which most minds would be willing to place in the *dicta* of an acknowledged superior and accredited teacher. In answer, we contend that the so-called difficulties are far less real than apparent, and that the honest student, who applies himself heart and soul to the work, will encounter no greater obstacles than such as were surmounted by Champollion, during his laborious researches into the mysteries of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The plain title of the Book carries with it the overwhelming grandeur of simplicity. Who is there but can without effort pronounce it? What being so dull as not to respond interiorly to its utterance? Bradshaw! Let us repeat it mildly, softly, soothingly—Bradshaw! Let us be hard and fierce in our tone, as announcing an authority from whose decision there lies no appeal—Bradshaw! Let us pronounce his name in the broken accents of despair—the despair of one who has no time to lose, and to whom every minute is of the last importance—let us, half weeping, say Brad-ad-shaw. Let us lispingly allude to him among the false smiles, false teeth, false hair, and false hearts of the gilded saloon, as Bwadthaw! Mentioned where you will, and how you will, there is a strange charm in the name that rivets the attention, even though it fail to reach the understandings, of all hearers.

Of the genuineness of Bradshaw there may, and indeed must, always exist most reasonable doubts. The question of its authenticity has been raised by its supposed difficulties, and these it shall be alike our duty and our pleasure to explain.

Once let a doubt of Bradshaw be confirmed and established, and in whom, in what, shall we put our confidence?

Once let the discovery be made that in the statements contained in Bradshaw no trust can be reposed, and what abiding happiness will remain to us in life? To and fro shall we be drifting, from one Station to another, from one informant to another, now clinging to this opinion, now holding on by that, at one time late for an early train, at another early for a late, dependent upon ignorant officials, at the mercy of grasping porters, equally uncertain as to the moment for entering or leaving a compartment, we, with mental powers weakened, equanimity utterly overthrown, and physical capacities prematurely decayed, shall ultimately find ourselves harmlessly playing at Steam-Engines on the green sward of Colney Hatch, or composing an Oratorio out of old Great Western time-tables while wandering in the cloisters of the secluded Hanwell.

Quo Tendimus? To this, an admission of the existence of difficulties, a staunch denial of their insuperability, and an acknowledgment of the great need of a competent expositor. In this character we come forward as the champion of Bradshaw, and Guide to the Guide.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE GENUINENESS OF BRADSHAW—OBJECTIONS ANSWERED—HIS WIT, HUMOUR, SATIRE—OUR LINE.



CONCERNING the authorship of Bradshaw, it seems to us no reasonable doubt can be entertained. It is as evidently to our minds the compilation of several hands, as are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer.

We attribute no weight whatever to this objection as regards the trustworthy character of the information contained in the book. For, to say that a certain book was written by one Bradshaw, is no more than to say St. Paul's was built by Sir Christopher Wren, who, it may be fairly supposed, never touched so much as a stock or stone in a practical way during the rearing of the ecclesiastical edifice :—

“ Sir Christopher Wren
Directed his men,”

and no more nor less than this fell to the lot of Bradshaw.

That the hand which had guided the work to its completion should have given the few finishing touches required, is far from improbable, and some of the index fingers, shunting lines, and amusing, though perplexing, arrangements and notices, are, without doubt, from the facile pen of Bradshaw

himself, when, in the quiet winter evenings, he could, over the social glass, allow his freakish fancy to rove freely through the mazy labyrinths of his favourite book, lightening, beautifying, and embellishing its pages with a graceful humour all his own.

The adoption of this hypothesis will at once account for the occasional sudden digressions, and affected jerkiness of style, that, while thoroughly original both in conception and execution, strongly remind us of the peculiarities of Sterne. Thus, for instance, when a train to Brighton is announced as leaving London at 9 A.M., you may trace it carefully down to its sixth station, and then it is lost in space, or stopped by a pointing finger, or becomes inextricably mixed up with some train going in a totally opposite direction, or it capriciously breaks off without any reason whatever, and never reaches Brighton at all, or—it takes us onwards towards a castle in the air, and suddenly (Grand Thought!) vanishes among the Stars! (* * *).

Now, this was Bradshaw's peculiar vein of humour. We can see the mischievous twinkle of his eye, as his strong active imagination fully anticipated the amusing perplexities into which the erasure, made by his pen, would cast some thousands of his readers, and how heartily, as one of themselves, he sympathised with merriment which the discovery of his innocent jest would cause among them, when they entered into and appreciated the true spirit of his sly, quiet fun.

Let this much, as stated above, be on all hands conceded to Bradshaw.

If, then, Bradshaw created the difficulties of which we complain, why did he not take upon himself their solution?

The question might just as well be asked why Bradshaw ever wrote any Guide at all? or why he adhered to any precise method in composing it?

We believe his motives to have been of the highest and purest, not to say most disinterested kind.

But he *has* provided a "Key" to every volume, and in it has drawn largely upon his fund of quiet humour, and has slyly satirised the affected weakness of those, whose pretended necessity laid so great a tax upon his time and patience.

We propose, first of all, to deal with the Title-page and Key, wherein will be found specimens of Bradshaw's satiric mood.

Then we will take at hap-hazard a page, or, so to speak, a leaf out of his book, in order to present the reader with Bradshaw in his simply humorous phase.

From time to time we shall be open to any suggestions from esteemed correspondents, and shall answer them or not as we feel inclined.

Having thus thoroughly imbued ourselves with our Author's spirit, we will attempt, in all humility, and with a sense of our utter unworthiness for the task, to extract from his teaching short practical maxims, and brief instructions for the traveller's ordinary guidance. Besides this, we shall, in the true mind of the Author, give funny things, jokes, &c., for every traveller, suitable to different lines.

We will then develope his hints, and having thus filled up

what was wanting in Bradshaw, shall present our Complements to the reader.

From the general tenor of his writing, we shall in due course proceed to deduce particular rules of conduct, applicable to the various situations or Stations wherein the traveller may find himself placed.

In fine, we will endeavour to confute the superficial objectors by bringing to light the hidden treasures of Bradshaw, and, by an easy method, make patent to all, what had hitherto seemed to wear the veil of mysterious obscurity.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE PHENOMENA OF BRADSHAW—HIS INTEGRITY—
AN IRISHMAN'S TESTIMONY—BRADSHAW CONSIDERED
POLITICALLY—ECCLESIASTICALLY—ASTRONOMICALLY
—MYSTICALLY—MUSICALLY—THE KEY.



IN dealing with Bradshaw according to the plan proposed, we will commence with the exterior of Bradshaw.

The outside is Yellow, and the inside is Read. The name of the Month of Publication at once strikes the eye, and herein, in spite of all the temptations to falsify facts, is invariably shown Bradshaw's characteristic regard for Truth. If it is June, he writes June; if July, July; if December, he follows the same inflexible course.

Does this not speak volumes for such a man's integrity? It does, twelve volumes annually; not counting the Abridgments.

Again, the Price is Sixpence. He makes this pecuniary statement bluntly. He says it's Sixpence, not a penny more or less, and there's an end of it. No haggling, no bargaining, the lowest price mentioned, and nothing under that will suit the Book of Bradshaw. Isn't this honest? Who after this can entertain doubts of Bradshaw?

Twopence more, and down goes Bradshaw into all parts of the Country by Post.

Who does not know the excitement occasioned by the arrival of a Box of Books in a Country House? Well, you've gone through them all, from the Sensation Novel down to the last Theological pamphlet, within a week. But in that time is Bradshaw exhausted? You may have tired of your favourite poet in a fortnight; but how many of Bradshaw's grandest lines remain unscanned? and as to those that you have perused, are they not fresh again at the beginning of the next month?

The urn is hissing on the table; in spite of such senseless opposition let us applaud; Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to propose a toast—I see you are on the rack, it is . . . Bradshaw for Ever!

An Irishman best described the Editor of this Book of Railways, when he spoke of him as “a *rare* gentleman.”

Before getting at the Key, we will, while glancing at the front page of the cover, stop for a second to gather some notion of what is meant when we speak of Bradshaw's Raillery. Observe then a notice that heads the page. “Look for Index, pages 1 to 15.”

Look for it by all means; but that's quite another affair from *finding* it. Note, the sly but honest fellow doth not commit himself even in jest. In the first fifteen pages you may glean intelligence about a Rotary knife-cleaner, a Turkey carpet, or a Crystal sewing machine, but nothing about an Index.

Now that's one specimen of Bradshaw's fun. What is the

result? You must be the most crusty person and ill-bred into the bargain, if you don't enjoy a hearty laugh at the neat way in which you've been "done," and then set to work to discover the index in the place where *Mr. Sam Weller* fixed his abode, that is, "Varever you can." *

It has been left for the Astronomer Royal to make the profound observation, that Bradshaw, like the Moon, changes once a month. But the book is under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Royal Family, both Houses of Parliament, and *all* the Government offices; "Wherein," saith this Constant Reader of the Morning and Evening Star, "the book hath no little advantage over the Moon."

How often has the statement been read, and yet who has ever pondered on its significance!

What unbounded joy must the First of every month bring to Her Most Gracious Majesty, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (why is the Princess excluded?—fie, Bradshaw), the Royal Family, and both Houses of Parliament, when The New Guide is laid damp from the Press upon the Breakfast table! This then is why the Church bells ring on the Commencement of every Month. Imagine the jubilation in both Houses of Parliament. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, you may see, doing funny little sums in addition and subtraction out of the Fares from Oxford to South

* Bradshaw may say that he never meant you to look in the Roman numerals which commence the book, and reach XXXII. "Oh, didn't you?" say we, ironically.

Lancashire,—and the Speaker shouting out a playful alphabet to the effect that—

A. B. was a Bradshaw,
C Cut it,
D Didn't,

and getting up to X, the Xpress, which would take him for a day's holiday into the Country.

For the Day of the Publication of Bradshaw is a General Holiday omitted in the Calendar.

A century hence, perhaps, the Festival of Bradshaw will be kept as that of St. Linus, or St. Railway Linus.

Some mystics, failing in every endeavour to apply Bradshaw practically, would have it to be an allegory, a modern *Pilgrim's Progress*; a guide to a Wandering Christian, to be printed at the Press of one Faithfull. To which opinion we make the famous monosyllabic reply, uttered by the Turkish Sultan Mahommed Hafez, to Zulema the faithless favourite, "Bosh!" Whereupon an intelligent eunuch filled up the cup of her misery with genuine Sack, and pitched her into the Bosh-phorus.

Talking of Sultans, reminds us of *Blue Beard*, the mention of *Blue Beard* recalls *Fatima*, and the name of *Fatima* brings us, by all that's blue, including Stockings and Horse Guards, to the Key.

Of course we mean the Key to Bradshaw. This Key consists of a number of separate notes, each having its own value, and in it you will also find reference made to a Scale of charges. You will notice too that all the observations

therein are perfectly natural, none of the jokes flat, and most of the remarks sharp.

1. "The first thirty-two pages," he informs us, "are advertisements." This is his gratuitous fun ; the information is scarcely needed. We shall have a word or two to say on this subject by-and-by.

2. "The Map shows all the Railways open." He probably means all the carriages open. By the way, if Bradshaw's Key would only unlock the doors of the compartments, no Traveller ought to be without it. Note that.

3. "The *Thick Figures* refer to the page on which the trains of the particular lines to which they are attached may be found." Don't bother yourself as to his precise meaning ; you'll soon get accustomed to his quaint mode of expression.

Observe 'tis only the *Thick figures* who refer to the Page ; so, whoever lays claim to ordinary sharpness will not trouble himself about this performance.

Note further, Bradshaw's *caution* : whatever is the subject of the above direction "*may be found*," not *will be found* in such and such a place.

If the Oracle at Delphi was not an ancestor of Bradshaw, we're Dutchmen, and you ladies, if English, are Duchesses.

Then follows a jest about the Index, which he pretends is contained in Bradshaw. But everyone knows that the Index is published in Rome, and by the way, perhaps, Bradshaw figures in the List of expurgated Books ; in which case the Index contained in Bradshaw would be a "skit"

upon the Papal Compilation, and herein is an example of his satiric vein.

4. *Contents*.—Under this head comes everyone who is pleased with Bradshaw, and all the shareholders who are receiving handsome dividends.

Non-Contents are not mentioned ; but we've an idea that it would include the Queen, the Royal Family, both Houses of Parliament, and all travellers who are *so perfectly* satisfied with the tender care bestowed upon their safety, and the *admirable precautions* taken against the dangers of locomotion, by the Directors of the different Companies.

The Male-Contents are always quiet and respectful in the presence of the Female-Contents of the Train, and to the latter every attention will be paid by the Followers of Bradshaw.

5. *Time Tables*.—Herein Bradshaw revels. In treating, however, of the starting of Trains, he has omitted to propose any line of conduct to be adopted by passengers, whose Trains do not start for some time, or whose Trains have started without them, which comes to much the same thing. Of this, and divers other matters, we shall treat, by way, as we before said, of *Complement* to Bradshaw. We shall have a word to say for Dinner-time Tables, Luncheon-time Tables, and what is most important *Refreshment*-time Tables. These will, it is most likely, have some connection with Mahogany, except on the Dover line, where we shall have to speak of Deal Time Tables.

6. *Fares*.—"In the occasional absence of these," says the wag, "an approximation may be obtained," &c. Here is all

the fun of the Fares for you! But of course every one except the "Thick Figures" will see through the double meaning. The "occasional absence of *Fairs*" (read thus) can only occur in a *Male Train*. The "approximation" spoken of, is probably when you get out for a spoonful of hot soup, and a few minutes' brilliant conversation with the attendant Fairies of Swindon, Cambridge, Rugby, or Peterborough.

7. The sum of this note is that *Thick Lines* are not *Thin Lines*; that the former mean one thing, the latter another thing, and both nothing in particular. "That's the humour of it." The true meaning underlies this current of words, and what is the use of our Key to the Key if it does not assist the otherwise superficial observer? This is it:—Tourists who are going on *fishing excursions*, will use "thick lines" or "thin lines" according as their destination is the sea or the river.

8. *Indentions*.—"Those Stations which have an indention on the left hand are branches showing that travellers in going from London to Dover, do not pass through any of those places having indentions *except at the point of junction*." That is, you never pass through a place having indentions *except when you do*.

"To indent," signifies "To cut in the shape of teeth," and therefore "indentions" mean "cuttings in the shape of teeth." "To indent" is also a law term, from which is derived "indentures." Commentators are of opinion that here the *d* is a misprint for *t*, and that the note should have followed No. 6 on Fares or Fairs, where the question as to

Intentions would have come in most appropriately. Such a literal mistake is rendered all the more probable by the fact that D stands for *dinner*, and therefore might without much difficulty have been mistaken for the next thing to it—a T. There is confessedly some obscurity in the text.

9. *Dark Lines*.—Those in embryo ; those about whose arrangements there is some confusion ; projected lines ; and lines, like the Metropolitan Underground, or the Great Northern over ground, which, for several miles, journey through tunnels.

N.B. Travelling on an *over-ground* railway must be always very sharp work. Again, *under-ground* officials must be excused for their bluntness.

10. *Bold Figures* “opposite Stations refer to other lines,” &c. Of course it does require some audacity to go to a Station that is in opposition to another Station, and refer the passengers to other lines. Bradshaw would also include under the head of Bold Figures, that large body of men whose business it is to creep under the wheels with oil-cans, run about on the carriage-tops, and so forth.

11. *Shunts*.—To shunt, is a verb derived from some Latin one, or rather from the Latin one, *sum*. When the Romans invaded Judæa, the ancient people gradually came to use the language of the conquerors, and, as is their custom, introduced the letter *h* after the initial, medial, or final *s*. Thus, *sum*, *es*, *est*, became *shum*, *esh*, *esht*, and the plural *shumus*, *eshtis*, *shunt*. This last, signifying a change, came gradually into modern use. Now, in this note we fall upon a grim jest, for which we cannot praise our otherwise esti-

mable writer. He says :—"The Train leaving London at 6.50 A.M., runs only to Watford ; but, by the train being shunted at that station *into the next train*, he (the traveller) is enabled to pursue his journey onward to Stafford or Liverpool." We have quoted *verbatim*. Gracious ! here is a direction, taken perhaps from some manuscript work, some unpublished Chapter of Accidents. Here is "How to do it" with a vengeance ! "*Shunt one train into the next train*," says Bradshaw, quietly, "and the traveller is enabled to pursue his journey," &c. Ay ! but how ? On foot ? And won't an action, or several actions, for due compensation lie against the Company ? Of course. Let us sincerely hope that in all future editions the blot upon the well-known humanity of Bradshaw may be erased.

12. *Wave Lines* ~~~~~.—This is B.'s hieroglyphic, and our explanation is that they in some way or other represent trains which will ultimately take you down to the sea-side.

Under this head should also come

13. *Wave Rules* ~~~~~.—See Bradshaw, p. 21, by which hieroglyphic Bradshaw signifies that he is a loyal Englishman, and that Britons never, ne-ver, sha-a-all be slaves.

14. *Dotted Lines*.—The epithet alludes to their appearance from any elevated situation, as, for instance, from the top of St. Paul's, from a balloon, the Monument, Primrose Hill, or the Wellington Statue. From any of these positions the Railways appear mere dots, or, we may more correctly say, "mere specs"—and disastrous specs, too, sometimes.

15. *Branch Lines*.—To proceed from a Branch Line to a Station on the Main Line (this is the substance of Bradshaw's note) *lying in an opposite direction* (italicised in *Bradshaw*), the following is all that is required :—

Example.—From Maidstone to Dover.

That 's all.

This is *so* simple that no explanation is needed.

CHAPTER III.

BRADSHAW'S PECULIAR HUMOUR—DIVISION OF TRAINS
—THE DOUBLE JANUS—LEAF OUT OF BRADSHAW—
ISOLATED JESTS—IRISH TIME—AN A.B.C. GUIDE—B.'s
FUN ALLEGORICALLY TREATED.



E will now turn our attention to the specimens of our author's peculiar vein of humour traceable throughout his book.

In order to arrive at this vein we must remove the superficial crust, and dig deep down for the valuable ore, for which we are searching.

If the reader will be good enough to adopt our method, he will soon be possessed of means for the due working of the great Bradshaw mine.

After considerable labour, we divide all trains into six classes; exclusive of their own internal divisions (alas!) of *first, second, and third*.—

The 1st consists of those trains which start and arrive. The 2nd of such as do not start but arrive. The 3rd of such as *do* start, but *do not* arrive. The 4th of the trains whose departure from the starting point is subsequent to their arrival at their destination. The 5th of those trains which, neither starting nor arriving, yet manage to call at several

stations on their road. The 6th, which neither start nor arrive, but "run."

The four first belong to the *Visibilia*: the last two to the *Invisibilia*; running probably on the geometrical line, length without breadth, whereof the extreme points have no parts or magnitude, and the "pointsmen" immaterial Double Januses; that is, quadrilateral or four-sided figures. Apart from these classes are the *Meteoric* trains, which neither start, nor arrive, nor visit; but are absorbed.

[Here it episodically occurs to us that a very pretty little railway pastoral might be written to the tune of "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" which would make an admirable picture on the cover of any new edition of Bradshaw. The name of the place, with its reference to the page, could follow in the second line, and very pleasant, instructive, and useful reading it would prove.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" &c.

"I'm going to Brighton (p. 82), sir," she said—

And so on.

There are many tunes equally fitted for this purpose. In the North, for instance—

"Scots, wha whae?"

which we suppose means "Where are you going, Scotchmen?" Then the answer will be in the remainder of the line, in the reference, as above mentioned

But to return.]

Having got thus far, we will take a leaf out of Bradshaw, and carefully examine it:—

FOR [here follows imperfect print, probably part of the sun] PLACES ON PAGES 82 and 83,
see page 24. (1)

LONDON, MOTTLEBORO', WAITINGHAM, STOPFORD, PICKLESWADE, DEPSTER, WAGTON,
M'STER, WUMSLEY, COORT, BELLHAM, ETC. N.W.

Gen. Man. (2) J. SMITH.] [Supt. of Line, JO. MILLER. Assist.-Supt., GRIMALDI, Jun.

(1) Don't pay any attention to this: a mere formal preamble. (2) Abbreviation for Gentlemanly Man.
Very kind of BRADSHAW to insert this gratuitous testimonial to the excellence of his friend, J. SMITH.

Miles from	Fares from			For Metropolitan Line, see page 25. (3)	(3) Don't pay any attention to this: it only goes into deep questions, and won't do you any good.							
	1 cl.	2 cl.	3 cl.		1, 2, 3 mnn.	1, 2, 3 gov.	1, 2 mnn.	1, 2, 3 mnn.	1, 2 aft.	1, 2 ex. mnn.	1, 2, 3 aft.	
1	0 6	0 4	0 2	Carryton St. Station.	A	9'45	2'0	11'50	5'0	
1	0 5	0 3	0 1	London (4)								
				(4) This is clear enough.								
1 1/2	1 0	0 6	0 3	Horbury	For Local Trains see p. 186—Gov. to (83)	6'45	Felton Station.	10'0	3'10	..	6'50	
4	4 0	2 0	1 0	Clay Green		6'50		10'15	4'0	..		
10	9 0	3 6	1 3	Pigwaldsen		7'0	Stop	11'0	4'30	..	7'0	
12 1/2	15 0	7 0	3 0	Mottleboro' (86) ..			2'55	11'15	7'10	
				Waitingham (24) ..				11'30				
14	20 0	10 0	5 0	Stopford (57) { arr.				12'10	Arrives at 5 on Saturdays.	12'30	Does not run beyond St. Swithin's except on Saturdays.	
20 1/2	25 0	12 6	4 3	Stopford (57) { dep.			3'40					
26	30 0	15 0	7 0	Pickleswade . { arr.			1'30	12'30		
30	35 0	17 6	9 3	Pickleswade . { dep.						
50 1/2	40 0	20 0	10 0	Depster 88, 89			2'10	Passengers for these Stations remain at Stopford all night.		
60							3rd cl. to the north.			
64 1/2	45 0	27 6	12 3	St. Swithin's			3'0		6'4	3rd class to Snailsborough.	8'10	
69 1/2	50 0	25 0	14 0	Little Withem 102, } 30, 51, 79, 3 .. }			3'15		7'0	..	9'0	
1		30 0	15 6	Snailsborough			4'10		Gov	..	9'30	
90 1/2	63 0	31 6	15 3	Medwystone 55, 60					7'15	..	10'0	
100	71 0	35 6	17 3	Finch 44		1'25			Gov	..	10'30	
102	80 0	40 0	20 0	Migdale		2'15			Gov	..	10'30	
120 1/2	100 4	50 6	25 0	Wagton { arr.		3'00			Gov	..	10'30	
160	160 0	80 6	40 3	Wagton { dep.		3'15			Gov	..	10'30	
180	170 0	90 0	45 5	Messford		4'00			Gov	..	10'30	
				Nark 89, 90, 100, } 99					Gov	..	10'30	
264	260 0	108 0	83 0	M'ster		1'45			Gov	..	10'30	
273	210 0	105 5	46 0	Wumsley 60, 46, } 1, 10					Gov	..	10'30	
..	82 0	Coort					Gov	..	10'30	
..						Gov	..	10'30	
..	Langton 11, 88					Gov	..	10'30	
..	Pellertham					Gov	..	10'30	
..	Bellham					Gov	..	10'30	

We will now devote a few moments to a consideration of the special wit and humour of Bradshaw, as exemplified in the preceding extract, to which please refer :—

“*Miles from* $1\frac{1}{2}$ ” (*Vide Notice lengthways at the side of Fares.*)—This mode of stating the distance, leaves the commencement of the computation entirely at the option of the Passenger. Instead of beginning with the unit, he starts with a unit and a half. You will read on until you get mixed up with the fares, when stop, go to sleep, and begin again by-and-by.

“*Fares from*”—is a joke similar in kind to the above.

“**A.**”—The first column is a specimen of Bradshaw’s peculiar vein of humour. The trains here belong to Class 5.

“*Gov.*”—The second column is marked neither *morning* nor *evening*, and may start, therefore, just when it likes. This is a Government train, intended for members of the Government only. It partakes of the *Meteoric* character.

Here you go on until, as in a children’s game, you come to a “Stop.” The Passenger for Pigwaldsen will be all right. The Passenger for anywhere else must either make up his mind to walk, stop at Pigwaldsen, or, having paid forfeit, to return to Town.

The third column represents a train that doesn’t start from London at all. You will see “*Felton Station*” written in the column. Recent discoveries lead us to suppose that either a place of that name once existed here, or is in the contemplation of the Directors. Some learned men consider it as a hint thrown out to the authorities by Bradshaw.

“*Little Withem.*”—Here the traveller is referred to several

pages, in which he'll have great difficulty in finding anything about Withem. If he does discover any particulars, they will be given in the following simple fashion :—

NORTHAMPTON AND PEDDLINGTON (Sundays only).

	mrn.	1, 2, 3	1, 2		aft.	aft.	Gov.
Pickershill Junct., } p. 88, 55, 100, 102 }	1'55	..	mrn.	Wyntanton, p. 100, 89		1, 2, 3	
Maltby	2'30	..		Maltby	3'4		1'0
Wyntanton	3'0	..	5'0	Pickershill Junct., } p. 88, 55, 100, 102 }	4'3	..	

The point being that if you look at page 102, you will be informed that there is *no* train for Withem from Pickershill junction ; and so you'll have to begin all your calculations over again.

Now, just take a simple case, and, having once mastered it, you'll never have any more trouble with Bradshaw again. Say you want to go from London to Wagton. Take the first column : there's nothing to suit you there, as you don't want a local train, even if you knew what it means. Column 2, Government train. That sounds well, and arrives at Wagton at three. Just the thing. But it starts from Horbury ! How do you get to Horbury ? Well, say in a cab. Ah ! but then this train runs on Saturdays only : and you *must* go on Wednesday. Give up Column No. 2. Column 3 is a puzzle. Where is Felton Station ? Ah no ! Look at Column 2. Observe the train that leaves Horbury at 6'45, runs into (*absit omen*) the train that gets to Mottleboro' at 2.55. No, don't you see that it has previously arrived at Pigwaldsen, and stopped there ? Of course. So give up Columns 2 and 3.

Now for Column 4. This is sufficiently plain-sailing—starts at 9'45, goes regularly through all the Stations, and you see arrives at Wagton at two o'clock. Stop! here's something written, "Passengers for these Stations remain at Stopford all night." What Stations? Ah, a mysterious hand points back again to London. But *we* are *not* for these Stations (though, if we were, *why* remain at Stopford? this is tyranny), and this regulation doesn't concern *us*. Howbeit, the train "*dep.*" (that is, *leaves*) Wagton at two. It never *has arrived*! Evidently it belongs to the 3rd Class of our *Visibilia*.

Such is the puzzle offered to the anxious voyager. He will simplify his trouble thus:—Go early to the Station, and ask the Guard. Do not leave his side; remunerate him with the price of two *Bradshaws*: it is well worth your while. Get into the train, and trust implicitly to this Guard. You may depend upon Bradshaw for the names of the intervening Stations: here neither Guard nor Porter will be of any use to you.

Old Bradshaw's day is a puzzle. Column 2 is neither morning nor evening—perhaps twilight. Then we come to morning, then to afternoon, then, without any night (with the exception of the one during which all passengers must remain at Stopford), we get back to morning again. This is an express train, and only stops once until it reaches Nark at 2'10. How and when the third-class is suddenly joined on, and how it is dropped again at Snailsborough, where the train doesn't stop, is one of the deep things of Bradshaw.

Here is one key. Observe Column 5. Compare "*Gov.*" with the stoppage of "*Gov.*" at Column 2. Note that the times are similar. The trains are identical. And yet, on second thoughts, they're not, as we have omitted the intermediate Stations, extending over nearly a hundred miles, in our calculations. These trains are *Meteoric*, and *become absorbed*, as above mentioned.

After a time you'll observe Bradshaw becomes tired of marking fares and distances, and so, beyond a certain point, these matters are left to the imagination of the traveller.

The sum of it all is, When in doubt, ask a Guard, or ask a Porter, and pay for your information.

In order to divert the mind from too protracted a study of the above curious and remarkable Time-table, we will ask our reader to consider one or two of Bradshaw's isolated jokes, cast up by the volcanic power of his exuberant humour, and scattered, far and wide, over the broad fields of his book of Railways.

Take the Newcastle Line. He avoids all mere punning about Newcastle *under line*, and so forth ; he despises *that*, and startles you, chucklingly, with a thoroughpaced, practical, knock-at-the-door-and-run-away kind of joke.

"On Saturdays this train stops at all stations, up to and including *Walker.*"

You may be annoyed with him at first, but you can't choose but be infected by these high animal spirits. There is a poetical feature in the above line.

Place "On" as the termination of a line immediately



preceding, and "Walker" at the commencement of the line following, and we have a neat Hexameter, viz.—

" On
Sätürdäys *this* trane stöps at all stäshüns üp t'an including
Walker."

By a very natural transition from one line to another, we drop the *meter* and come to Hexham, on the North Eastern.

What says Bradshaw? Passengers (the direction with regard to some trains is to this effect) *can* book to *any* Station on the line, *but* the train only goes to Hexham. A new form of an old joke, of course, which we would advise our author to omit in a later edition, if indeed he has not already done so. To recur to the Time Tables.

The following is what Bradshaw calls *Irish time* :—

		A	B	C
(From Ireland.)	Dublin	1	1, 2, 3	 Runs to the North. 
	Holyhead		aft.	
	Leeds		1'50	
	Huddersfield		morn.	
	Rochdale		3'45	
	Stockport	1'45		
		2 3rd class & only ar- rive		See key, p. 12.

"A."—This train contains a first and second class, and comes under the head of No. 2 in our "Visible" division. It arrives, but never starts! Yet it is an exception even to this rule, for the *Third class*, which *did not belong to it*, is the only one that arrives. The fearful question must be

asked, *What becomes of the other superior compartments?* Why does the Third class *only* arrive?

Bradshaw is at all events open and above board in the announcement, and first and second class passengers will, with their eyes open, book themselves at their own peril.

How many such have started years ago, and are wandering about England to this day?

The third class *only* has arrived! But the third class passenger must possess no ordinary acuteness, in order to know at what point he may get into the train; and when he *does* catch it, having waylaid it after a night's watching, he must be prepared to go to Stockport, or Nowhere; he must, moreover, be prepared to give up the entire day to this sport of "*Train-stalking*," as 1'45 may be A.M. or P.M.; Bradshaw being evidently, in this case, not "up to the time of day."


"**B.**"—Afternoon train from Holyhead at 1'50 gets to Huddersfield at 3'45 next morning, which is a rather tedious journey, considering that only one station, *Leeds*, has to be passed. But it may be that you pass the whole day and night as well at Leeds. Walking would perhaps be preferable, if fine. This is one of the trains for allowing time to passengers to see the country.

"**C.**"—This train "runs" to the North, and belongs to the sixth class of the second division "*Invisibles*,"—a sort of pauper, or orphan train.

Where it goes, or what are its fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The hand that should indicate North, is clearly pointing South, and the hand that points North, only attracts attention to the key, p. 12, where there is rather less about the Dublin, Holyhead, and Stockport train than in the above quoted page, which, however, is saying a great deal.

Anybody who did not *know* Bradshaw would be angry. But it's all his fun.

His "show of hands"  is an electioneering squib, which might have told pretty well this year.

If the reader remembers that this is *Irish* time, the whole joke is explained.

The train (C) is eminently adapted for that large section of the British public, who, in the summer time, *go nowhere*; or to those who, having a partiality for travelling express, care about going Nowhere unless they can "go in time."

CHAPTER IV.

TREATS OF THE ART OF MURAL DECORATION—ITS ORIGIN— PICTORIAL EXAMPLES.



BRADSHAW tells you at what time to be at the London Terminus, but he does not show you how to pass away an hour or so, should you happen to be too early, or what comes to much the same thing, too late for your train.

These supplementary suggestions it is ours to offer.

The art of mural decoration has made great progress of late years in England, and more especially, as is natural in London. This art in its crudest form was originated by some idle genius, who, being possessed of a piece of chalk or charcoal, was led to inscribe his opinions of men and things, pictorially or in writing, on the walls of our public buildings or aristocratic mansions. This juvenile Genius was doubtless a descendant of the Ninevite, Egyptian, and Assyrian little boys, whose works have caused so much trouble to modern antiquarians.

The juvenile Genius above mentioned grew up, and found himself, by a stroke of bad fortune, penniless—an outcast from society. His only property, with the

exception of the rags on his back, was a small piece of chalk. With this it struck him he would write on a flagstone his melancholy epitaph. It was to have been, "Walked his Chalks, ann. æt.," &c., but scarcely had he begun to write the second letter, when a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would sell his chalk, and himself into the bargain. To whom? To the tradesman who owned the shop opposite to where he was lying down. What put that into his head? The complaint of the Shopkeeper himself, whom our genius overheard informing a friend, that, if he could only get himself and his wares talked about he would be made a Tailor.

Our Genius jumped up. Advertising, except in a small way, and this only confined to wealthy establishments, was as yet comparatively unknown.

"You *shall* be talked about!" cried the Genius.

"Who are you?" asked the Shopkeeper, superciliously.

"Never mind who *I* am, Mr. Muggins," returned the Young Man, as if inspired: "I'm going to make *your* fortune, and my own too."

"Better begin with the latter," sneered Muggins, turning on his heel.

"I cannot, or I would," replied the Genius, proudly, yet sorrowfully.

Muggins paused. He liked honesty, and this had the ring of the true metal.

"We are necessary for one another," continued the Genius.

Mr. Muggins eyed him with pity.

"I am no lunatic," said the Young Man.

"Umph!" said Muggins, doubtfully, "I've only your word for *that*."

"This," cried the Genius, "is the Talisman."

He held up a piece of chalk.

Muggins looked at the chalk, and then at the Young Man, then at the chalk again. He could evidently make nothing of it.

"Well?" said Muggins, beginning to think he was wasting his valuable time. "What next?"

"Look!" was the reply of the Genius, as he began to draw upon the wall a hieroglyphic.

"What's that?" asked the Genius.

"That?" said Muggins, adjusting his spectacles. "Why—eh—bless my soul! *them's trousers!*"

"And what's that?" continued the Genius, writing something underneath the strange picture.

"My name and address;" exclaimed the astonished Muggins, "and the price of the article!"

"There are so many walls in London," whispered the Young Man in his ear—"so many walls in the country, and——"

"Hush!" said Muggins, "walls have ears."

"And mouths," quoth the Genius, closing one eye.

"Come you within," said Muggins, cautiously, and they entered the shop.

In less than a month all London was chalked over with "Muggins's 12s. Trousers, 28, Broadcloth Street."

And Muggins's "twelve shillingers" became necessary to

the existence of all the fashionable young City Clerks, Government Clerks, and go-a-head Shopboys in the Metropolis.

This was the history of the rise of Mural Advertisement Decoration all over England.

Need we say that the hand that carried Muggins through the length and breadth of the land, was that of the Genius upon whom we first stumbled, chalking his farewell address to an unsympathetic world?

Now, on the walls of nearly all Stations are works of art, not to be merely glanced at as advertisements, but calling for criticism based upon those canons that govern our connoisseurs in their remarks upon the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

We will begin with the Charing Cross Gallery, admission, *gratis*. Admission to Waiting Rooms and Refreshment Rooms, *gratis*. No charge is made for persons entering the New Hotel and not ordering anything. Of the amusements in this Station we will speak in due course, at present we will deal with pictures only, a very profitable business, by the way, in these days of enormous prices and energetic speculations.

The South Western Side.

No. 1. *The Traveller's Bag*.—We cannot congratulate Mr. Bussy this year upon his treatment of an admirably chosen subject. The Tourist has evidently only just laid aside his bag, and the straps are falling into a quaint yet graceful shape. This is the best part of the picture. The

curves formed by the straps are most natural and life-like. There is, however, a want of depth in the colouring that is eminently unsatisfactory. The artist evidently intends us to understand that the warm light of a beautiful sunset is resting upon the Tourist's Bag. The idea so far is excellent, and highly suggestive, but the colouring is dry and harsh ; and instead of a sunset effect, it has all the appearance of having been rubbed against a red brick wall. The lower portion of the picture reminds us of the worst faults of Turner, whilst in no part of it can we detect any approach to the master-touches of that great artist. Let Mr. Bussy spend more time over his productions ; it is a sad thing to see a young man of his promise wasting the paint-box oil in this frittering work.

No. 2. *The Corsican Brothers*.—This is, perhaps, a reminiscence of the well-known figures in the younger Kean's picture, exhibited at the Princess's. The story is familiar to all, and great mastery in drawing or power in painting could alone reconcile us to its supernatural horror. The imaginative quality of his work cannot be too highly praised, and the unity of effect at which Mr. Sampson has aimed, is not the least merit of this extraordinary picture. The moment selected by the painter is when Fabian feels the presence of the mysterious twin Louis in the looking-glass at his back. The bluish-white toning of the twin linen is so marvellously rendered, as to faithfully represent the spectral character of the subject, without affrighting the spectator by any unnecessary prominence of its more

repellant features. A choking faint atmosphere seems to pervade the picture, which belongs neither to night nor morning. In the lower portion of Fabian's dress, the painter's dominant yellow is perhaps not altogether irreproachable. We sincerely hope that the artist will not be satisfied with the production, excellent though it is, but aim at something higher and better in his next attempt.

No. 6. *Families Removing*. — A Touching picture of modern patriarchal life. Here Mr. Taylor has presented us with one of his gayest bits of colouring in the exterior of the van, wherein are stowed away the families. In the distance are the cliffs of Sussex and the palm-tree o'ershadowing the family mansion, whence Paternal and Maternal care takes the children during the autumnal months. They are evidently going somewhere else. On a single line of rails on the still sea-shore, within hearing of the murmuring old ocean of the ancient poets, modern invention takes its way. The allegory is complete. The unchanging sea side by side with the variable steam-spirit of the age. The crescent moon is smiling in the sky, while the last rays of the summer's sun illumine the horizon. The shadows cast by every one of the wheels, separately, is most life-like, and are evidences of the great care and attention paid by this rising painter, to the smallest and apparently most trifling details. We can almost feel the breeze coming across the bright blue sea, that calls to mind Stanfield's happiest performances. There is no want of refinement

here, although the intensity of truth displayed in this picture proves that the artist is determined to represent nature, as she represents herself to him. Another instance of his great faithfulness, is the dress of the cheerful stoker, and his honest companion the driver. Who would not, without catalogue or other information, at once recognise in the white frocked, neatly capped, light trousered, cleanly figures, the forms so familiar to all travellers by rail? There is throughout this work a vital character which speaks volumes for painters endeavouring to master the difficulties of their art.

No. 10. *The Blind Maid*.—In treating this domestic subject, which is merely a girl pulling down the iron blinds in a three-windowed room, if the painter's object is only to give sensuous pleasure, perfection of workmanship is absolutely essential. But Mr. Wood prides himself upon moral teaching by means of his art; and the merit of blind obedience to superiors, is here beautifully shown in the conduct of the maid, who is evidently executing her mistress's, or master's, commands. The good confiding girl does not reason with herself that it is broad daylight, and therefore to totally exclude the light and air is unreasonable and unhealthy; no, her vocation is to be a servant, and to yield her services to the requirements of her employers. "Blind obedience to an Iron Will" is the moral, and should be the title of Mr. Wood's picture. In regarding the pattern of the carpet, the stick in the hands of the maid, and the colour of the wall, we cannot but notice too great an

insistance upon accessories and detail. All the other part is in subordination, and there is, we fancy, no danger of Mr. Wood becoming hard and wooden. The girl's head is in admirable drawing, and reminds us somewhat of Mr. Sam. Lawrence's style, that is, if, without any disparagement to our present painter, Mr. Lawrence's heads were not simply inimitable.

CHAPTER V.

ART NOTES CONTINUED — THE GALLERIES — RULES —
HANGERS—THE LION—A CUP OF COFFEE—PORTRAIT
OF A LADY—PORTRAITS OF TWO GENTLEMEN.



BEFORE introducing the Railway Art-student to the treasures of another West-End gallery, it will be as well to mention one or two circumstances in connection with these exhibitions of ancient Art modernised.

The West Galleries, exclusive of the Metropolitan underground stations, are those of Charing Cross, Paddington, Victoria, and Waterloo.

The East are at Bishopsgate, London Bridge, Farringdon Street, and Fenchurch Street.

The Northern Galleries at Euston Square and King's Cross will also repay the trouble of a visit. Admission to all is gratis.

Bradshaw publishes, bound up with his Guide, a catalogue of these mural decorations, but it is by no means comprehensive or exhaustive ; and by the utter absence in its pages of anything like order or perspicuous arrangement, it is almost worse than useless to the inquiring traveller who is at all pressed for time.

The Pictures are for the most part un-numbered, a defect to which we call the attention of the exhibitors. Only R.A.'s are privileged to hang their productions on the station walls. The distinction conferred upon an artist by the degree of R.A. is that of *Railway Advertiser*. An A.R.A. is an *Associate of Railway Advertisers*. The R.A.'s possess the right of exhibiting *on the Line*, and *all along the Line*: there are no hangers below the Line.

The reader will now have the goodness to accompany us to the gallery at the Victoria Station. The first picture that strikes us is—

No. 20. *Leo the Great*.—A majestic head of a grand old lion looks down disdainfully upon us from out of a thicket of patent taps, corkscrews, razors, and seven-bladed pocket knives. We have to blame Mr. Moseley, inasmuch as he has presented so small a space for fault-finding, the lion's head being all that the artist has permitted us to see. We are sorry that he has not gone the entire animal, but in what he *has* given us there is such a depth of colouring, so admirably managed a relation 'twixt light and shade, so careful a manipulation specially evident in his handling of the seven-bladed knife in the right-hand corner, as to evoke from the most severe critic an involuntary expression of the heartiest admiration. Had the gradation of the tawny tint between the right eye and the left nostril been less gradual, the effect of the eye's ferocity would have been even more striking than it is. We cannot extend our praise to the instruments of torture, and the weapons of attack with which man has pro-

vided himself, that occupy the foreground of the picture. Apart from any objection that we might be inclined to make to their introduction, on the score of æsthetical propriety, we shall content ourselves with remarking, that all impress of local atmosphere about them is entirely wanting. We will not, however, be unnecessarily severe upon such an undoubtedly meritorious work as that before us, and shall watch with increasing interest the progress of a pupil who so worthily follows in the footsteps of his great master Sir Edwin Landseer.

No. 30. *A Cup of Coffee in one Minute*.—A Turkish slave magnificently dressed carrying coffee to the Pasha's visitors. A picturesquely and originally designed work; but the details are elaborated to such a painful extent as to destroy the freedom requisite in a picture of this nature. There is Ultra-Pre-Raphaelitism and uncompromising bigotry in every fibre of the large-patterned carpet, which the red Turkish shoes of the cup-bearer are indenting. Such insistence on minutiae as this is false to the true principles of Art, and is but a representation of nature as seen through a microscope of extraordinary power.

Some students of this school affirm that beneath even their apparently most trivial productions lies a moral. Minute manipulation is fatal to freedom. Mr. Dunn will not only probably allow, but actually adopt the axiom, as a defence of his method of representing a slave.

Owing to the absence of any authoritative catalogue, we have assumed the title to be *A Cup of Coffee in one Minute*,

but re-consideration induces us to prefer *The Virtuous Slave* as being the person to whom the description "warranted to keep good in any climate" is meant to apply. The silver coffee-pot and cup are in keeping with the character of the tray which is well imagined, though coloured in too low a key. The slave himself is less forcibly conceived, being of the low Arab type. The dress is brilliant, and admirably harmonised; but in his treatment of drapery the painter shows a tendency to elaboration without due regard to strict and valuable accuracy. The picture on the whole is far above the average of this year's show. Let not the artist be satisfied with praise, but persevere and do good service in the cause of Art.

The Portrait of a Lady (Madame Booth) and two portraits of gentlemen by Sangster, R.A., call for no very special notice from us. In the former the head is well studied, but there is a hard handling, evident in the violet-strings of the bonnet, that neutralises the otherwise pleasing effect of the face above them.

Mr. Sangster's portraits are too wooden. The modern dresses, however, are managed with singular mastery and fidelity.

CHAPTER VI.

BRADSHAW'S NATIONALITY—ROMANCE OF BRADSHAW—
HIGH LEVEL—MORE FUN—PUCK—AN ORDINARY
TRAIN—SHUTTING STEAM OFF—THE TERMINUS.



COMMENTATORS are of opinion that the "Guide," is the work of a wild rollicking jovial son of Erin. For instance, in one of the Irish time-tables, we find that the first train is *to arrive in time* for the 8.50 for Dublin, and, at the end of this announcement, we come upon the words—"Punctuality not guaranteed."

With what enjoyment, a delight peculiarly Irish, must O'Bradshaw have anticipated the difficulties of his students.

The question arises,—if punctuality is not guaranteed, will the train be there at 8.50?

If the second train is there for 8.50 will the 8.50 be there to meet it?

Supposing the 8.50 arrives at 8.50, shall I be in time if I go one hour before or an hour after?

If I go at once shall I be certain? No, Punctuality is not guaranteed!

If I start now and wait for both trains, will one train wait for the other subsequently?

Will it not be better to stop at home and think?

This is what the O'Bradshaw would call "Botheration intirely!"

North countrymen have some right to a property in Bradshaw. Their claim is founded upon the following ground. Note the North British line. Observe that it runs from Aberdeen to London. Mark closely that the traveller is not requested to spend any time at Dundee, nor Edinburgh, nor Abbotsford, nor Kelso, historically interesting though they be; no, Bradshaw has one note, secreted in the fourth column, charmingly hidden, as is the place to which it so touchingly refers; "Stop," says the note, "*Stop at Nook Pasture on Saturdays.*" Yes, far away from the turmoil of camps, from the busy mart, Bradshaw will invite his friends, lovers of solitude and contemplation, to join him ruralising in Nook Pasture on Saturdays. He would stop us here, would hold us bound, would playfully catch us with a Nook.

Tenderest reminiscences, probably, draw him to Nook Pasture. *She* has gone; maybe the place has been sadly changed since first our then gay gallant, with his blushing bride, halted on his return from Gretna, at the humble pasturage! Happy memories! Let the traveller by the evening train, to or from the North, stop on Saturday, and shed a tear of joy to Auld lang Syne and the happy past of Nook Pasture.

This year's August Edition of Bradshaw is replete with genuine humour, and in the little pamphlet accompanying it, entitled "Alterations in the Main Line," our author

far out-does all his previous efforts. The notion of publishing a Bradshaw at all was an idea emanating from a master-spirit of the age ; but the notion of issuing with it a short unstitched pamphlet of only one sheet, not easily intelligible and very easily misunderstood, or lost, was a crowning burst of wit that could have only originated from one person, and that Prince-Jester, King-Humorist, and Emperor of Satirists, is, it is needless to say, Bradshaw.

The opening of the High Level Station at the Crystal Palace, on the London, Chatham, and Dover line, was an opportunity not to be missed, and our author (*farceur*, that he is !) has made the most of it.

Page 78 commences with a practical joke, suggestive of boisterous animal spirits, rude health, and Bradshaw out for a holiday. He takes you to Ludgate Hill with a view to the Crystal Palace and Beckenham, if you will, and says he—

“Ludgate Hill to Beckenham at 5½ and 7'55 Aft. 1, 2, 3, *cl. Stopping.*”

That is, he induces you to take your ticket and your seat in the train at Ludgate Hill, sees you locked in your carriage, and then cries 1, 2, 3, *cl.* (*this indicates a chuckle*) and *stopping* where you are : then off he'll run like a merry elfish *Puck* of Railways as he is.

The intending visitor to the Crystal Palace will settle by what train he will go, according to the text of p. 78, &c. But the pamphlet above alluded to contains *errata*, which

must also be consulted, or all the arrangements are null and void. Therein will be found that—

“The Train stated to leave Ludgate Hill per Beckley at 18, should be 5.15 A .”

Should it? Ay, but is it? And suppose it isn't, why Bradshaw catches you there, and if it does, and you have relied upon his first statement, why he has you again, and is more jocular over it than ever.

And what does the Gay Deceiver do? He calls these *errata* “The Companies' further Alterations after going to Press,” as much as to say, “Well, my traveller, if you're taken in, don't blame *me*. But if you follow my advice, I still say that trains *do* go at such and such times as I announced them at first.”

The Company won't be bound by Bradshaw, nor will he give up his liberty to the Company; and if, in another month, Bradshaw chooses to publish a third Edition, with *his* private opinion as to when trains are likely, or ought to start, what's to prevent him?

In Page 78 you will find one or two trains in which the comfort of the traveller meets with every possible attention as concerns eating and drinking. Our kind-hearted, thoughtful author intends a hint to railway authorities when he writes—

“1 & 2 Ordinary to Chatham.”

One and two, or from one to two, is a very good time for an ordinary, which might be elegantly set out in a saloon

carriage. This meaning is delicately conveyed to the Company by Bradshaw, when he thus furnishes his own railway table.

Some commentators would have it that our author joins in the cry for "More Bishops," and wishes to suggest to the railway directors the institution of so many trains in a day devoted to episcopal use, and carrying their Lordships' reverences hither and thither in discharge of their onerous functions.

And now let us stop : for even as we write these lines the glorious light of an autumnal sun has fallen upon last month's Bradshaw, lying helplessly on our arm-chair, in his sere and yellow leaf. He is not exhausted, but we are. He will be bound by no Company, nor will any Company go to the expense of binding him, and we too will be free. A bumper at parting, my Guide, my familiar friend ; let us quaff the interior cask, tap for tap, and so part fair. If we have been able to cheer the confused inquirer, to point the way to wanderers in the Bradshawian mazes, if we have been in time to prevent the travelling bachelor, or pale student, from despairingly jumping to a sudden and unwarrantable conclusion ; if we have shown the impatient public that the difficulties are for the most part only apparent, and that throughout his work Bradshaw has striven to combine amusement with instruction, romance with practicality,—then these few short chapters have achieved their object. If they haven't done this, they haven't, and nothing we can now say will alter the facts. And so, travelling public, com-

mending you to the ever-laughing philosopher, Bradshaw, we bid you heartily farewell.

Ring the bell. Any more going on? No, thank you. That's the ticket. We stop here.

TRACKS FOR TOURISTS.

NOTE.

THE difficulties of Bradshaw being surmounted, the tourist will now leave England for a Continental Trip. The following chapters give him *the How, the When, and the Where*; also, as there are notes on dress, the Wear-withal. *Allons !*

TRACKS FOR TOURISTS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.—FIRST SKELETON ROUTE,—
GENERAL DIRECTIONS.



NE thousand questions having been daily put to us just before the vacation season of the year, as to “when to go, how to go it, where to go to, and what to wear where you go;” we, drawing largely upon our own travelling experience, are now about to give a full and sufficient answer. The third point is the one to which we must first give our serious attention, and therefore let it be our cheerful task, before entering into the details of expense and so forth, to suggest a few pleasant routes for the consideration of the still dubitating tourist. Home circuits will not of course come under our present notice.

Let us suppose then that you want to be away for ever such a long time : very good ; then we will commence by reducing that period to three weeks at the outside. This phrase “at the outside,” will fairly exhaust the first part of

our subject ; while, "at the inside" will relate merely to the pocket, and we shall soon exhaust that.

Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, for our

GRAND PATENT THREE WEEKS' TOUR ON THE CONTINENT,

CONDUCTED ON THE MOST ECONOMICAL PRINCIPLES.

Let us begin at the beginning ; alphabetical order of places by all means. Let us say you want to go to Antwerp. By the way you musn't say you don't, or else we're done, and won't play any more.

Very good ; then you do want to go to Antwerp. Now here is a nice little three weeks' jaunt for you :

Antwerp.

Athens.

Berlin (where the wool is).

Copenhagen

Dresden (calling at China).

Ems.

Florence.

Göttingen and back again, *via* Leipsic, Hong Kong (if time), Madeira, Paris and the Margin of Fair Zurich's Waters *Tullaliety*, and so home.

This will suffice for the first journey. You can start from anywhere you like, say Brunswick Square by Moonlight.

While we feel inclined, permit us to make three observations :—

1. The Tourist's Best Pocket Companion is,—MONEY.
2. Bank clerks and others (specially "others"), should not leave England without their employers' permission, lest they be caught tripping.
3. Don't be extravagant ; but if you're going very far, it is, perhaps, as well to be "a little near."

If, in the course of these directions, any abbreviations are used, let it be understood, once for all, that *r* means rail, and that *s* doesn't ; that *o* means nothing, *p* means something, *q* anything, and so on.

First, catch your Passport. This must be signed by all the Crowned Heads of Europe. On being asked your name, reply "N. or M. as the case may be."

Having procured this necessary document, packing up before packing off is the order of the day. So now we must consider—

What to take ?—The simple answer to this regular puzzle is, "Take time ;" don't flurry yourself or "take on" if you find matters going unsatisfactorily, and take off your coat and waistcoat, if filling a portmanteau be warm work ; and, finally, end by taking yourself off altogether. If you take this idea, you'll commence excellently well.

Another important question is, "*What quantity of Luggage shall I require ?*" We are prepared for this or any other emergency :—

Necessary Luggage.—One portmanteau, full ; another empty, in case you lose the first. A hat-box, with hat *inside*. A bag containing “Things.” A large sandwich-box to hold muffins, strawberries, and slices of roast beef, which you can’t get abroad. A packet of collars, silk neckties, and an Alpine stock, much worn among the mountaineers. Don’t bother yourself about taking soap ; if you were to spend much money in this article, you’d soon be cleaned out. Carefully provide yourself with blankets, table napkins, sheets, candlesticks, snuffers, and panes of glass, in case any of the windows in your bedroom at the hotel are broken. A knife, fork, and spoon are indispensable. A barrel organ will amuse you on the road, but we scarcely recommend your carrying it, unless there’s a donkey to take it about, which, by the way, there probably would be.

Glasses, &c.—You can always obtain plenty of glasses on the journey, at the various refreshment rooms ; some people can, however, see better without them. Carry a telescope about the size of Lord Ross’s ; or hire it for your tour. If you can get on fast with a walking-stick, take two, and then you’ll get on faster. Umbrellas, belonging chiefly to other people, you will be able to pick up on the road. Perhaps, however, it is better to carry one, as when hungry you will always have a spread ready.

So far, so good. The next point is money. Procure this from a banker, before four o’clock. The best time, however, is when he’s not looking. If this is impracticable, ask him to sing a Round, and then catch some of his circular notes.

So much for the present ; there remains quite as much for the future. We ourselves have not travelled for nothing ; and, by the way, on referring to that admirable publication, " Our Banker's Book," we devoutly wish that we had.

CHAPTER II.

TRAPS FOR TRAVELLERS.—RAILLERY FOR THE RAIL.



WORTHY of the gravest consideration to the tourist is the subject of Dress. The choice of costume, specially as regards the adoption of old clothes, must depend a great deal upon previous habits. Provide yourself, however, with—

A Reversible coat, black one side and white the other, with tails to hook on, in case you want to go to an evening party.

Reversible Boots, so that you may be able to retrace your steps with ease. Let them be very neat, for it always is a point to turn out your toes well.

Travelling is dull work, sociably speaking, or, we should say, *not* sociably speaking. Take our advice, and break through any bashfulness and awkward reserve in opening a conversation with a chance companion.

Before you step into the train, a carriage must be selected. Choose one where the only available seat is filled with the boxes, rugs, sticks, &c., belonging to the occupants. Insist upon these being immediately removed. When this operation has been performed, and every one is more or less uncomfortable, say you've changed your mind, and shan't come

in. Walk a little way from the door, then return to request them to keep the seat for you. Wait until three minutes before the train starts, when lose no time in shoving your fishing-rod, desks with unpleasantly sharp corners, telescopes, sticks, umbrellas, and curiously impracticable hat boxes, under the seats. You must be very careful in looking after your luggage; therefore, at frequent intervals during the journey, rummage about among the passengers' legs with your stick, in order to ascertain the safety of the various articles. If you miss anything, at once charge your travelling companions, individually and collectively, with the theft. Even if they haven't stolen it, 'twill serve as a pleasant little *ruse* for breaking the ice, and navigating a north-west passage to conversation-point. If they won't second you in your laudable endeavours, whistle, hum, sing, eat oranges, and let the window perpetually up and down, in order to dispose of the peel. Should you happen to be shut in with a solitary companion, say, for instance, an elderly gentleman, sleepily inclined, the following will be found an excellent

Scheme for a Railway Conversation with an entire stranger (elderly, First Class) :—

How do you do, Sir? I hope you are pretty well? It is a very fine day, a very wet day, a queer day, a tooral-li-day, &c., as the case may be. Seen the new *Hamlet*?—[*Here give a succinct account of the plot, finishing with, of course, an imitation of Mr. Fechter as Hamlet.*

Been to the Opera? Heard Lucca and Patti?—[*Here give imitations of Lucca and Patti: this is the way to get on in the world, and to make yourself a pleasant companion.*

Of course you've travelled by the Underground Railway? No? Dear me! well then, &c., &c.—*[Here give imitations of the Underground Railway: say sssssssssssh, to imitate steam, and shriek when representing the passage through a Tunnel; these embellishments to your discourse will render the account graphic and life-like.]*

Seen Pepper's Ghost, I mean Dircks' and Pepper's Ghost? No! I have. Look here, this is the way it's done.—*[Here show him the way it's done.]*

Been up in a Balloon? No! Dear me! What, never been up in a Balloon? Not with Glaisher? Lor', Glaisher goes up in a Balloon with Coxwell, and when they've reached an altitude of 300,000,000,000 feet, their breath is taken away, and, &c., &c.—*[Here show him how Coxwell and Glaisher reach an altitude of 300,000,000,000 feet, and take his breath away.]*

Ah! Stopping at a station! Hungry, eh? No—dear me. Thirsty? No?—What are you going to stand?—*[It will now be his turn to show you what he's going to stand; only, if he stands this sort of thing much longer, he will be a greater muff than we take him for.]*

Adapt yourself to your company; if your fellow traveller be a Bishop or Archdeacon, the following scheme will serve your turn:—

How are you, eh? Like wearing Gaiters and Shovel Hats? I saw you at Ascot. You old doo, you!—*[Here dig him in the ribs.]*

I'll write to the Archbishop, you sly dog, I will. I say, did you see the last Fight for the Belt? You didn't—my

eye !—well, you must know that when Jem's Novice drew the claret from the Dustman's smeller, &c.—[*Here illustrate the action of drawing claret from smellers, and so on through the several rounds.*

Good Ballet at Her Majesty's this year ! fine gals—rather. I say, do you know that capital story about—[*Here tell him that capital story about—*

I'm told the Bishop of London isn't going to shoot this year—eh, why ?—because he was seen drawing his Charge—ha ! ha ! ha ! had you there, &c., *ad libitum*.

All this is very cheerful, sociable, and sprightly, and will carry you down* to Dover, Newhaven, or S'thampton Water as pleasantly as possible.

* "*Carry you down,*" a mere *façon de parler*, in no way depreciative of the advantages of steam locomotion. N.B.—If you wish to obtain your journey gratis, talk in a flippant and insulting manner before your assembled fellow-travellers in any waiting-room ; some one will be pretty sure to "take you down." Do not forget this.

CHAPTER III.

TWO FEET FOR THE POETRY OF MOTION.—SECOND SKELETON ROUTE.




OW is the time to give Pedestrians a few little hints and advice to go upon when travelling. We therefore obligingly inform—

Pedestrians that they should not go upon our hints, but follow our advice, and go upon their own Legs.

Our readers must not be frightened when we speak of “Skeleton Tours ;” we have merely appropriated one of Murray’s phrases, or, so to speak, *boned* it for our own purposes.

The first projector of Skeleton Tours was the Original Bones.

Before proceeding any further, we must advise the reader as to more abbreviations and certain signs to be used in this work, which have been rendered necessary in order to save repetition, and to increase the already generally acknowledged usefulness of the only really successful competition with Murray and Black. Therefore let it be remembered, that you mustn’t be frightened when you see a Dark Line thus  ; for it doesn’t mean anything like what it does in a transpontine playbill, where you read—

AWFUL DENOUEMENT !

THE DYING VILLAIN—REMORSE—THE COMPACT—FEARFUL
APPEARANCE OF THE , WHO COMES TO
CLAIM HIS PREY !

Which he does, with a lot of red and blue fire, that makes you sneeze for at least five minutes after his disappearance. If you ask what the line means when it occurs in our type, suffice it to say that we don't intend any harm, but we're not going to answer merely impertinent questions.

Y. and N. will mean yes and no ; that is to say, if you like, but we don't insist upon it.

In all ground plans of towns, cities, and public buildings, R. H. will mean right hand, R. standing for right, and H. for hand, and H.R.H. means the Prince of Wales, who knows all about travelling by this time : L. H. means left hand : O. L. H. means Over the Left ; and in every instance the reader is supposed to be on the stage or diligence, as the case may be, facing the audience. In paying a bill, where the R. and L. hands are used, the reader of the little account will merely have to face the landlord.

Once more, if X. occurs suddenly in the middle of a sentence, you will be as much astonished as we shall.

Now for our second Skeleton Route. This series provides you with a skeleton key to the Continent, so look out for the Police. Now Away ! Away !

Amsterdam.

Boulogne, of course.

Strasbourg, stopping to see Patti.

Le Mans, where the celebrated City biscuits are made.

O. L. H.

Lyons, stop to see the Lady.

Montargis, one day for the Performing Dog.

Up the Rhine to the Tyrol.

Bacharach, Balancez, Hands across and back to your places.

Now then, adopting this scheme, let us say you land at Amsterdam.

The Language.—On disembarking at any Foreign quay, you will first of all be struck by the language, which is, generally, Bad. Do not therefore attempt to learn it. And at this point, it will be as well to draw your attention (what a subject for an artist, by the way !) to

Foreign Tongues.—There's the Russian tongue, the R^a_c indeer's tongue, the Ox tongue, and so forth. But this is not exactly what you want, is it? No. Very good : then as a beginning let us remark that *je suis* means "I ham," which is the French tongue, and that's as much as you can swallow for the present.

Now let us see where are we, Boulogne, or Amsterdam? Wherever you like, my little dear, so we'll make a few more general observations.

There are a certain number of objects of interest in every Foreign town. The first being—

The Banker's or Change-the-money Office, where you'll cash a circular note in order to square matters. The generic

name for the clerk at these places is Billy de Bank ; so be careful to address him by his Christian, which in this case, is his proper name. If you want to get full change, don't go to the nearest banker ; the nearest is invariably the dearest. The Clerk (Billy) will ask you "How will you have it?" Don't be bullied, square up and say, "Now, *where* 'll you have it?" Billy will subside, and probably alter his question to "What 'll you take?" When immediately choose the light wine of the country. Their light wine is better than their light money. If Billy further inquire, *Dans quelle de monnaie désireriez vous recevoir la somme !* which means, "What 'll you take it in?" say "A glass of course, and a good large one too," whereupon you 'll receive your draught in due form.

The next, or, when you are either expecting a remittance, or to hear from *Her* (ahem !), the *first* object of interest is in every town—

The Post Office.—Doors R. H. L. H. Window in flat ; and when you happen to look out, flat in Window. If you 've any brains, now 's the time to get a head ; you're certain to require one. If you don't know how to ask for it in the language of the country, or of the town, adopt a system of expressive pantomime, thus :—Take an envelope, wet a corner, put your own head on it, and stamp your foot ; you will get what you want, unless you are at once taken to a *Maison de santé*, where you 'll get a great deal more than you want.

We should advise the tourist to go straight to Boulogne.

This is a capital starting point, because from Boulogne you can go anywhere, as of course you can from any other place. And again, from anywhere you can go to Boulogne ; this is another point in its favour, though on second thoughts the advantage is equally shared by Ramsgate, Scarborough, and other spots on the English coast. We must here caution the reader, that whenever in the course of this work the word "spot" is used, we do not mean that the place so indicated is any blemish to its particular situation. Do we make ourselves understood? Clearly so ; then on we go, which is a rhyme, but it can't be helped, and so let us not say another word about it.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANCE.—LANGUAGE.—DOOS AND DOUANIERS.



IN France the French language is chiefly spoken ; and this, on consideration, is not surprising. At first you will be astonished to hear the smallest, dirtiest, little boys in the gutter addressing one another in French gutterals ; and the thoughtful traveller will immediately note down in his pocket-book that the education of the lower classes on the Continent, is very much superior to that in England. The traveller, however, on becoming more thoughtful, will probably erase the note soon after it has been made. Now, we must at once ask you *Parlez-vous Français ?* Your answer may be, "What's that to you?" But that's rude : so you will politely reply to the interrogator, "I can read and write it, but don't understand a word of it." If a Frenchman makes the inquiry, be ready to say "*Bang poo, may john tong,*" which means, "I don't speak it much, but I know what you are talking about," and after having thus delivered yourself, walk off quickly in the opposite direction. Let us here pause to make one remark about—

Comfort.—Always make yourself quite at home, remem-

bering, that, by pursuing this course, you have the advantage of the poor ignorant foreigners, who are always "abroad."

Choice of Hotels.—At Boulogne there is very little choice. They are mostly kept by an English proprietor of the name of *Bains*; at least, we so gathered from having seen *Hôtel de Bains* inscribed over the doors of several large houses. The best hotel is the *Hôtel de Ville*. To be taken in here, however, requires a certain amount of personal interest with the native police. They will sometimes show you the inside of this building for nothing. On the occasion of our visit, in company with a gendarme, we were obliged to make several complaints, to which no attention was paid; and we cannot, therefore, recommend the place to our friends.

While upon the subject of complaints, it would be as well to mention that any communication about faults in the *cuisine* must be made by letter to the Minister of the Interior. This General Regulation applies to every part of France.

Walks.—Your first Walk at Boulogne will be from the steam-boat to the Custom House, and during these few steps you will have great opportunities of noticing the physiology of the Lower French Classes, who speak a very different language to the youth of both sexes who are ranked under the same title in our English schools. The voyage will probably have improved neither your personal appearance nor your temper. In case the observations made, as you pass between the two lines of the Mob thus assembled

to welcome you, should be unintelligible, we will translate them for the benefit of the traveller, who is supposed to be walking along feebly and wretchedly, as after a bad passage.

Our cheery lively neighbours are assembled to greet you :—

First Lively Neighbour (addressing himself generally to lots of lively neighbours). "Oh! look there! There's a white roastbeef!" (*This means you, you know.*)

All (laughing). "He! he! he! he! he!" (*Ad lib., till they think of something else to say.*)

More Lively Neighbour. "I say, Mister, ain't yer well?"

All (laughing at you again, you know). "He, he, he, he!" (*Ad lib.*)

Small Neighbour (livelier than ever, pointing distinctly at you, with a very dirty finger). "He wants some 'portare beer.'"

All (immensely tickled by this witty homethrust). "He! he! he! he! he! he!" &c., &c. (*Ad lib.*)

Somebody in the Crowd (who has a slight acquaintance with our language, says in French-English). "He's a grrrreat long strrrrong." (*The mother tongue attracts your attention, and you turn round, and the speaker arrives at the end of his limited vocabulary with*) "Oh, ye-ees!"

All (highly relishing the joke, which the traveller cannot of course at first be expected to see). "Oh, ye-ees! Oh, ye-ees! He! he! he!" &c., &c. Which will be continued, until the last *voyageur* has disappeared within the doors of the Douane.

The Custom House.—You will be asked if you've anything to declare. Now's the time for the traveller to assert himself. If it is a lady, let her say, "Well, I declare!" and then refuse to utter another syllable. If a gentleman, let him declare that he'll write to the *Times*. Don't give up your keys. *They've no right to ask you*, at least they would not dare do it if they were in England, the cowards! Mind you say all this, adding the line about what your native country is in the habit of expecting the conduct of everyone to be with regard to Duty. They will want to inspect your hat-box; always make a difficulty about your hat-box, and then take good care that there is nothing inside when you open it. A hat-box lined with red has a deep political signification; so has black and white; blue and yellow are also the signs in constant use among the *carbonari*;* so take care. The punishments, even now in vogue in France, are hanging, drawing, quartering, whipping, scourging with fish-hooks, branding on the nose; hot-ironing and mangling are still done here. For a minor offence, say, for instance, a smaller hat-box with a less deep lining, you will render yourself liable to be loaded with chains, and blown up by a magistrate. Do not tremble, be sweetly polite, address each of the Douaniers as "Milor," and all will be well.

Precautions.—To save *all* the above mentioned trouble, and any further annoyance, write over to Boulogne generally

* *Carbonari*, Italian name for the Secret Society of Coal Heavers; so called from the carbon in the coals.—*Vide* "Black's Guide."

some days before and say you're coming. If you can't write, get somebody to go over instead of you, or Don't Go. The observance of this last precaution will, at some future time, lead us to give some advice as to what is to be done by the Traveller who stays at home. At present we are on the Continent.

Geographical Position of the Continent.—The Continent is a neck of land, divided from every other place by something or other which is not surrounded on all sides by water. To bring the definition nearer home is impossible, as it would involve moving France, Russia, Spain, Austria, &c.; however, the reader may be sure, that, whenever there is a movement in any one of these places, we will take advantage of it.

The Continent then is not simply Boulogne, howbeit, many to this day are of that opinion. What then is the Continent? It is a Tract of Land; and being a Tract, is imagined by a few to belong to some proselytising society. This idea has no foundation in fact. After these few but useful remarks we will proceed.

CHAPTER V.

FRANCE CONTINUED.—JOHN BULL AT BOULOGNE.—
PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.



ON referring to our skeleton route No. 2, the tourist, staying at Boulogne, will find that he ought to have commenced with Amsterdam. If, however, there be ladies in his party, he will have acted with touching delicacy, in avoiding a place, whose name possesses so profane a termination. We will therefore, for the present, remain at Boulogne, and give a few broad pieces of advice, upon which the Traveller may, or may not, act, as he thinks proper.

Never go to a foreign barber's in order to get shaved. The very evident reason for this is, that, when abroad, it is always remarkably unpleasant to get into a scrape.

You will of course frequent a *Café* during the daytime. Now these places are of two sorts : there is the *Café Gnaw*, which is, as the name implies, (very like English by the way, eh?) entirely for eating ; and the *Café oh Lay*, where, as may be gathered from the title, you lay yourself down and devote the time to singing. The proprietors of either place do not interfere with one another, and business is thus carried on upon the most amicable principles.

If you do not understand the language, always on taking your seat at a *Café*, amuse yourself with the contents of a French newspaper. In this case, no article however bitter will disturb you, and you have the advantage over other people, in being able to read it sideways, or upside down, with equal gratification.

You will notice, that when foreigners have finished their little cup of coffee, they invariably empty the contents of the sugar-basin into their pockets. As it is always well for a visitor to be more French than a native, you should not confine yourself to the sugar, but appropriate the spoon, cup, saucer, plate, or anything else that suits your fancy, and is adapted to the meanest capacity of the pocket. Always go to the best hotel; of course you will be obliged to try several, before ascertaining which is the one that can fairly claim the honourable distinction.

In many places you will be told that the waiters "speak English." So they may, but they probably don't understand it.

We once heard a damp tourist, on arriving in steaming haste at an hotel where "English was spoken," cry out to the waiter as he was hurrying to his room, "Waiter bring me some hot water;" whereupon the intelligent *garçon* readily answered, "Leg of mut-ton, yaas sare,"—and smiled cheerfully, being evidently highly pleased with this ingenious interpretation of the visitor's wish. You should have a few sentences always in stock; first, for instance, on entering the hotel: *Avay voo day shombrr?* this means "Got any rooms?" But mind you *do* say this, before the Landlord or

Boots, or anyone else has the chance of addressing you ; as they may make some remark which you don't understand, and which will utterly upset any scheme for a French dialogue that you may have previously formed. In order not to be thrown out you must force his reply with your question, and should the former not be the one required, pretend to blow your nose, feign a sneeze, or a cough, which would of course prevent your catching what he said, and then return to your own pre-arranged conversation.

On entering your apartment immediately take up the carpet, if there is one, and order the dust to be swept away.

To avoid the repetition of that useless form of regret, commencing with the phrase, "I wish I'd brought (whatever-it-may-be) with me," we will here give a list of actual necessities, which you should have about you, as few rooms abroad possess them. Seldom, for instance, will you find shutters to the windows : provide yourself with these. See also that you do not travel without—

- 20 Pegs for coats, dressing-gowns, Ladies' gowns, &c.
- 2 Venetian blinds.
- 1 Wardrobe.
- 1 Chamber-pail for slops.
- 1 Cheval glass.
- 2 Pairs of Snuffers.
- 1 Bell.

Several different kinds of soap, and baths for hot or cold water, which you can turn to account by letting out to brother or sister Tourists who have forgotten to bring them.

You will find the beds small and comfortable ; and if otherwise, they will do for a mere night shift very well. A couch three feet wide may sometimes serve your turn, but when you do turn, you should, like the late Duke of Wellington, turn out.

Now let us say that you've prepared your sentences, according to the plan contained in this Guide, and you ring your bell in order to summon the *garçon*. You must ring as a rule several times, but do not be afraid of a multitude of servants being attracted thereby ; though it would probably follow, that if the ringing of one bell resulted in one servant, the consequence of two bells would be two servants, three bells three, and so on. Such, however, is not the case. The servants will be a long time before they reply to your summons. This you must expect, remembering that as—*Time is made for Slaves*, they, of course, have a perfect right to as much of it as they like.

Take plenty of exercise in order to get up an appetite for the pleasures of the table. With a view to real gastronomic enjoyment, it is well to study beforehand the bill of fare. Unite the occupations, thus :—Some time previous to the appointed dinner-hour, ask the waiter for the *Carte*, and go out with it.

Now let the Tourist open his eyes and be taken aback, almost aback to England by the information, that, in nearly all parts of France, every chambermaid is a man. The only place where we ever heard of anything like a real English chambermaid, was at the Railway Station, when a guard directed us to the *Salle d'Attente*, which so many travellers,

in common with ourselves, have mistaken for "Sarah or Sal the Attentive," but which turns out to be the Waiting Room! Yet it is to such impositions that the English uncomplainingly subject themselves upon the Continent. The word Continent must, when you are travelling, be pronounced *Continong*, or you'll display an amount of ignorance not to be tolerated in an enlightened Briton. Do not forget this, but you need not give your authority.

What shall we do to-day? Why, you must look at some list of entertainments, and you will probably find that the places of amusement for day visitors are the Burial Grounds, the Hospital for Incurables, the Maison de Santé, the Prison, and the Police Station, &c. &c.

There is always a Church and a Church Tower to be seen. From top of the latter you will have a splendid view; but before the aspiring sight-seer can go up lightly, he will be forced to come down pretty heavily.

Before quitting Boulogne, we would remind our readers not to forget to ask after the notorious *Bore de Boulogne*. He became such a social nuisance as to be ultimately sent to Paris, where he is now located.

CHAPTER VI.

BELGIUM.—ANTWERP.—FIRST SIGHT OF THE LAND OF
GROSCHEN.—FINANCIAL HINTS.—VERY DISTANT VIEW
OF THE RHINE.—DARMSTADT.—RULES OF THE ROAD.



STANDS for Antwerp, and therefore We starts for that place.

As of course you will have arrived at the quay, per steamer, one or two hints will save you a vast amount of trouble. You will be requested to remunerate the Steward for the sustenance that you've consumed during the voyage. Economy, mind, is the first thing to be considered ; reply, therefore, to this demand by telling them confidentially "that you'll look in another time," or "you'll be coming that way again in a few days, and then you'll settle your little account." If, after getting over the sea passage, you can also get over the boat's crew, you will be a happy and a fortunate man. The vessels where, of all others, very high prices are charged for a very low sort of diet, are, as their name implies, the *Screw Steamers*. The British stranger will now cast his eyes (he must not throw his glances away, as they will be wanted subsequently for several other parts of the journey, where you must keep your eyes about you) upon several distin-

guished military-looking gentlemen, to whom the untutored impulse would take off its hat, deeming them to be at least second cousins to general officers. It at first appears that these exalted personages have come on board to welcome the Little Stranger, and the Enthusiastic Tourist should, if he have the heart of a man and a brother in his breast, rush forward and give way to his feelings. Such conduct will mollify the otherwise obdurate hearts of these Superb Foreigners, and, on being safely escorted from the ship to land, as, under the circumstances, you would doubtlessly be, you will find that you have executed that marvellous gymnastic feat known to travellers as Clearing the Custom-house Officers.

Porterage.—Your first care must be to procure a fly, cab, hackney-coach or omnibus, wherein to take yourself and luggage to an hotel. Stand on the noisy quay, and in a much noisier key shout for a vehicle. You may shout as long as you like. *There are none.* Now then, say, "Hi ! Here ! you fellow !" to one of the gentry idling about the place in the dress of a Continental butcher out of work. These be the porters : and if your porter has anything like a head, he will tell you the best hotel to go to ; and thereupon he will put your baggage on to a truck and wheel it away, and you on it into the bargain, if you approve of that mode of entering the town.

You will probably be taken to the Hotel of St. Antony (not because, as a feeble creature might say, "there *an't* any other," but because it is the best), and, in order to save all

discussion about the fare, hold out to the conscientious porter a handful of coins, consisting of groschen, kreutzers, francs, sixpences, florins, dollars, and thalers, and let him select as many of them as may suit his fancy. Don't begin your journey by quarrelling ; but regard, with feelings of unmixed pleasure, the gratification of this humble son of toil on leaving you, at the door of your hostelry, with one silver groschen in your hand.

Before we proceed further, it would be well to offer a few remarks upon the rate of exchange in the various towns and countries.

The rate of exchange in a fashionable Continental town is very rapid. You are always purchasing something as a keepsake to take home to Fanny, or somebody else whose name isn't Fanny, as of course there is no reason why it should be.

Fourpenny-bits will pass as threepenny-pieces anywhere. This is useful and important. Threepenny-pieces may, among a quantity of other money (when naturally one expects some reduction on taking a quantity), pass for fourpenny-bits ; but this is only successful, as a rule, when you are actually, and at the very moment of disbursement, quitting the place.

A farthing, well polished and brightened, may, among the very simple mountaineers of Switzerland, the Tullaliety and Hilliho sort of people, pass for a sovereign ; but most of these mountain passes are attended with a certain amount of difficulty.

On board ship, or when travelling by tidal service boat,

always pay for your passage with the current coin of the river.

Should you pass through the kingdom of Bohemia (celebrated for the beautiful tea called Bohea, whence the name), the following coins are at present in circulation :—

Bohemia.	Bohemian Relative Value.	Germany.	English.	French.
Joey	= one Kick	= $3\frac{2}{3}$ Groschen	= Four pennies	= $31\frac{1}{2}$ cts.
Tizzies	= one Bender	= 5 Groschen	= Six pennies	= $52\frac{1}{2}$ cts.
Bobs	= two Tizzies	= 10 Groschen	= One shilling	= 1 fr. 20 cts.
Benders	= one Tizzy	= 5 Groschen	= One sixpence	= $52\frac{1}{2}$ cts.
Kicks	= one Joey	= $3\frac{2}{3}$ Groschen	= One fourpence	= $31\frac{1}{2}$ cts.
Tanners	= one Tizzy	= 5 Groschen	= One sixpence	= $52\frac{1}{2}$ cts.*

If you carry any change, be careful to take more kicks than halfpence. You'll always get them for the asking. In Cologne the cent is chiefly used. As, however, these are not often punctually paid, the Owe de Cologne cent has passed into a proverb, so as to make the place smell in the nostrils of Tourists. Paper money, known as Flimsies and Bitsostiff, are seldom seen in Bohemia; while sous and straw-papers are common. When a *Billet de Banque* is unnegotiable everywhere, it is called a *Billet Doo*.

Rhino is the general term for all species of coin passing up and down the romantic river between Cologne and Mayence, and may be termed the floating capital of Rhenish Prussia. Another example of this existing fund may be

* *Time is money*. True: but this will scarcely warrant the Tourist in using the above as a Time Table for Railways, &c. We mention this to prevent disappointment,

found in the South, where Venice is the floating capital of Europe. This, however, by the way, and rather out of our way at present. In many places, Tourists have found brass to be an excellent substitute for tin. The Cosmopolite should always carry a plentiful supply of coppers with him, and then he can do all his "washing" in his own room.

Another point is the computation of distance, and the application of correct measurement to the hiring of vehicles. Mind ; when you hire a *voiturier*, lower his price. Now, it must be taken as a general rule, to which there are but very few exceptions, that every object, when divided from the traveller by an interval of several miles, is further removed from his particular locality, than is another object which is within a few feet of his touch. Very good. In the latter case a carriage will not be required. In the former, let us suppose you're going to drive to Darmstadt, which is ten miles off from anywhere you like. Well, if you know this, all you've got to ask is, "How much a mile?" and, when the coachman has given you the information, you will have added to the stock of knowledge which you already possess. You can thank him for the information, and retire. If, however, you are uncertain of the distance, rise early in the morning, procure a short, or long piece of tape, go over the ground, cheerfully reflecting the while, that one day you'll have to go under it, and measure carefully : this will give you a nice walk before breakfast, of course to Darmstadt, and then you'll be in a position to withstand all attempts at extortion. To enable you to measure correctly, provide yourself with a TWO FOOT RULE OF THE ROAD.

Consideration for those millionnaires who can afford to be carried, shall not prevent us from turning our attention to the poor pedestrians.

General Precautions to be observed by Pedestrians and Others :—

When it rains, let the traveller stop at some inn on his road, so as not to get wet ;

And, when the warm Sun is shining, let the traveller stop at several inns on his road, so as not to get dry.

CHAPTER VII.

ANTWERP.—THE CATHEDRAL.—A LOOK AT ST. LUKE'S.—
VISIT TO THE CONSUL.



HAT with our driving and our walking tours, we find ourselves rapidly leaving Antwerp. We, therefore, if you please, and if you don't please it can't be helped, will return to the Hotel of St. Antony.

On your arrival, let it be your first endeavour to prove to the as-regards-English-manners-benighted-and-totally-uninstructed citizens, that *you*, at all events, have none of that phlegmatic reserve and dulness of spirits which are the characteristics, we hear, of so many of our travelled countrymen.

Proceed thus : never leave off whistling or singing, except when you're shouting, speaking, laughing, eating or drinking ; this will show lightness of heart and head, innocence of disposition, and cheeriness of manner not to be surpassed by the most volatile of our liveliest neighbours. Get rid of your *vigilant*, that means a cabman, when there is one, by giving his horse a sharp cut with the whip and saying, "Hoop ! tchk ! come up !" and off he will set, as hard as he can lay legs to the ground, down the street, and,

of course, his owner after him. Now then for a good old practical joke, which, however, being quite new here, will establish your reputation for hilarity from the very minute of its execution.

Begin thus :—Tell the crowd who are looking on that you're going to "play at Pantomimes." They won't know what you mean, but that is of no consequence ; and, by the way, this fact is equally true as regards the majority of people who, during the season, are intensely interested in listening to the poetical libretti of Italian operas. Commence humming, "*Rum tum tiddle tiddle*," any words you like here, to give the idea of the never ceasing music in the orchestra at Christmas. Knock with your open hand three times at the door of the hotel, and then lie down flat on your face in front of it. If the proprietor is up to the business, (and if not, why is he in that situation, we'd like to know?) he will wait until after the third knock ; when he will open the door, look straight before him, smile blandly, rub his hands, and at the first step of his advance fall over your prostrate form. You yourself must be up on your legs as nimbly as possible, and lose no time in belabouring the weak-minded tradesman with one of his own advertisement boards. When he *does* rise, he will only shake his fist at you, and will immediately allow himself to be mollified by your putting your hand on your heart, bowing politely, assuring him that "*you* didn't do it," and then intimating that "you are willing to pay for accommodation in his house."

You will be shown to your bed-room, when it will be as well at once to ask for a tallow candle to rub the floor

with, and make a slide, on which the proprietor will be the first to fall; then ring for a warming-pan, a kettle, a large box labelled Pills, concluding the performance by jumping into bed with your clothes on. You may now consider that you have done enough to prove yourself several degrees removed from those proud, cold, say-nothing-to-nobody sort of Englishmen, who are so generally to be met upon the Continent.

In the morning, and also during the entire day, you will hear the Chimes of Antwerp Cathedral. The ambitious Tourist may seat himself upon his portmanteau, and interpret the language of the bells as "Turn again, Robinson" (Jones and Smith are out of the question), "Lord Mayor of Antwerp." They don't of course say anything of the kind, and there is no Lord Mayor.

The name of this town is, as we have said before, Antwerp; but the French, with their usual perversity, *will* call it *Anvers*. The pronunciation of this name reminds us, that the tune, which the Cathedral clock plays, may possibly be

"Anvers and Anvers is my Hieland Laddie gone?"

However, this is simply interesting to the man who winds up the works: on second thoughts we remember, that the economical authorities have provided themselves with a permanent winding staircase in the Church Tower, which saves the expense of employing a clockmaker.

There is an ancient society in Antwerp called St. Luke's,

to which the artists belong : it corresponds, we believe, to St. Luke's in London, of which several Royal Academicians might be distinguished members.

Be the weather fine or wet, the Tourist may walk about the streets of Antwerp all day *free of charge*.

Gratis Exhibitions.—The Exterior of the Cathedral can be well seen from earliest dawn till quite dark ; also, the outside of several Churches ; and from the same side, an excellent view can be obtained of the Museum.

The Theatre, we are informed, is only open for a part of the year ; and that part is always well filled.

The British Consul may be seen for twopence a head through a glass-door. Feeding time at one o'clock, when the price of admission is raised. No one is admitted after the Consul is once quite full. There is no deception, he is alive, and will shake hands, talk affably, and answer any questions that may be put to him. Sticks and umbrellas must be left in the hall.

The Post Office in this town is not the same as the Post Office in another town, and is, on this account alone, worth the trouble of a visit.

We now consider that the time has arrived when, previous to quitting Antwerp, we may give a few more—

General Hints for the Tourists.—Always *shout* out your English sentences at foreigners. They're all deaf. Your only other chance of being understood is by talking broken English to them. For what is the good of speaking your

perfect mother-tongue to those who cannot understand it? It's simply a waste of words.

Take it for granted that every one is trying to cheat and impose upon you.

Dispute every item in every bill separately.

To ensure civility and respect, see that all your portman-teaus, bags, and hat-boxes be labelled MURRAY in the largest capitals.

CHAPTER VIII.

GERMANY.—LANGUAGE.—COIN.—THE BUREAU.—MEYER-
BEER.—KANT.—HARZ MOUNTAINS.—WESTPHALIA.—
POLICE !



THE Tourist will now leave Antwerp with a view (which can be purchased at any stationer's shop) of going up the Rhine. He probably will have determined upon walking up several mountains, and so, by way of practice, he should have begun by running up a considerable bill at his Hotel.

Now, if you are a mere machine in the hands of Murray, your attention will be attracted by the name of the next place, *Turnhout*; but if you'll take our advice, you will not turn out of your way to go there. There is merely a monastery to be seen, where dwell the Monks of La Trappe. The chief of the order resides in Paris, and is called Père la Chaise. As may be gathered from these titles, their occupation is to let out flies, broughams and saddle-horses.

Cologne is to be our next point? Yes? very good. Then Cologne be it. For Germany! Away! away! Music, and scene changes to

GERMANY.—This country is bounded on every side by a

lot of places, but that it has any connection with the German Ocean is a mere German notion that must be at once dispelled. The male population are called Germans, the female, of course, Gerwomans ; the rest of the family Ger-boys, Ger-girls, Ger-babbies, and so on.

The natives call their country Fatherland, and it therefore follows that the Mother-tongue is never spoken. The enterprising Tourist having to reach many farther lands than Ger-many Fatherland, must not be stopped too long by etymological considerations.

The money of the country is simply divided into good and bad. To the former description, however, belongs the current coin.

As a General Rule for Economical Travellers the ordinary English Sixpence will go a very long way if, for instance, you carry it with you from London to Constantinople, or any other distant spot. The Prussian dollar was, some time ago, of so little value as to be merely *nix* in the market. Hence the proverb, musically expressed by that ri-tooral Tourist, Mr. Paul Bedford, in the words, "*Nix my dollar !*"

All Germans have long or short light-hair, to which natural ornament you will often hear them make allusion by saying "Yah, mine hair."

Their habits are simple, being coat, waistcoat, and continuations, as worn in England.

Their language possesses only one word of any importance, and that is "zo," which monosyllable, according to the tonic inflexion given to it, means everything and anything you like.

Passports.—The traveller in Germany must have a passport, that is, an Order to see the place. No orders are admitted after seven. Evening dress is not now rigidly insisted upon, unless you're going to stop the night in a city or village; when, of course, you would adopt it for your own comfort. If you are a member of Oxford or Cambridge, it is considered a graceful compliment on entering such a town as Heidelberg at eleven o'clock P.M. to appear before the authorities in your University nightcap and gown. The official who sits in his Bureau (you'll find him in the top drawer, left-hand side) will ask you if you're going to sleep there, to which you can reply by going to sleep there and then. English ladies travelling need not be in the least degree shocked at the mention of the officer in the drawers of his Bureau. There is no breach of decorum here, and everything is conducted with due regard to propriety.

German Hotels.—If you are going to stop, and if you are not *going*, you will, of course, *stop*, it will be as well to come to some understanding with the landlord. If *he* doesn't speak English, and *you* do not speak German, and neither know French, an understanding will be a difficult matter. There is some legend attached to almost every old house in Germany, and all the ancient hostelries are full of long storeys. See that your bed-room window commands a pretty view, which is invariably an object with *us*; if you fail to get such a prospect, that's your look out, not ours.

Beas.—"The German bed is only made for one." This is

what Murray says, and consequently the simple Tourist, acting correctly, as he imagined, upon this information, has, on arriving at a German town, immediately ordered a bed to be made for him. This is, we need hardly point out, an unnecessary expense ; as, even after the bed has been actually made for you, you cannot take it away. This rule does not in any part of Germany or Prussia apply to a hat or coat, which article, once made to order, becomes your own property.

Drinks.—You will find that the Germans are far ahead of the English in the point or pint of beer. *We* have hop gardens, such as those of Cremorne and Highbury. *They* get a step beyond this and encourage Beer-gardens. The beer, of which they are most justly proud, is Meyerbeer. The pedestrian journeying along the high roads will encounter a number of beggars who will address him in canting tones: this is the worst specimen of the whine of the country. These mendicants, by the way, are generally Philosophers, and disciples of Kant.

Geography.—The celebrated Harz Mountains are *not* in Germany, as is the common supposition. These heights are in Scotland ; and, in proof of this, every one will recollect the words of the national melody

“ My Harz in the Highlands.”

The natives in the eastern districts are known as a race highly successful in everything they undertake. In the

west, however, the reverse of this is the case, and from the unhappy results which have attended all their efforts at an improved cultivation, the district has long been known as that of "West-failure."

Manners and Customs.—If five Germans are walking in a row, and meet a lady with whom only one of the party is acquainted, all the five take off their hats. If you meet five Germans you will raise your hat five times. The Englishman must take his politeness with him to the uttermost parts of the earth ; he can never, in our opinion, carry it too far. If you ever refuse to take your hat off to German strangers, you had better take yourself off immediately afterwards. As a stranger you will be expected to fight all the German students, who may be residing in the same town with yourself : if you do not conform to this rule, you will find every one for whom you have any regard turn away from you ; and surely 'tis better to be cut by a few students than by many friends. At dinner you will be careful to convey peas, beans, and gravy to your mouth by means of your knife. The feat requires some practice, and for some time your meals will have the dangerous character of a "Sensation" entertainment so popular now-a-days.

Now then on we goes to Cologne. Your luggage, mind, must be weighed, so send that baggage on its weigh as speedily as possible.

At railway stations every one, except the railway guard, is uncivil, and though there are plenty of porters, you will find it necessary to carry your boxes yourself. Take them all at

once, as you must never on any account part with your luggage. Supposing that you are not well up in the language, keep on shouting out the name of your ultimate destination : this will attract the guard's attention, and he will put you into the proper compartment. Wherever you are going, you will have to change carriages three times at least on the road. Take this for granted, and change carriages at every station. Show your passport and railway-ticket to everybody, so that there may be no mistake. If you can't smoke, always travel second-class, and you'll soon get in the way of it.

Be careful to observe all police regulations. On your arrival at any place, you, being widely suspected, are narrowly watched. Two policemen in plain clothes dog your steps day and night. The man who attends you as a *laquais de place* is a Government spy, who, unless you fee him well, reports everything you say, and plenty that you do not say, to his employers. If you want to go out for a walk by yourself for more than two hours, you must procure a "permit" from the police. The charge for a walk by yourself is seven-and-sixpence for the first hour, five shillings for the second, half-a-crown the third and the rest. The Rest would of course naturally come after the third hour's walk. If you wish to take an umbrella with you, notice must be given two days beforehand.

Very good. Now having got your ticket, you've taken your seat in the carriage by the kind permission of the police, and in a few hours you will be at Cologne.

CHAPTER IX.

COLOGNE ON THE DEUTZ SIDE.—THE GARDENS.—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.—ARTISTIC NOTE.—NOTICE TO QUIT.—THE BILL.—QUITS.—THERE AND BACK FOR NOTHING !—TRINKGELD.—EISENBAHN TELEGRAPH.



HERE we are at Cologne, a German Cologney. You will stay a short time ; let us say that you will stop for the space of a semi-Cologne. Cross the bridge, taking care however not to go over it, and take up your abode at Belle-vue the Hotel, Deutz side.

It is said to be the "largest and wealthiest city on the Rhine." So far Murray ; but if this is so, what does he mean by saying "*Pop.* 100,000"? "*Pop*" is, of course, a delicate way of hinting at the existence, in this place, of that number of Pawnbrokers.

You will dine at the *table d'hôte*, unless for privacy's sake you like to order the *table d'hôte* all to yourself in a separate apartment, in which case the hungry visitors will be rather astonished. You would probably fill yourself, but you would empty the hotel, and very soon there would be—

"No one in de house wid Diner."

Howbeit, you must remember that he who stops to eat, remains to pay.

In the evening, sit out in the garden overlooking the moonlit Rhine, and become poetical. "Wine" rhymes to "Rhine;" and in the mouth of any affected demi-swell, the roll of whose pedigree is probably as slight as the roll of his R, the word is precisely the same. You have seen the *tableau* in the opening of an Opera. Here you have the original. Peasants, priests, soldiers, and travellers, grouped about the grounds, drinking, laughing, and talking while the band is playing. Mark your time, and by way of showing your appreciation of the scene, come forward to the lights, cup in hand, and give them a tune. The libretto might be, for instance—

Wine ! Wine ! Wine !
 Liquor of Rhine.
 Ichor divine.
 Mine ! Mine ! Mine ! }
 Thine ! Thine ! Thine ! } and
 Oh, it is pleasant, 'tis pleasant,
 At present, at present,
 To drink THE Wine.
 Spar-ar-ar-killing Wine ! Spar-ha !-klingwine

This may be followed by a short dance, very short, and you will then be, probably, kicked out. This will not prevent your returning in order to show that you bear no malice, and can enter into the fun of the thing.

Sights in the City.—The best sight is unfortunately hidden from view. It is the sight upon which the City of Cologne

stands. After this, the Cathedral. Cologne Cathedral is older than the Nelson Column, but is even in a less finished state. The order of architecture to which this noble pile belongs was probably "Building by contract," and one of the parties failed. To describe it minutely would be tedious; we will therefore say that the doors have a good deal of open work about them, and great panes have been taken with the windows. The only *pointed* style in the Cathedral to attract the Tourist's notice, will be that of his Cicerone, by whom everything inside will be pointed out to him.

Caution.—Beware of the Suisse, that magnificent Esquire-Bedell in the Cathedral. For all he looks so grandly harmless, his hat is cocked, and may, by way of a salute, *go off*. Beware!

The *Choir* is about 161 feet high; more than a hundred treble octaves above the level of the C. The Base of the Cathedral assists on Sundays, and tones down what would otherwise rise into a screech.

In one of the side Chapels, where you'd naturally expect a piece of sculpture by Chantrey, you will find an old painting in Distemper. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to remonstrate with the Foreign Ecclesiastical Authorities on the subject of this picture. Poor thing! in Distemper since 1410!

There's plenty more to be seen, but you've got a pair of eyes we suppose, and we really cannot stop here talking all day. *We* saw everything in the place, why shouldn't you? Do you give it up? If you do, come along somewhere else.

As we suppose that you have, of course, lost your luggage, it is not necessary that you should return to your hotel, where you'd only have to pay your bill, and thus make yourself uncomfortable on that score.

Notice.—There are many books published now-a-days informing the tourist how to see the Continent for five or ten pounds in as many weeks. We can tell him how to see it for nothing. Insist that the steamboat brought you by mistake while you were saying good bye to a friend ; go away saying you'll bring an action against them, and they'll offer to take you back again ; disdain their proffered courtesy ; they'll be frightened and offer you money not to tell ; if they do, take it ; if not, they'll be only too glad to put you on shore and get rid of you. After this, unencumbered by packages, your course is easy. The hotel is not built that can hold *you* for any length of time. You can tell the various landlords that you are going out to look for your luggage, and this search may reasonably take you many miles away from the place where your last little bill was run up. The trains go so slow, that, with very little practice, you can easily get out during the journey and thus avoid all those absurd forms and ceremonies attendant upon rendering up the ticket, which, as you, when travelling economically do not possess it, would simply waste time, and would materially retard an otherwise rapid progress. Your foreign fellow-travellers will, if asleep, not see you ; for they have a way of closing their eyes when in a somnolent state, and, in this particular, resemble Englishmen. If their eyes are open,

the fumes of tobacco will be an effectual cloak for your exit. Should, however, any one of them see you and tell, the chances are that the rest won't believe him : and if they do, they'll merely laugh at the eccentricities of the English, and consider your conduct as the ordinary mode of travelling adopted in your own country. The railway carriage is your only difficulty, and we've shown you the way to get out of it. In this manner a great deal more of the country will be seen than if you were shut up in a close compartment.

The man who prodigally pays his way and tips the servants, is sometimes remembered ; but the man who doesn't is never forgotten. They will be looking out for you everywhere, they will be even anxious about your health, and be desirous of seeing you again as soon as possible. This is affecting, but don't stop for it. Hire some conveyance that will gallop past the well-remembered windows, whence are peering the old familiar faces. Be open-handed with them as befits your generous nature, and wave adieux from your fast-disappearing vehicle. You can always get rid of the driver by asking him to get down and pick up that parcel you've dropped in the road. When he has retraced about three hundred feet of the road, jump into the box-seat, crack your whip, cry "Tchk !" and then once more urge on your wild career. You can sell the carriage and ride the horse, which, after carrying you some distance, will fetch a sum that will enable you to travel like a gentleman when you get back to England. If any Economical Tourist's Companion can show us a better method than this, we should be glad to know it. We will tell you *How to go to Cologne for*

Nothing! Well, you see, if you've nothing to go for, why, there you are. This advice is only applicable to a minority of loungers.

Now we've seen everything that can be seen, and we're going to quit Cologne. Let us turn our attention to post-travelling and payments appertaining thereto.

German miles are different to English or Irish miles. In olden times there was a league of barons, counts, and dukes, which must have had as queer an effect as seven-miles' worth of the aristocracy would have in England. By this league all other distances were measured; and the greatest distance was between the last baron and the first shopkeeper. Leave your card upon the Chief Baron before the long vacation commences, and he will tell you all about it.

Postmasters are empowered by Government to compel their passengers to carry the horses and drag the carriages up all the hilly places. When you hear and see a high hill you will doubtless exclaim, "Hillo!"

Trinkgeld, drink-money, is the sum given by way of liquidating your debt to the postilion.

Before journeying by carriage take the number of your horses: this ensures civility.

Purchase, for your own private reading, all the back numbers of the *Eisenbahn Telegraph*, which is a *German Bradshaw*! With a very slight knowledge of the language you may derive considerable pleasure from the daily study of this delightful work. The only man who ever attempted it,

was ultimately found all alone in his room at the hotel, trying to set the railway guide to music, marking each bar with the time of the different trains. He is now quite harmless, and passes his days in playing elaborate fantasias from *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* for the current month, on the bassoon or violoncello.

CHAPTER X.

UP THE RHINE.—OBERWESEL.—STEAMERS.—ST. GOAR.—
TO THE LURLEI BERG.—TO LUR-LI-ETY.—BEATE MAR-
TINE ! — ASSMANHAUSEN. — BINGEN. — RÜDESHEIM. —
STOLZENFELS.—RAT'S CASTLE.—LEGEND.—MAYENCE.



P and down the River Rhine, In and out the vessel, that's the way the money goes. Stop ! Oberwesel ! and there we are at a half-way house on the Rhine. We may call one of the inns by this name, as it is partly hotel, partly dairy, or as it may be termed, half-beer half-whey house.

While *bateau-à-vapeur*-ing up the Rhine, we will make a few observations on Steam-boat travelling.

The one general rule that governs all voyagers by Steam-boat is, "No one must *speak* to the Man at the Wheel ;" but you may whistle at him, howl at him, shout at him, or dance before him as much as you like. It is the part of genius to break through rules ; therefore, if you would not be set down for a mere commonplace Tourist, take pity upon his isolated condition, and commence an animated conversation with the steerer. Whisper soft nothings in his ear ; tell him that "good thing you heard the other day," and point your jokes with your forefinger under his fifth rib.

You may wave your hat and halloa in front of him ; this is a very good way of cheering him upon his lonely voyage.

An you understand not his language, nor he yours, make faces at him until he roars with laughter, and finish by singing to him in your best style, "*O Wheelie, we have missed you !*" when he, being of a sympathetic soul, will join you in the melody, playing rhapsodically upon the spokes of his wheel. Others on board may laugh and be jolly, but he remains throughout the one stern passenger, unless, as we have suggested, you can overcome his unnatural reserve. He seldom moves from his position, yet is he perpetually taking a turn on deck. We never met anybody who knew one of these men "at home." We cannot help thinking that they have run away from the domestic circle. Maybe, for some dark crime, they are undergoing a self-enforced silent system, rendered all the more difficult of endurance by the opportunities of communication with their fellow-men which their situation offers. In consequence of the Helm obeying the will of this roving recluse, the Germans have but one generic name for the class, every individual member of which they address as Will-Helm Meister.

Steamboat travelling differs from Railroad travelling, inasmuch as the authorities of the former take you on trust, not demanding your fare until they have carried you for some distance upon the voyage. The first feeling produced by this system in the breast of an honest Englishman is gratitude to the beneficent beings who, apparently, are going to give you a trip for nothing. On the approach of the inevitable money collector, this sentiment is entirely superseded by a desire to

avail yourself of those facilities of personal locomotion which a deck affords, to dodge the official, and avoid that mutual unpleasantness and misunderstanding which must result from one person demanding as a right that which another person is unwilling to concede of his own free will.

The Collector, you will notice, is closely followed by another wary official, who is doubtless set as a watch upon his superior officer, lest that individual, having collected the money, should suddenly collect himself for a spring and violently abscond by leaping over the side of the vessel, and by a bold stroke of genius swimming to shore.

Here we come alongside of the bank, and for a minute or two we must touch upon this point.

It is a dear, or rather cheap, at least we found it so, old place called St. Goar. You will perhaps smile at any of the Rhine show-places being cheap, and will say, ironically "Go-ar-long !" but nevertheless such is the fact.

Hereabout there is a whirlpool which tumultuously eddies round a horrid rock. Hence the proverb, "'Tis the Lurlei Berg catches the Whirl." We heard a Cockney drop an H and a remark, to the effect, that, it "made him quite 'eddy to look at it."

The Church of St. Martin is a specimen of one of the very earliest churches, in consequence of the service commencing every morning at 4 A.M. The ancient and well-known legend can, we believe, be found here, if you look very carefully for it, commencing "*O mihi, Beate Martine,*" &c.

Then you come to Assmanhausen, so called because the donkey-man has his house in this place, whose animals can

be hired by day or hour, by your or our party, as the case may be, for the sake of making excursions into the vineyard country. The public conveyance, in this part of the world, is called the *Van Ordinaire*.

Don't be offended with the captain if he tells you to "get out" at Bingen. You'll want to go to Rüdesheim. There is a regular charge for donkeys at this place, so you had better keep out of the way ; or, if in your own country you are a Volunteer, prepare to receive the charge with your umbrella. It was at this place, that we saw the heart-rending spectacle of a French tourist arriving too late by a minute and a-half for the departure of his steamboat. An Englishman in a similar position, after a few words of very old Saxon, would have inquired for the time of the next boat, and would have waited at the nearest *Hostelrie* for its arrival. Not so Mossoo : he anathematised his hard fortune and the day of his birth. He dashed his hat on the ground, and danced on it : he tore his hair, and at length in a passionate burst of tears he sat down on his portmanteau, and consented to listen to the voice of reason issuing from the mouth of a stolid Prussian porter.

"Paddle on all," and away we go again.

To keep and find your place in "Murray," and at the same time find the corresponding places on the Right and Left Banks of the River, is a feat of no ordinary difficulty. You should read it thoroughly before starting, and you will then be able to enjoy yourself and benefit your companions.

"What is that place?" inquires a fellow-tourist without a Guide Book, attracting your attention to Stolzenfels,

"The boat stops at Mannheim," the landlord remarks.

"Well, there, I suppose," suggests the traveller, "they take out all the luggage."

"Yes," replies the proprietor of the Rheinischer Hof, "and if the things are not claimed at once——"

"Well!" inquires our friend, anxiously noting a slight hesitation on the speaker's part in arriving at the catastrophe.

"Well," resumes Rheinischer Hof, slowly, "if they are not claimed at once—they sell them."

"Tourist! a blight is on thy path—
What 'll become of the portable bath!"

Whistle the air of the "*Mistletoe Bough*" and sing,—

"Oh, my portable bath!
O-o-h! My por-tar-blebath!"

Chorus, in which the sympathising landlord and waiters will (if not otherwise engaged, and if conversant with the air,) join,—

"O-o-oh his portable bath!
O-o-oh his port-tar-blebath!"

After this, order dinner, see your room, shake hands with the landlord, and determine to let bygones be bygones.

The most remarkable object in Mayence will be, of course, yourself. Do not let the knowledge of this importance prevent you from visiting the Cathedral. Protestant though you may be, you will be here received into the Church by the Suisse, who is generally a fine handsome looking man, of whom the ladies say in Suisse-whispers, "Do look at his

Suisse-whiskers!" The French, ever attached to the lightest possible literature, once converted this Cathedral into a Magazine. It soon, however, fell to the ground, and now-a-days very little that is original remains, as the people subsequently took all their articles from the French.

Even though you, or any other tourist, may have given up all idea of laying hands upon the lost baggage, yet should you, as a pedestrian, walk to Mannheim. At this place you'll halt, and probably begin to limp as one maimed by the unwonted exercise, unless you have been previously accustomed to do the same thing, or as the French call it, *maim-chose*, or shoes, as in this case.

A pleasant wet day may be spent at Mannheim, by trying to find out, by the aid of the Mannheim Directory, the address of your old friend who has performed the Samson-like gymnastic feat known as "Taking up his Residence," in this ancient town. We've often heard of Dramatic critics being able to "give a theatre a lift with their pens," and we suppose that these expressions are the results of a strong muscular creed.

But to the Directory.

Mannheim houses are not as other houses. They are arranged in blocks, chiefly blocks of stone. The streets intersect one another at right angles wherever they can, and at wrong angles wherever they can't, and by generally interfering with one another in the most unaccountable manner, produce upon the mind of the stranger the feeling that he might as well be in Fair Rosamond's Bower, or the Maze at Hampton Court, without the sweet little cherub

who sits up aloft and sings out "To your right—To your left," and other intelligible instructions to help him on his way.

The streets have no names, though they will have, and pretty hard ones too, after you've been puzzling and meandering about them.

The simple direction for finding out where anybody lives is, ask him himself on the first opportunity ; but if you can't see him, and haven't got time to write, take the Directory, and observe that all the blocks are arranged alphabetically, that the houses are numbered, and that there are many blocks more than the Alphabet has letters, and that then you begin again and make the best you can of it. That's plain so far, isn't it? Well, let's say you want to call on Mr. B. Very good. Mr. B. you find lives at A, now on this point you will not be at Sca. Then A being a block, you find the number ; now, we forgot to mention that each block is numbered as well as every house, so that when you've ascertained the number of the house, you must take care not to confuse it with the number of the block, and when you've carefully arrived at a knowledge of both numbers, your next step will be to retrace your former ones, and see whether you were correct in the first instance. After this, take care that the block is the block in the Alphabet and not one out of the Alphabet ; then see that the number is the same as the one you had fixed upon, and finally learn whether or no B. lives at this number or not. After this it will be time for you to brush your hair and go to bed.

Visit the Theatre, which was once reduced to a mere shell

by the Austrian bombs. Ever since then all the Pieces have gone off well.

The Cathedral was pretty considerably knocked about by the French, who chipped and clipped pillars and statues and sepulchral monuments. Here some Margraves are buried; the iconoclastic French, however, appear to have been the principal mar-graves. They compelled the ecclesiastics to fly for their lives, and each one of the good monks was forced to take up his breviary and mizzle.

There is no inducement for the traveller to follow the Rhine above Mannheim, and the Rhine might look upon such a proceeding as going rather too far. You're not Grant and you're not Speke, so none of your sourcey observations, if you please. Come, move on! will you, and just drop in at Spires. This place was built by the same ingenious architect who raised the one spire in Langham Place, Regent Street, of which this town is merely (as the name implies) an ample development. Keep your eyes open and you will be Spyers too. Mind you ask for the celebrated Diet of Spires at the *table d'hôte*. Don't be put down by the unseemly jests of the landlord, or the gibing of the *kellners*. Very interesting place, Spires, full of historical reminiscences, and so on we go to Heidelberg.

CHAPTER XII.

HEIDELBERG.—THE UNIVERSITY.—THE CASTLE.—A TUN
AND A HALF.—TOXICOLOGY.—BADEN-BADEN.—THE
BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH.



HEIDELBERG, or the Bridge, the Town, and the Tower! This is our next point. A lazy old place, sure enough, with all the H'Idle burghers lounging in their shop doors, if there's nothing doing.

Every one here seems to have suddenly, in printers' phrase, been set up in small caps, for caps of all sorts, sizes, and colours, ornament the heads of the University youths. They are very free with their swords, and the following University rules are found necessary :—

1. Any Student refusing to give his name to the Proctor in the streets, may be immediately cut down by the bulldogs.
2. That in cramming for examinations, the armed Students *in statu pupillari* shall run through several authors.
3. That every candidate at Matriculation shall be able to translate Arnold's *Roman Sword Exercises*.

You will be considered a great man among them if you

appear as a Professor of the Noble Art of Self Defence, and give Lectures on the New Cut, Lambeth.

Of course, the first thing you'll want to go and see is the Castle. Well, you'll have to go up a hill. This Castle was taken once by the French, and once by Mr. Turner, the celebrated artist. The Electors Palatine, who used to live here, where people of *bon Tun*, as may be seen if you visit the cellar, where stands the celebrated Tun, on the top of which the peasants, when they were very jolly, used to dance. This was when the vintage had been a good one, and the happy rustics were living on the vat of the land. There is some trick connected with a fox's brush, that starts out of somewhere suddenly, and hits you anywhere when you pull a string, of which we have some vague and unpleasant recollection ; if you don't want to know anything about it don't pull any string, and you'll be safe. This is of course the jest or rather the Butt of the place ; the good folks ought to get a second like it, on the excellent principle that "one good TUN deserves another."

Of course, while you are at Heidelberg you will stop at an Hotel. Now the mention of an hotel naturally leads us to the subject of pickles. You will be in a hurry to see the sights of the town, and desirous of making a rapid act of feeding. No more rapid act can be made than an attack upon cold beef and pickles. Tourist, beware in every place of pickles. Few and far between are the instances of jars of these luxuries being unadulterated. Avoid them as you would Jars in your own family. As a rule, these pickles *are* adulterated, and specially in Germany, with copper. Now

copper in this form is first cousin to poison, and it is admitted on all hands that it is unpleasant to be poisoned anywhere, but specially in Germany, and more particularly in Heidelberg. Now then the question is, do you understand the science of Toxicology? If you can't pronounce this word, use any other you like ; such names are but arbitrary ; but bear in mind that this science has nothing to do with bows and arrows. On arriving therefore at your inn, immediately inquire of your landlord if he is a Toxicologist ; the word may be sung or said, according to fancy, powers of vocalisation, or special opportunity. He may stammer out a reply, or he may not understand you : in either case, Tourist, beware, and having ordered at once your cold collation, immediately attempt to detect the presence of copper.

Now, the first way to detect the presence of copper, is to offer the lowest silver coin in your possession, and to ask for change for that amount. If they are unable to give it you, be on your guard, lest all the available copper may have been invested in pickles. If the sum in the metal is given you, remember that it may be but the residue of what has already been sunk in pickles. Cold steel will always attract copper : and a celebrated Italian brigand, when in a genial and communicative mood, once informed us that he had been able to detect the presence of copper in a landlord's pocket by introducing a small and exquisitely shaped dagger into the corporeal vicinity of that region. This is a method which we would hardly advise the ordinary Tourist to adopt, but as he loves his health and would avoid dyspepsia, let him study Toxicology, or whatever he likes to call it, and give his earnest con-

sideration to the subject of pickles. *Experientia docet*, and he who doesn't take warning by our *experientia*, will have to "dose it" pretty considerably. After this we need hardly say that you'll leave this romantic town as quickly as possible. For ourselves, having found that we were treading upon this mine of copper, we, nearly exploding with indignation, took a light luncheon, and then went off with our present report. Away to Baden-Baden, merely observing that the railway by which you travel has all its seats ("Murray" says) "comfortably stuffed full," and therefore it must be very difficult to procure a place to yourself. Be careful to say "That's the Ticket" to the railway clerk, when you take your billet for Baden-Baden. You know the reputation of this place for gambling, of course, and therefore you will not be surprised on entering the town, at once to be asked by the Inspector of Police, "How much you'll stake on the black?" or, "What are the odds against red turning up three times running?"

Whether you look black or turn red upon being thus addressed, the surrounding natives will call at your hotel, leave their cards upon you, and subsequently give you their hands. Beware of such friendship. Baden-Baden is a very damp place, and one of the chief residents, the man who keeps the Bank at the Tables, suffers with the croup all the year round, and is therefore known as the Croupier. You will see plenty of Rakes on and about this Board of green cloth. When you have lost more than two florins, go away, take a pocket-pistol, and treat yourself to a "blow out" at the nearest restaurant's. When we visited the Tables there were plenty of Americans playing at Rouge et Noir, and, we

suppose out of compliment to their prejudices, the Croupier so managed the colours that the Black was invariably beaten. Whether you back Noir or not, you must be prepared with sufficient Ready. Having finished all your gamb'ling in the town, you can leave the valley and gambol on the hills. There are some very pretty walks about the place and some nice runs, the best being a good run of Luck in the Conversationshaus.

The excursionist, although personally objecting to the monastic system, should not refuse to take the vale of the Murg. Here you get a foretaste, or rather a one taste, of the coming Switzerland. Sing *Tullaliety, Tulla li-he-ho*, and prepare to be marching to the *Margin of fair Zurich's waters, Tullaliety, da capo*. By the way, the first *Merry Swiss Boy* we ever saw had taken a great deal more fruit than was good for him, and was bemoaning his sad fate at the hands of a peculiarly grim Swiss, or as she appeared in this instance, Swish matron,

CHAPTER XIII.

SWITZERLAND.—DIET.—MONEY.—CONVEYANCES.—ARTII.—
BÂSLE.—BERNE.—BY THE MARGIN OF FAIR ZURICH'S
WATERS.—SCHAFFHAUSEN FALLS.—A PRETTY PASS.



OW here we are going into Switzerland as quick as possible, if you please, seeing that there's not much time to be lost, for the Vacation is just coming to a close, and some of us must be back to our griefs and briefs in the Classic *Aula Pompeii*, otherwise known as Pump Court, Temple, or elsewhere.

An air of repose characterises the face of Switzerland, and the observant traveller may gather that the country is rather inclined to sleep, from the fact that he will continually see ranges of mountains rising and stretching away in the distance.

The Tourist intends to ascend the steeps? Does he, indeed? then, once for all, we don't; albeit we may give some good advice; and first and foremost, as the unaccustomed traveller may possibly catch cold in the Alpine heights, he should be careful to provide himself with an Alpen-stock to wrap round his easily-affected throat.* Beside this, you

* As you are apt to be tender with yourself, get some vicious friend to wrap the Alpen-stock smartly about your head. As a homœopathic cure for headache this can be recommended.

should carry a Swiss pipe, whereon to play as you walk lightly o'er the eternal snow, and a good collection of magic-lantern slides, to take you rapidly over the seas of ice.

Talking of ice, you must not be disappointed at not finding much of the Wenham Lake material up here. The Railway will, of course, make some difference in this respect after a time, and Mr. Gunter may be inclined to speculate. A Lake or Tarn of Fresh Strawberry Water, by Sunset, would be a fine subject for Mr. Telbin's brush, and, as every spoon of a Tourist is accompanied by a Tourist's glass, we want but some pretty girls to hand wafers and sponge-cakes to us, and the thing is done.

In regard to dress, adopt a gentlemanly evening suit : you will never require a change of boots ; as after an hour's walk over the ice, they will of their own accord become slippers. A false nose, and burnt cork, wherewith to make moustachios, and playfully frighten the mountaineers, as usual.

Diet.—For Breakfast, ask for stewed zwanzigers and *cotellettes à la pommade*. There is no other meal during the day, but you can repeat this one as often as you feel disposed. During the repast, the good-natured waiter will read to you, sing one of the songs, or dance one of the enlivening dances of his own native land. You must, unless you would be accused of rudeness, *encore* every one of his performances separately.

Money. *Swiss Batz.*—This coin is no longer a legal tender, in consequence of so many Swiss Batz having been given in

exchange for the English Kites, which had been flown by certain of our unprincipled compatriots in the neighbourhood.

Conveyances.—Recollect that your driver being a poor boor of a fellow, always requires some *pour boire* money, by way of a parting gift. The travelling lawyer will observe that, in all countries, an intimate connection exists between a conveyancer and his draughts.

One of the first places to which you will be taken, will probably be Arth. So rare is the stranger's visit in this quarter, that even the most civil officer, meeting the Tourist in the street, will start back with astonishment, and ask, "What on Arth he's doing there?" Being a man of spirit, you will at once quit the place, and proceed to Bâsle. The distance of Bâsle from anywhere is just three Bâsley-corns and a half. At the hotel called the Three Kings, you will find the servants very attentive, so don't say anything before them that you do not wish them to hear. They are so attentive, that it will be well for the visitor to blow through the keyhole of his bed-room door every five minutes, to see if the waiter is listening outside ; then to search well the chest of drawers, rattle his umbrella up the chimney, and look in every corner for these attentive inn-dependents. Of course, you do not want to follow the regular route, but intend to go backwards and forwards, and round and round, as suits your fancy. While on the subject, it would be as well to state, that no steamer ever sailed round Switzerland in six hours. Berne is the quaintest of places. There was not much to be seen when we were there ; but this fact was probably owing to our

arriving at eleven o'clock on a very dark night. Go early, and you'll be delighted. The clock is the most striking object in the town. As the Tourist cannot possibly be satisfied with anything until he has seen Zurich, let him hasten there at once, and put up at the hotel on the Lake.

One of the curiosities of this spot is the garden attached to the hotel ; it is so much attached, that, although for years it has been perpetually going down to the water, it has never yet been able to take the last steps necessary for the separation. A touching site this, touching the Lake ; and, by the way, touching the Lake, words are wanting to convey to the absent traveller any idea of its beauty. Let us see ; you know the Serpentine, or the ornamental water in St. James's Park ? Well—no, it won't do ; our powers of description fail us.

Now is the time and place for a romantic adventure. There are plenty of Zurich's fair daughters living on the borders of the Lake. This mode of existence is, however, not exclusively confined to these delightful creatures, but is also adopted by two or three landlords and lodging-house keepers, who also live on the boarders. By the way, here is a curious phenomenon for our astronomers. Late at night the fair damsels come out to look at *the moon on the water in a boat*. All you've got to do is to hide under a ripple, and gently rise from the stream, like a river-god decked with weeds, with a short-pipe in your mouth, whence shall issue sounds most dulcet ; and the fair ones must be a most dull set indeed if they do not at once yield themselves captive to the fascinations of your voice.

In a charitable spirit visit Schaffhausen, but do not make any severe observation on The Fall, remembering that we are all liable to err, and also recollecting that, if the landlady of the Falls Hotel provide luncheon, you will be liable to *her*. We did not think much of the food here, but this isn't the place to cut it up. Go back to Zurich. In the morning patronise the bath in the hotel garden. Plunge bravely in, headforemost, but you must be able to swim, for there is a depth of at least four feet of water.

Your next point will be the Righi, if you want to "do" the Righilar thing ; if you do not, you will cross the lake and try to get over the mountains to Interlachen. The mountains are not to be got over with soft words, persuasion being, in this case, less useful than force with a good thick stick.

Do you want to see one of the great beauties of mountain scenery without much trouble? You do? Very well, then ; lose all your luggage, ready money, clothes, and circular notes, and you'll thus commence by being brought to a very Pretty Pass.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RIGHI.—HINTS TO MOUNTAINEERS.—THE ALPINE CLUB.—THE GHOST.—HOTEL RIGHI CULM.—A BRUSH WITH THE GUESTS.



OUR own experience, which has led us to give the foregoing invaluable advice for going as far as the Righi, will now furnish the Tourist with a rule to be observed by every one who seeks this usually sunny climb. A great deal has been written at divers times, and in divers places, concerning the actual necessities to be taken during an ascent. One thing, and only one, is it necessary for even the hardest mountaineer to take while toiling up the precipitous steep ; let his pace be slow, or let his pace be fast, walk he with tottering steps or firmly-planted feet ; the Tourist, be he high or low, tall or short, *who goes up the Righi must take—*Breath.

Sit down awhile, and behold above you the broad expanse of sky ; this will exalt your mind to the contemplation of the lark ; and what says the Poet,—

"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
For the lark at Billingsgate sings."

Open your heart to your friend, if one be near you, but forget not to open your chest, and carp the vital airs. Ah ! If you know any of the musical compositions of Doctor Blow, now is the occasion for whistling them. Walk up ! walk up ! walk up ! To your left you'll see the black beetling crags ; these will remind you of the strange creatures that came up to look at you, and followed in your wake, when you paid an unwilling nocturnal visit to the kitchen, under the impression that you were about to bring a couple of burglars to account for a wrong double entry. To your right you'll see ever so many things that did not meet your vision on your left, whereupon you will exclaim, " Beautiful ! Beautiful !" somewhat after the well-known, time-honoured manner of the talented German *siffleur*, Von Joel, evergreen, ever Green's ! Walk up ! Walk up !

The agile admirer of the " beautiful for ever " (this line is not meant by way of a toast or sentiment, though, apart from the context, it may be adopted by members of the Alpine Club for that purpose) will probably take a short cut, in order to reach the bird's-eye view sooner than his fellow-travellers. Our own personal remembrance of the short cut that we chose, is, that it began very pleasantly, during which gentle progress and halcyon time we congratulated ourselves upon our superior cunning ; that, after half an hour, the ascent became more decided, and we, being in a broiling sun, jokingly comforted each other " that we shouldn't have much of this ; " that, in the course of an hour, the inclination of the ascent increased inversely as our inclination for the ascent ; that, in an hour and a half's time, we sat down

helplessly and bemoaned our happy childhood ; that, being parched with thirst, we induced a little peasant boy to give us to drink ; that he brought us *kirschwasser* of such a strength and old shoe-leathery taste, that we couldn't drink it, save when qualified with water ; which water he, for a few small coins, procured for us ; our grateful remembrance of this boy is that he was a wonderful boy, the most wonderful boy we'd ever seen ; that, despite the fact of the descent to the limpid stream being of the very early perpendicular style of mountain architecture, this boy, this wonderful boy, holding in his hand the broad-mouthed shallow wooden bowl of *kirschwasser*, executed, after the manner of his English brethren in the London streets, "three catherine wheels a penny," without spilling a single drop (was he not a wooodooonderful boy?), and in this way arrived safely at the running stream. Here he filled the bowl, and safely ascended to our place of session, walking or jumping, as far as our memory serves us, upon his head. We rewarded him handsomely, and he disappeared down somewhere as suddenly as he had risen before us ; a grin, a kick, a leap into the air—and he was gone ! There was no smell of brimstone ! Could he have been the lubber fiend ? The Kobbold of this country ? A Brownie, maybe ; and, now we recall the colour of his skin, we hesitate no longer to decide that we on that occasion did see a veritable Brownie.

Perpendicular becomes the ascent of the short cut, and he who takes this road will never use his feet as the sole mode of progression, until within a few yards of the Righi Culm.

Think you, O Tourist of the nineteenth century, that in Switzerland you can be free from

THE GHOST! THE GHOST! THE GHOST!

Not a bit of it. If you're in luck's way, you'll see the spectre of the Righi. Of course it is patented. Give the waiter at the Righi Culm Hotel a noble gratuity, and he'll tell you all about it. Albeit, the only spectre we came across was the landlord of the above-mentioned hostelry with his little bill, which shook our nerves fearfully. We were nearly running away, but were prevented by——no matter what.

Joyful is the moment when the golden spire of the Inn, effulgent, shines on the sun-scorched faces of the weary travellers. Let us here stop to remark that, when we arrived at the top, we found that our short cut had taken us exactly two hours longer than going round by the ordinary route. This discovery at such a moment is calculated to act upon the temper even of the most angelic. You come late, and can't get a room. Ha! ha! (*Stage direction, laughs sardonically.*) "Waiter!" "Yes, Sir." (*Exit waiter in the opposite direction.*) You turn and find him gone, or rather don't find him, because he *has* gone. Another menial in a blouse. Ha! "Waiter!" 'tisn't the waiter, but no matter. "*Garçon!*" "*Ouim'sieu.*" (*Exit second waiter, hurriedly, through a small door in the passage.*) In desperation, you open it in order to follow him. The door leads apparently nowhere, or to fifteen other doors, which means the same thing. "*Garçon! Kellner!*

Waiter! Hi! Here! anybody—I want to wash. Hot water—*donney more o show*. No, I mean *eau sucrée*—no, that's swearing—I mean——." Never mind what you mean, the *table d'hôte* is nearly ready. Rush into the kitchen, regard not the screams of the men-servants or maid-servants, nor the stricken cook, but wrench the boiling kettle from its brooding o'er the coals, and make for the first dressing-room at hand; stand not upon the order of your going, but go it! Should Kellner interfere, cry, "This to decide!" One, two, three, four, under; one, two, three, four, over—thrust, and he falls. You reach a chamber. Lots of queer-patterned-crockery about, seize and take anything to wash your hands in. Soap and nail-brush in your pocket of course. "*Garçon! Femme de Chambre! Hi donc! ici towels*. What's towels in French? *Donney more assets*—my assets, you know." Go through the pantomime of rubbing your hands, and the attendant will probably say, "*Oui, M'sieu, c'est très bien froid*," or something equally to the point, and leave you, which isn't exactly what you wanted. You want to get a glimpse of the view before going to dinner. Rush out. Nothing but mist. Wonderful! Beautiful! A friend tells you that you should have been up there two hours ago and seen "the voo" then. "Ha!" you return, "we had much better voos coming up here. We came by an unusual path; not in the common track; so hackneyed. You should try it, it's worth going down again, merely to come up by it." Here's an opportunity for romancing—but now the dinner. Ha! soup. Carried in triumphantly. Take off the cover; a thin steam ascends. The landlord commences ladling.

Consternation is on his face, horror on the waiters' countenances ! What is it ? The guests tremble. They are in a foreign land : and one crusty old gentleman already pulls out his note-book, and commences a letter to the *Times*. Poison ? *A pint of very dirty lukewarm soap and water, with a nail-brush in it.* Tourist, be careful where thou dost in future wash thy hands.

CHAPTER XV.

ZURICH TO INTERLACHEN.—THE RIGHI AGAIN.—THE
GOLDAU SIDE.—CHOICE OF GUIDES.—AMUSEMENTS.—
ANIMALS.—WILD SPORTS.—NEEDĒLPIN CRAG.



HERE are we now? Just about to start from Zurich to Interlachen. The Tourist can, if sufficiently strong, take the Righi on the road. He mustn't take it very far, or it will be missed; as it happens, the top part of this mount has been mist more than once, but has never been entirely lost.

You intend to make the ascent from the Goldau side. Now, the question is, how do you get there? Take the first turning to the right on leaving Zurich, the second to the left, and then any one will tell you; if they won't, implore the sulky peasant to reply; taking care to offer him a *son*, or you will *son* in vain.

Guides.—Always take a guide with you. One who knows the way is to be preferred.

The best guides, who move in the very highest society, have a speaking acquaintance with all the principal mountains, and invariably obtain very civil answers from the most distant echoes. They also address themselves to their

journey in a manner that makes the journey answer. They are very straightforward and honest on the road ; at all events, whatever wrong they do, during the excursion, is kept secret, as the steeps and heights never seem to tell upon them.

If you go without a guide choose the safest path.

Amusements in the mountains.—If you want money, and can draw, now is your time to turn the art to account : thus, make friends with a Foreign Banker, take him up into a lonely spot, then, when nobody's looking, take out your snicker-snee, and draw upon him for any amount.

Never be unprovided with pencils, brushes, and paints ; if you can execute light rapid sketches, you can do what our travelling artist did, and turn your tour into a carica-tour.

Maps.—Never travel in Switzerland without a Map ; never mind what map, any one you've got by you will do. Don't forget a *knapsack* to serve, as the name implies, for a *sac de nuit* to sleep in.

Carry a flask made on the principle of Houdin's inexhaustible bottle. How's it done ? Mustn't tell ; it would be Robbin' Hoodin the Conjuror of his secret. Come along, will yer !

Away ! Tourist ! Away !

Hire a mule that will leap lightly up the perpendiculars ; if you don't fancy a mule, you'll find lots of crev-asses all about the mountain.

Light your pipe and show the donkey boys how to go up a

mountain. A pipe is the most independent companion that a traveller can have ; it goes out with him, and it goes out without him. If you're a great smoker it becomes a nuisance when you're riding, as though you want to keep on the mule's back, yet must you be perpetually a-lighting. Gee up !

Now for some sport. A shrill cry from a neighbouring bush apprises you of the approach of the Wild Strawberry. Strike spurs into your mule. Over ! Oh the pleasures of the chase ! If you allow the Wild Strawberry to run to seed, you will lose it. Stole away ! For'ard ! Yoicks ! As when hunting in Devonshire, so here, you will have to get off your horse and proceed on foot. In rushing at your jumps, grasp your Alpen-stock, 'twill save you from the Russian, or Rushing, proceeding of falling on your Pole. Here you are at the Needelpin Crag, an ascent of some little difficulty ; yet while you, the bold hunter, are shivering on the apex, the Wild Strawberry has sprung up on the opposite of the precipice.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOP OF THE RIGHI.—THE LAUGHABLE FARCE OF SUN-
RISE, OR FOUR IN THE MORNING.—VARIATIONS OF
DESCENT.—THE CAUTIOUS CROCODILE.—THE WEGGIS
SIDE.—WILLIAM TELL.—MOUNT PILATUS.—LEGEND.—
LUCERNE.—THE LION OF THE PLACE.—GRUTLI.—
TOKO THE DANE.



AT four o'clock in the morning the happy peasants on the top of the Righi blow their cow's-horns, and the miserable visitors, who are just dropping gently into their first sleep (for anything beyond a feverish snooze has been utterly impracticable up to this hour), will doubtless "blow those horns" too, but nevertheless they will grumble and get up to look at the sunrise; not because they like it, but because it is the proper thing to do, and is in fact the aim and end they've had in view all along.

Swaddled in rugs and blankets the shivering Tourist appears in front of the hotel. As a rule, the sunrise is an utter failure, though it ought not to be, considering how many times it has gone through the part before. Like almost all theatrical *artistes*, Glorious Apollo gets very careless. Stars are not free from this fault, and the Sun is

suffering from the force of bad example. We believe that he has lately got into a very low Sun set. Unless they've improved their arrangements with new scenery, decorations, and appointments since we've been there, you must not expect anything more than a confused mass of clouds and mist ; and the only rise you 're likely to see, is the rise which is pretty certain to be taken out of the angry audience, who, however, if they are free Britons, may use their privilege as such, and hiss the entire performance. The cow-horn players actually have the impudence to go round and ask for money from the assembled Tourists. Of course you will simply say that "you never give to people in the streets," and should they artfully suggest that "you can give it them *in the House*," you can pretend not to understand ; or, should you feel yourself sufficiently strong for the occasion, you can literally "take them in," and "pay them out" in a novel and unexpected manner.

The next movement is to get some breakfast, and then ask for your bill. When you 've got your bill, do not at once cut your stick, which would be, what a low-bred woodman might call, a specimen of bill-hooking it.

The Young Jack and Jill having gone up the hill must now come down ; and here will be an opportunity for Jack to show his a-Jill-ity. It takes about two hours and a half to ascend the Righi, and it takes a quarter of an hour to descend. There are several modes of downward progression ; which would be probably described by any Orthodox Churchman as the Variations of Descent. No 1 is called—

The Flying Fluteplayer.—Hold your Alpen-stock like a flute, and whistle a tune, if you can, to assist the illusion. Stretch out one leg, whichever you like ; march, quick time, don't stop playing the flute, and away you go.—N.B. Paper, pens, ink, and the usual forms for making your will, can be obtained at the Righi Culm, and the obliging landlord will, for a consideration, be a witness to anything. No. 2 is termed--

The Venturesome V.—Sit down in the shape of a V, keeping your hands disengaged, so as to save yourself from bumping against the sharp projections, which would otherwise annoy the unwary traveller. No. 3 is known as—

The Cautious Crocodile, and is, perhaps, better adapted for the progress of invalids and elderly gentlemen than either of the above.

We advise the Tourist to descend on the Weggis side, where the Lake of Lucerne is. Here you are in the land of William Tell, as the boatman will tell you, and where also you will be toll'd for your boat. The traveller, who understands German, should take Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* in his pocket ; and the traveller, who doesn't understand it, will, if he take it, keep it there.

Here you will see the giant mountain, Mount Pilatus. There is an old legend concerning the derivation of the name which everybody knows, and according to some, the title is only a corruption of *Pileatus*, which means "Capped," in allusion to the ceremony always observed by the super-

stitious peasantry on looking in that direction. Be the derivation from the story of Pilatus, or the fact of being Pileatus, one thing is certain, that, as the mountain can always give certain prophetic signs of a coming storm, surer even than those of Admiral Fitzroy, he, the mountain, not the Admiral, may be considered as the safest Pilot on the lake.

Land at Lucerne, and heartily admire the memorial Lion. Think of Sir Edwin Landseer, the Nelson Column, the Squirts of Trafalgar Square, the Lowther Arcade, and rejoice in your proud birthright.

Visit Tell's Chapel on the lake ; then, to his memory drink with spirit in the waters of freedom at Grütli ; but be cautious as to the amount of spirit mixed with the waters, lest, in keeping the patriot's memory, you lose your own. There have been fierce disputes as to the existence of Tell, who is, some captious Prigs assert, a Swiss *Mrs. Harris*. The same story, they urge, was told of one Toko in Denmark. It is within our province to set them right. The story of the Danish gentleman was promulgated by the friends of Gessler, the oppressive Governor, who, as we all know, got Toko from Tell. Hence the mistake.

The Tourist in Switzerland who wishes always to be a dandy in dress, should be provided with Murray's invaluable *Handbook for Bucks*.

Now then, let us get to Thun, and if we have time, visit Interlachen, which will bring us to the last scene of all that will end this strange eventful history.

CHAPTER XVII.

INTERLACHEN.—SWISS VILLAGES.—VISITORS.—THE JUNG-
FRAU.—MINSTREL BOYS.—HOTELS.—RIFLE CLUBS.—
DANGER SIGNALS.—NATURAL HISTORY.—SIR E. G.
LYTTON-BULWER.



INTERLACHEN is of that picturesque order of Swiss villages contained in a child's toy-box. The plan in its most original construction, is, as is the work of every truly great mind, of the very simplest description ; consisting in fact of one side of a street and a row of trees, and is in consequence admirably adapted for obviating the necessity of a voluminous guide-book, as there is not the smallest chance of losing your way. The residents are hotel-keepers, lodging house keepers, and purveyors of the necessaries of life. During the season they are busy enough, but when the Tourists have departed, it is supposed that, to keep themselves in good practice, they stop at one another's houses, going through the pantomime of paying money, and the laughable farce of making out the bill, in the most Inn-correct manner. The visitors in the summer are Americans, English, and waiters. We begin to think that somewhere or other, Heaven only knows where, there is a Cosmopolitan Canton populated entirely by waiters,

possessing no nationality in particular ; where the children are born waiters, and from the moment of their beginning to talk at all, speak five languages with equal incorrectness and facility. Perhaps 'tis this mysterious spot that the retired waiter seeks, when the familiar "Coming" is about to change into the sure and certain "Going." Perhaps 'tis here that there is an Asylum for Dumb Waiters ; a Charitable Institution presided over, may be, by a Side-board of Directors. But we are wandering : let us return to Interlachen. Every window in front commands some sort of view of the Jungfrau, and from the back you can gaze upon the swift-running waters of the Aar, and the steep hill on the opposite bank, called the *Harder* ; a name evidently given to it by the many English pedestrians, who have found the meadow bank on the Interlachen side the *Easier*. There is one street-musical nuisance, that comes out in the evening in the shape of a band of five Swiss Minstrels in the national costume, who favour the company with what they are pleased to call a song. Despite the accuracy of the "get up," we have our doubts as to the genuineness of these minstrels' nationality, for, coming upon them at an unguarded moment, we couldn't help fancying that we heard the chief singer talking with just the least taste in life of a brogue ; and, but for the assurance of a learned philologist, that there is a close affinity between the two languages, we could have sworn that the speaker was from the County Tip.

The gardens of the two principal hotels, we forget their names, adjoin one another, which is a very pleasant discovery for Jones, who had purposely gone to the one in order to

avoid those Browns who are putting up at the other—Jones' reason for this being that he cannot put up with the Browns. How charmed then is he to find that there is nothing to divide them! May be he has whispered soft nothings in Miss Letitia's finely chiselled, in this instance very finely chiselled, ear, or pressed her younger sister's hand, or done both impartially, which is embarrassing; or there may be that little matter of a few pounds still standing 'twixt Jones and Old Brown, which causes Brown to be very glad to meet Jones, but occasions no reciprocity of sentiment in the latter gentleman's breast. The gardens form the stage for the performance of many little comic dramas of every-day life.

The Tourist who is fond of shooting, or who takes an interest in the Volunteer Movement in his own country, will do well to walk along the banks of the Aar, when the members of the Swiss Rifle Club are practising. The Switzers take up position in a hut about a hundred yards from the river, on the Interlachen side: the Target is fixed upon the opposite bank of the Aar. The happy and unsuspecting Tourist cannot be too noisy during this walk. We advise him to be constantly shouting out "Hi!" or "Ho!" or "Hiho!" or "Hilliho!" or in fact anything he likes, and as loud as he can, in order to attract the attention of the marksmen, who, from their guarded position, cannot see anybody coming, and the pedestrian will be lucky if the first inkling that he gets of his proximity to the rifles, is hearing a whirr, and then the sharp report at no great distance from him. We say he will be lucky, as the ball may be through your hat or your head before you know where you are.

One middle-aged Englishman of nervous temperament held up his new hat, and shouted to the riflemen to show that he was there. The Switzers mistook this for a challenge to their skill in hitting a new kind of target, and in less than five seconds as many bullets riddled his bran-new gossamer. To go upon all-fours is no protection, as they might take you for a beast, and though their firing at you under these circumstances would be pardonable, nay, even commendable, yet it is admitted on all hands, that whether you are killed by mistake for somebody or something else, or on purpose, the result to yourself is equally unpleasant. Perhaps, after this, the conclusion to which you will come, if you do not come to any other unfortunately premature conclusion as above mentioned, will be the sensible one of not walking on the banks of the river Aar.

If the Tourist is fond of Natural History, and for the matter of that, if he isn't, he will come across some curious specimens of the Insect tribe, and some too curious specimens of the insect tribe will come across him. We never realised Spiders until we saw them in this neighbourhood ; neither could we have imagined to what a Grasshopper might come at last, if it once had its own way. There was once upon a time a Pantomime called the *Butterfly's Ball*, where all the insects were as big as men, but even in those early days of oranges in the boxes to keep us quiet, we knew that they *were* men, because we saw their legs, and consequently did not cry after making that discovery ; and there used to be at the Polytechnic a lecturer of cruel tendencies, who was wont to frighten children under the shallow pre-

tence of instruction, by showing them a drop of Thames water magnified. Do you recollect those black, crawling, swimming, darting, jerking, unpleasant animalculæ? They were not nice to look at ; but we swallowed them then, and do now, in spite of a patent filter and the Thames Commissioners. Well, these awful beings are nothing to the sweet creatures inhabiting the fields on the Harder Bank of the Aar.

In the heat of the day you go to sleep among the long grass, and are dreaming that HER dear face is beaming upon you with love and tenderness, when suddenly you are awakened to a dread reality, to which, in our terrified opinion, the *Dweller on the Threshold*, in Sir E. Lytton-Bulwer's *Zanoni*, is not for one instant to be compared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAUTER-BRUNNEN ROAD.—UNSPUNNEN.—THE LEGEND.



HE Poetical Tourist will make a point of walking along the Lauter-brünnen Road, only stopping at the Castle of Unspunnen, the reputed residence of the amiable but mistakenly impulsive *Manfred*, to call for Mr. Phelps.* Somebody writing concerning this castle has observed, that, "from its position in front of the high Alps, Lord Byron must have had it in his eye." That the noble Poet, not being exempted from the ills to which all flesh is heir, might have had, at some time or another, a sty in his eye, is probable; that he ever had a castle in it, is simply impossible. A gifted Cockney Tourist, however, actually observed, that, "If Lord Byron 'ad a sty in the heye, he might 'ave 'ad a castle in the 'air." The Legend of the Castle of Unspunnen is a very touching one, and will be sung to you by any peasant for a mere song. The following is a translation, adapted to the well-known

* Who took the part of this Immoral Philosopher at Drury Lane Theatre, 1863.

and once exceedingly popular air, *Villikins and his Dinah* :—

THE LEGEND OF IDA, THE BOLD BARON'S CHILD.

The Baron. OLD Buskard the Baron, the last of his race,
Had a very big body, and very red face,
That he came of a right Royal Stock, some suppose,
His nose, From the purple he constantly wore on his nose.
And Chorus. Singing : tooral li, tooral, &c.

His domici- In Unspunnen Castle this Baron did dwell,
lium. He had but one daughter, a werry fine Swiss gal,
The Heiress. Her name it was Ida, with a fortune that seems
With air A whole heap o' money when told in *centimes*.
and chorus. Singing : tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

What He Said the Baron one day, in a very stern voice,
said. " I want you to marry the man of my choice."
What She Says she, " I can't do it," says the Baron, " For why ?"
said. "'Cos," says she, " I love Rudolph," says the Baron, " My I—
—da," tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

His wrath. When the Baron heard this he was furious and riled,
And he bullied his daughter, who patiently smiled,
Which annoyed him so much, that he hit at her crown,
Eider down. And u-pon a feather bed he knocked Ida down.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

His swallow. Then he bolted the door and he locked it outside,
" You shall *never* come out to be that Rudolph's bride ;"
Then he kicked all his servants *impartiallee*,
The Menials. Till the menials each felt like a vassal at sea.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

Rash Oath. While the Baron was a-swearing just like anythink,
A Wink. Rudolph, at her window, saw Miss Ida wink,
He squeezed through the iron bars, being but thin ;
A Lovier. While the Baron " let out," *he* was being let in.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

- What They did.* To Zähringen the fond lovers ran away,
And the Baron waged war upon Rudolph next day,
- Tactics.* It lasted some time, as they went on this plan,
Each alternately fought and alternately ran.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.
- The Door.* At the end of two years, p'raps, or rather before,
The Baron one night heard a knock at his door,
Sharp as hit with the stick that the Scotch use at "Golf,"
It was Mister and Missis and Master Rudolph.
- Chorus as before.* Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.
- Baby.* Then his daughter knelt down, and said she, "I'm a Ma' ;"
Then held up an infant, "so like Grandpapa !"
And the Baron, who had of real feeling no lack,
- Emotion and Chorus.* Felt *hysterica passio* all up his back.
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.
- "Oh, bless you, my Ida, my Rudolph and Boy !"
Said the Baron ; and all from that moment was Joy !
And they wrote 'neath the crest that belongs to their kin,
- Moral.* "Love locked out of doors by the window gets in."
Tooral I, tooral I, tooral I da.

So much for the Baron and his fair daughter Ida.

CHAPTER XIX.

INTERLACHEN CONTINUED.—LAUTER-BRÜNNEN ROAD DIS-
CONTINUED.—HÔTEL ET PENSION.—EGGS IS EGGS.—
LAKE OF BRIENZ.—GIESSBACH FALLS.—THE FAUL-
HORN.—POPULAR ORNITHOLOGY.—NATIONAL PHYSI-
OGNOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.



NLESS the Tourist is going to somewhere else, he will not pursue the Lauter-brünnen Road any farther. On his return to the hotel at Interlachen, the pedestrian will probably be inclined to walk into his dinner. The real economist, by the way, will never live *en pension*. It sounds very nice; only six francs a day for *everything*! You agree, and commence, let us say, with breakfast. Being an Englishman, and accustomed to make rather a substantial affair of your first meal in the day, you are somewhat surprised when the waiter brings you a small coffee-pot holding about a cup and a half, a diminutive and ærial-looking French roll, one small thin pat of butter, and a kind of large earthenware salt-cellar filled with lump sugar. It is true that whatever is deficient in bread and butter is certainly made up to you in saccharine nutriment; but, eke it out as you will, this is hardly a substitute for the fish, meat, and eggs of the

domestic table. The guileless traveller will probably call the waiter, and order a couple of eggs, and some more bread. At midday, the simple Simon will further command a light repast, and, while enjoying himself with a cold collation, will say to a friend, "Capital idea this, you know; I'm living *en pension*; only six francs a day, and it includes *everything*." The friend, being perhaps unwilling to disturb this blissful state of ignorance, will perhaps say, in a tone of surprise, "Oh, does it?" If the Tourist be of a fidgety turn, he will repeat these words to himself in his friend's absence in the form of an inquiry as to "what's he mean by 'oh, does it?'" The explanation, which will be given in the bill at the end of the week, will probably cause the simple one to lengthen his face and shorten his stay. "Why," says the indignant gentleman, "I thought *en pension* included *everything*, and here (*emphatically slapping the little account*) I find eggs charged extra."

"Yes, M'sieu," explains the polite *garçon*, "but M'sieu must understand that everything in an *en pension* sense means only the regulation breakfast provided by the hotel. Some coffee, a little bread, some milk, some sugar, is everything that——"

"But—surely—Eggs—you know——" gasps the Tourist.

"Ah! M'sieu, eggs are not everything."

And so the Tourist having learnt that, as at home so abroad, "Eggs is eggs," and that the comprehensive Everything often means almost Nothing, packs up his portman-teau and returns to England a wiser and a sadder man. But he mustn't pack, and he mustn't go back, until he has

seen the sights round about Interlachen ; unless indeed his economical living *en pension* has rendered his departure an inevitable necessity. Seek then the Lake of Brienz and the Giessbach Falls. If you are a member of the Alpine Club, you will take your way to the Lake of Brienz by ascending the Faulhorn, and walking along a pleasant footpath which cannot be attempted without a guide ; so take this Work with you, and there'll be nothing to fear. When on a dizzy height, or a dangerous pass, such as the one first mentioned, *never look down at the depths below you* ; such a proceeding is fraught with danger : on the other hand, you will find that the method practised by some, of invariably keeping your eyes steadfastly fixed on the sky, is not entirely without its own peculiar disadvantages. The woods about the Giessbach Falls offer many charms to the naturalist. Here the rare hen Cockeyolly Bird pipes her tuneful lay ; a peculiar note it is, and specimens of this Ornithological curiosity may be seen in the Lowther Arcade, the Pantheon, and the German Bazaar.

In Switzerland the Physiologist will notice the glorious type of Face, immortalised by the carvers of wooden match-boxes, nutmeg-graters, and ornamental paper-knives. The searcher after Physical Facts may try to ascertain if their heads come off ; but we believe they do not, as a rule ; still there's no harm in making the experiment, if agreeable to the peasant.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW TO WINTER AT ROME.—JESUITS.—FRIARS.—ROME-
WARDS AND HOMEWARDS.—“BOCK AGEN.”—BUBBLES,
TOILS, AND TROUBLES.—FLEXIBLE BATH.—ITS ADVAN-
TAGES.—ST. GOARSHAUSEN.—ALL A-BLOWING.—A MU-
SICAL MANIAC.



THE Tour is finished. From Antwerp to Interlachen has been done, and nothing now remains but to quit. “To those whom Providence has blessed with affluence,” we say, winter at Rome ; and as, in that case the present Guide must unfortunately be absent, let one general piece of advice be given and acted upon ; namely, “ ‘ Do ’ at Rome ; as they ‘ do ’ at Rome.”

If an intelligent and enlightened Protestant, be on your guard : such is the ecclesiastical tyranny in this ancient city, that every waiter in your hotel is obliged to take Orders, and you may look upon each one of them as a Jesuit in disguise. Visit the hotel kitchen, and in the man-cook behold a Friar. Being accustomed to see the notice, “You are requested to take off your hat,” stuck up in your own St. Paul’s, you will make a point of keeping it on, there being no such requirement expressed in St. Peter’s.

Pooh-pooh everything that is not strictly English, and

show your own superiority over the poor superstitious Italians by talking loudly in the churches, and criticising in any terms of artistic slang with which you may be acquainted, the paintings that adorn the interiors. The truth of the ancient Proverb will strike any one after a walk round the City, viz., that "Rome was *not* built in a day." We must not, however, forestall a future trip ; so, if you be bound Romewards, our paths lie in opposite directions. Farewell. Homewards, to the coast ; and we have nearly reached the end, at all events the Ost-end, of our journey. And now, to occupy the time taken up in retracing much of the old ground, we will request the Traveller's attention to a few parting remarks, the result of our own personal experience, which we will call—

BUBBLES FROM THE BRÜNNEN ; OR CONTINENTAL BATHS.

The order of the Bath is peculiarly English. None but the cleanliest of nations would possess such an honourable decoration. The terms arising out of the constant use of the bath enter largely into our ordinary converse. A needy Toady, we are accustomed to hear, "Sponges" upon his patron. The sour crab-apple-disposition'd man "throws cold water" upon every jovial proposition. "How are you off for Soap?" is an inquiry supposed to relate to the financial resources of the party interrogated. The moral teaching of those excellent institutions, "Baths and Wash-uses," is conveyed in the dingy chambers of a "Sponging House ;" and many other instances will, we doubt not, occur

to the careful observer. Let us not be misunderstood. Foreigners enjoy a *bathe* as much, nay perhaps more, than we ourselves : but the domestic matutinal "Tubbing" is, on the Continent, comparatively unknown. The Tourist need not trouble himself to con the French, Italian, or German for "Bring us a hip-bath or saucer-bath," as the case may be, because he won't get one, at least not what he wants. To remedy this great inconvenience, a certain cunning artificer in india-rubber, invented a portable bath of that flexible material.

It was capable of being reduced to the size of an ordinary table napkin when folded up, and might be carried in the tail-coat pocket with as much facility as a pocket handkerchief. There were, and ever will be, a few disadvantages accompanying this ingenious contrivance. The first is, that supposing you 've got it with you, every one in the carriage begins sniffing and observing that there is "a strong smell of india-rubber somewhere." If you are nervous or bashful, this is unpleasant. If you are neither one nor the other, you will say, "Dear me, yes—these carriages are not well ventilated," and will insist, homœopathically, upon smoking a cigar. Again, its receptacle in your coat becomes for ever after a very Pariah of pockets, and impregnates every article that may be placed in it with a faint sickly smell of india-rubber.

This bath was fitted up with a brazen mouth-piece, which rendered it a somewhat unpleasant companion in the hinder pockets of any traveller, who, forgetful of his treasure, was in the habit of impulsively jumping into railway carriages and

sitting down sharply. When required for use, you had to sit down on the floor of your room, cross-legged like a tailor, and applying your lips to the aforesaid mouth-piece, blow into it with the vigour of at least three professional players sustaining a note upon the gay bassoon. When we first travelled, we purchased one of these curiosities, intending to go over the wide world like a cleanly Diogenes. The tale of our tub was brought to a sudden and unexpected conclusion. It was, if we recollect right, at St. Goarshausen, that, while we, orientally squatting as above mentioned, were engaged in filling our bath with air, the intelligent waiter entered our room, and on seeing our undignified occupation, paused, stuttered out an apology, and quickly retired, leaving the door partly open. Now to get up and shut this door would have been, under the circumstances, a waste of breath, and therefore, as we had still a cheerful half hour's "blow" before us, we preferred keeping our seat. In a few minutes a shuffling of feet in the passage and a sort of "hush-hush-hushing" chorus, made us aware of the presence of the landlord, landlady, his two daughters and other members of the establishment, not being otherwise engaged, who were stealthily peeping into the room. Our host, on observing that we stopped and probably appeared somewhat angry, stepped forward, and by way of apology informed us, that "he and his family were very musical: and so, hearing that the English gentleman was just going to play a tune upon quite a new kind of instrument, they had taken the liberty of being present at the performance." This had evidently been the report of the imaginative and artistic waiter. "My

daughters," continued the landlord, "have a piano in the house, and would accompany you with pleasure. Does the English gentleman play by ear or from notes?" After an explanation of the real use of the machine, we were evidently considered as a harmless lunatic ; an opinion shared in by everybody except the Boots, upon whose shoulders was thrown the onerous duty of regularly, every morning during our week's stay, bringing two buckets full of water up to our room, six flights of stairs above the level of the first landing. He went through the work for three days, but on the fourth morning, he, for we have no moral doubt that he it was, wreaked his miserable vengeance upon us. On the previous afternoon he had cut a hole in the bottom of the bath. Of course there was no one who could, or if they could, *would*, mend it. His vengeance was complete ; for as a bath of some sort was a necessity, we had to take those at the bottom of the house, fitted up in its foundations, to which we had to descend exactly eight flights of stairs. But we were fertile in expedients for torturing the malicious menial ; so we made him come up the usual six flights to fetch our sponge, soap, towels, and hair-brushes ; descend eight flights following us on our way to the bath ; and finally, when we had finished our ablutions, he was summoned to ascend the eight flights, bearing the aforesaid requisites back again to our chamber. We had lost our pet luxury, and now began our travels in search of a tub, with what success shall be hereafter shown.

CHAPTER XXI.

DIOGENES IN SEARCH OF A TUB.—PARIS.—HYDRAULIC PRESSURE.—SPIRITUALISM.—HOME AND ABROAD.—INFERNAL MACHINERY.—NOBS.—TUB THE FIRST.—NUMBER TWO.—LYONS.—A CURIOSITY.—MARSEILLES.—STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.—FAMILY JAR.



HE travelling Diogenes commences his search for a tub, let us say at the Great and Grand Hotel, Paris. This hostlerie is furnished with all sorts of luxurious contrivances. For instance, the room that falls to your lot is number one hundred and sixty-five, at the top of the house, ten storeys high: an objection is upon the tip of your tongue concerning the number of stairs which you'll have to encounter, when, hey presto! up goes the room in which you are sitting, and before you can say Jack Robinson (we contend, by the way, that this is far from being a natural exclamation for any one when startled or surprised), you are landed at the door of your lofty chamber. Thus it is that the visitor is conveyed to his apartment by means of Hydraulic pressure, and whenever he wants to descend, he is taken down again by a Pneumatic Dispatch Pipe. Mr. Home, the Medium, might be utilised here, if he could only carry weight, and go up in

the air with the Tourist's luggage, whenever required. Your boxes are unpacked by steam, and everything laid neatly in the chest of drawers by a similar agency: in short, as far as our memory serves us, you are washed, combed, brushed, dressed, put to bed and called in the morning, all by machinery. Those who hear that there is a small Nob in every room will set this place down for a very aristocratic establishment.

The knob, however, is of brass, and, in lieu of a bell, communicates with a battery that sends an electric spark into the waiter, who is calmly sitting, it may be, perchance, dozing, at the end of the passage. Another wire jerks the number of your room out of its place on the wall and suddenly obtrudes itself upon his notice. The poor creature's attention being drawn to your requirements by this really shocking process, he steps upon a sliding board and glides into your apartment like an amiable Corsican brother's ghost with his coat on. Give your order while the waiter's in the room; with all these electric-forces about, there's no knowing where he will be in another minute. The menial does not go down-stairs to execute your commands: he knows a trick worth two of that; he sends a telegram to the cook, housekeeper, boots, or whomsoever it may concern. Such are a few of the improvements with which you will meet in the Great and Grand Hotel, Paris. Surely here Diogenes will obtain his matutinal Tub? Let him try. We did, and this is what they sent us. Nothing earthly did it resemble save a tin perambulator without its wheels. This curiosity was a tight fit for one, and held, if

you could have wedged yourself into it, about three teaspoonfuls of water ; being also of Nautilus' shell shape, it laboured under the disadvantage of not possessing, of itself, any power of remaining in an upright position. We explained (by the Hotel Telegraph) that what we required was a hip-bath, and the master of the hotel returned us the polite answer, also by telegraph, that he had sent us the only hip-bath in the house.

We changed our quarters, and experimentalised at a smaller hotel. An intelligent waiter listened to what we had to say, inquired what amount of water we wished the machine to hold, and the time when we should want it, as it was so often in use. This sounded well, so we told him our usual hour, and went to bed looking forward to the joys of the morning. Punctually came the *Garçon* and brought us a nondescript copper vessel ; it might have been a saucepan, and it might have served for a frying-pan ; for our part, judging from its grimy state, we believe that it had been used in both capacities ; but whatever it *might* have been, there was one thing which it most certainly was *not*, and that was, a bath. The waiter informed us that it was what they *called* a bath, and would we make haste, as there was another gentleman, an Englishman, waiting for it. We generously gave up our claim, in order to send it on to him forthwith, and we hope he liked it.

Our next inquiry was made at Lyons. Here they gave us a large flower-pot. This might have served for one foot at a time, had the aperture common to these articles been stuffed up with some more durable substance than mud.

At Marseilles we were introduced to a very remarkable specimen of the antique. At first sight we set it down for a petrified mitre ; but the bowl and three legs rendered this position untenable. Being brazen, it occurred to us that it was not very far removed from an inverted helmet : but here again the legs came in our way and floored us. As to using it for the ablutionary purposes of a sponging bath, that was simply impossible. There was no sitting or standing room in it. We passed about half-an-hour in trying to invent some method of adapting this vessel to our needs. We failed to devise a plan, and ended as usual by either going to the bath-room or taking a dip in the river.

At Nice all trouble of exercising our ingenuity was saved us by the production of an article which the waiter evidently regarded as an unequalled work of art. He showed it to us with some pride. " M'sieu wants a bath for his apartment ; here it is, see ! " We *did* see : the thing would have been nothing more nor less than a fishing-can, had it not borne an equal resemblance to a slop-pail, and was like neither one nor the other, inasmuch as it possessed four upright handles, which, as far as we could make out, rendered it useless for any object save that of ornament, for which, seeing that it was a dirty old green tin, it was perhaps scarcely qualified.

At Genoa they brought us a tea-urn with the heater in it complete.

At Montone, after a very great deal of trouble, the politest of landlords with much delight, flattered himself that *he* at all events had succeeded in suiting the English taste, in the way of tubs, to a nicety, and assisted by three civil and

obliging waiters, entered our room in great triumph, lugging in a gigantic Oil Jar. Had he wished to put us quietly out of the way, by the landlady playing *Morgiana* to our *Forty Thieves*, this would not have been a bad method of accomplishing his design. So far, the tub was not yet discovered.

CHAPTER XXII.

ZERMATT.—CASUS JELLY.—ST. NICHOLAS.—“A FLORENTINE JOKE.”—BOLOGNA.—TURIN.—SORROW.—RESOLUTION.—ACTION.—THE CLIFFS OF ALBION.—THE RAILWAY.—THE GUARDS.—THE TICKET COLLECTORS.—THE PORTERS.—THE CABMEN.—THE HOUSE DOOR.—THE SERVANT.—THE LOOKS OF THE PLACE AND THE STAIRS OF THE HOUSE.—THE ROOM.—THE DISCOVERY.—“REST AND BE THANKFUL.”—AT HOME.



THE little village of Zermatt is now a place of popular resort for Tourists, of whom no small proportion are pedestrians. Each of these gentlemen who foot it merrily is himself a Diogenes in search of a Tub ; and therefore we sincerely trust that in the course of the next century the supply of sponging baths may equal the demand. The waiter placed no difficulty in the way of furnishing us with our tub, and, after a delay of some twenty minutes, passed by us in the dreamy anticipation of coming pleasure, the good-natured server entered our apartment carrying a Zermatt sponging bath. It was a jelly mould ! Considered as a jelly mould, it was undoubtedly a fine specimen of its kind, and would turn out a grand angularly-peaked shape,

enough to satisfy the requirements of sixteen sweet-toothed people ; but regarding it, as we did, in the light of a substitute for a hip-bath or tub, we couldn't honestly say very much in its favour. We explained our wants to the landlord, who forthwith upbraided the waiter pretty freely for his stupidity, and finished by bringing us a gold-fish bowl, with the live stock swimming about in it.

At St. Nicholas they gave us a vase, of the same shape as that one, which every one knows, with the two birds perched *vis-à-vis* on the two handles, and evidently bent upon taking the first opportunity of drinking whatever may be poured into it. Well, this was just the same as the one above mentioned, only without the birds.

At Florence, we, still as Diogenes, were introduced to a most startling pantomime trick in the shape of a castellated washing tub. It was shallow, but its width compensated for want of depth, and though a sitting position in consequence of the pointed corners was impracticable, yet we really hoped that here at last we should be able to obtain a good sponging bath in our own room. Alas ! the tub was made up of ever so many separate bits of wood, like a puzzle, held together with a belt of the thinnest wood, which, just as we had poured in the contents of our can, even to the very last drop, suddenly snapped asunder, and in another second, boots, stockings, slippers, and hastily thrown down clothes were a prey to the wild unbounded waters.

Bologna became memorable in our annals by reason of their having been very indignant at our denying the proper-

ties of a sponging bath to a gigantic bread-basket, with a stiff wooden handle.

T. stands for Turin and tea-pot. 'Twas a curious old specimen, and an interesting object to us at any other time. But when you want a good substantial cut from the Roast Beef of old England, the sight of a Pompeian dish cover will scarcely afford you an equal amount of satisfaction.

No, we could bear it no longer ; fairly broken down by so many trials and disappointments, we sat down and wept. At that sad moment the strains of music—soft, soothing music—fell upon our ears ; and, upon the evening draught, which came up through the long hotel passage, in at the chinks of our door, daintily flavoured from the kitchen, there was wafted to us a melody divinely soporific. We have got some ear for music, and this air reminded us strongly of "*Home, Sweet Home*," though, for the matter of that, it wasn't a bit like it.

Dover ! Hurrah ! We would stop nowhere until in the comforts of our own old home, our own dear warm bed-room, we indulged in OUR TUB.

Arrived ! Ring the bell ! down with the luggage ! How much, Cabman ? Six shillings. Too much, but the rascal Thinks I'm a foreigner. Ha ! ha ! ha ! good that. Here you are ; off he goes, without a sign of gratitude. Ha ! Mary—all well at home ? That's good. Didn't expect us so soon ? Oh ! no fire in our bed-room ? Then light one—quick. No dinner ? Then get a steak, bachelor's resource ; or chops ; or—anything. Here we are in our own bed-room : neat and cozy ; fire blazing up. Travelling *does* make one

so dirty and mucky. Large tin hip-bath in the corner—out with it. We are all alone ; and drag it from its recess ; then proceed to unpack our sponges. Mary, the towels ! Here they are ; and the hair-gloves. Now for a rubber before dinner. Bring two cans of water, Mary—quick. What's that she says ? Eh ! Can't have a bath ? What does the girl mean ? Why, here it is. Eh ! what's that ? Something the matter with the cistern ; no water come in to-day. No water ! Do we pay rates, taxes—pooh ! What do you say ? Man *has* been here ; says there's something wrong with the ball-cock, does he ? Hang the ball-cock ! Oh ! you have got some water from next door ? Enough for my hands—ha ! ha ! But not enough for a bath ! Doesn't Britannia rule the waves ? And this, this is England ! This, this is Home ! !

CONCLUSION OF THE "TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE
CONTINENT."


PEEPS AT PARIS.

NOTE.

THE tourist, having rested for some little time after the foregone conclusion to his first Continental Excursion, will once more fill his purse, and not to be too far from home this time, will visit Paris. The following letters, which were found, during the Exhibition of '67, so useful to our compatriots, will always prove an invaluable guide to the Gay City. *Allons ! Partons !*

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE FIRST.

“N April the first the French Exhibition will open, and thousands hitherto unable to gain admission will flock to Paris.” [This was my note in my memoranda some time before the event. It was not so long after the conclusion of my continental trip as to have allowed me to settle down quietly, and, therefore, with a view of being some use to my fellow-countrymen, I packed up my portmanteau, and after making a few reflections, here recorded, as also certain pecuniary arrangements with—(but no matter, this part of the business will appear in the diary)—I left Dover for Calais, thence to Paris, where I at once commenced my work.] Numberless Englishmen and Englishwomen who have not been there before will not be behind now. A Guide and a familiar friend is, like dough, much kneaded: whereat some readers may say, “Oh, doughn’t!” Let ’em. I have said it. I am a broken Englishman, and after a lengthened sojourn abroad am prepared to direct the steps

of my compatriots, to talk with the natives, to speak for the stranger, and to give him his French as it is spoken and pronounced in the best or worst society. [One of the reflections alluded to in the parenthesis above.]

There is not a spot in Paris with which I am unacquainted. I can tell you all about it—and more : I am therefore your man. “Je suis,” as Maréchal Ney used to observe, “votre homme ;” but for the benefit of your readers, I must add, that these words are *not* pronounced as spelt.

Let me introduce Paris to you, historically. Paris is called by many ignorant foreigners Parry, but they might as well call it German Reed at once, as no one, out of their own set, understands them.

In ancient times, A.V.P.C. [*Anno Verbum Personale Concordat, i.e.*, a Concordat entered into by one of the first Popes] the country of France was generally an open country, which accounts for the people being Frank. It is supposed that Adam and Eve visited it early in life, but no records of the fact exist, except the word *Madam*, which includes both. M. Adolphe Adam, the composer, is a descendant of that illustrious gentleman, who is admitted, on all hands, to have been the First Man of his time. However this may be, let it be as it will. Dates not so much an object as reading in comfort.

The Franks were not cannibals : they ate no one, and no one ate them. An amicable state of things, which, perhaps, accounts for the proverbial politeness of their Parisian posterity. In those days there were no guide-books to Paris and its environs. They were scarcely missed, as there were

no environs, and I may add, to speak strictly, no Paris. Paris rhymes to Harris; an opportunity which entirely escaped the attention of Ovid and Virgil: odd. The Judgment of Paris was *the* event which suggested the name for the place. This judgment has been handed down to us. If Sergeant Parry should become a Judge, perhaps a great decision of his will be handed down as the Judgment of Parry's. Perhaps so: when this you see, remember me.

About this time an incursion of Merovingians—but this will not interest *you*. It was a jolly time for them, and they called themselves in the ballads of that period, the Merry-vingians. Suffice it to say, that the first Frenchman of any fame at all was King Pippin, who, as you may recollect, was mixed up with William Tell, and was shot on and off his son's head simply because he wouldn't put on his hat. Hence Ripstone Pippins: but another family tree, this. The next was *Robert the Devil*, who lived in Normandy, which, by poetic licence, he used to call his mother country (in French *Ma Normandie*). He was removed by *Bertrand* and taken to a warmer climate—Italy, I think, from his subsequently re-appearing as *Roberto il Diavolo*.

Then came an ancestor of Sir Richard Mayne, called Charlemagne, or Charles Mayne: he wore an iron crown, and composed the well-known air for the flageolet, "*Dulce domum*." (At least, if he didn't, he had something to do with a Regium Donum, but *Historia est foggia*, *i.e.*, History is foggy in details.)

After this we hear (that is, *I've* heard) very little of

France until the Emperor Napoleon the Third ascended the throne. There was a Napoleon the First ; but *then* there was a Duke of Wellington.

This Emperor, Napoleon the Third, gives an Exhibition this year. You will want a Guide to it. There is a regiment of Guides in France. But don't ask them questions. Get *Paris for the English*, 1867, published by Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C. (*Advertisement.*) I wonder who will be reading these guide books in 1968, and of what use, practically, the study of those publications will be ?

When one goes to an old sleepy Cathedral town, there is given to you a guide-book of ancient date, equally valuable now as when it was first published, and more precious, being illustrated, by reason of its life-like pictures of ladies and gentlemen in the costume of their day, a hundred years ago. If these books be kept, shall we ever get round to them again ? But to proceed :

Life in Paris is all out of doors. Of course you couldn't expect life *in* doors, in France, any more than in any other country ; the doors here are as dead as door-nails elsewhere.

Though the Parisian life is out of doors, you will not see any Houses out of windows. They are all windows and shutters, and neat little ornamental blinds. The only time when you'll see a house out of windows is when you look out of your own windows and see a house. No novelty here.

You get to Paris by land and water. These are merely preliminary directions.

You mustn't be surprised at the roughness of an angry sea. No wonder it is angry, seeing it is so often crossed.

On landing you will at once proceed to Paris : and then—wait for me in my next.

PEEP THE SECOND.



HERE I am again. Most of the hints which I shall give you will be from personal experience—extracts, in fact, from *Peep's Diary*. Generally speaking, you must prepare yourself for disappointment. I mean the Emperor cannot ask every visitor this year to the Tweellyrees. French pronounced as spelt in *my* Guide for the convenience of travellers.

The Tweellyrees is the Palace. It was built by King Tweellyree the First. This I have never heard before, nor is it what you will find in any ordinary history. If you could, what's the good of this? Logic.

Your "effays" and "Baggage," by which words the ignorant foreigners mean trunks, portmanteaus, and so forth, will be examined by the Doo-any-of-ycr, or a name not unlike this. It would be, this year at all events, a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. *Hamlet* says this, though he never was inconvenienced in this manner.

A slight smattering of French will carry you anywhere. Mind, you have just as much right to complain of a Frenchman's ignorance of English, as he of your ignorance of French. To whom shall you complain? I answer, "*O Meneestrr d'arnstroocshiong poobleek*," i.e. (if you want to

know to whom you are talking) to the Minister of Public Instruction. He will summon everyone whom you will point out as unable to speak English, and after a severe reprimand, will give them an hour a-day reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the complainant's expense.

This is how they manage these things in France. Take my advice, and practise talking French for at least three weeks before quitting your native country. By "native country" need I explain that I allude to England? Renounce all English words for butter, bread, knives, and forks. Dine at French *Restorwongs* in London; learn the names of dishes, and refuse to understand or speak one single word of English. Let your formula be, "Never say yes," but like the little pig, which has for centuries amused the infantile mind in the nursery narrative, "stop at home and say wee, wee, wee."

As to Dress. Never, when in a Kaffy, ridicule or caricature a Frenchman's hat, but always *take off your own*. Kaffy is the name for a shop, a maggyzang, where they sell kaffy, known in England as coffee, lekeirs (liquors, such as Odyvee, Marryskeno, and so forth), *day Glars*, i.e., *ices* and other delicacies.

N.B. Among other delicious things ask for Granny dor-arngsh; in English some relation to oranges: translate it with a spoon.

To continue the subject of Dress. Observe this as a rule, treat dressing, in all cases,* as a scientific game of whist.


* "Small *dressing* cases." Fine opportunities throughout these Peeps for advertisers: chance lost here.

Thus lead the fashion, and the others, if they can, must follow suit.

But more important than anything this year is to settle at once where you'll live. Whether you'll settle in a Ru, a Bullvard, a Plarce, a Hotel, the Ongverong dep Parry (as Malmazong), or O second in the Sharmseleesay. O second means on the second floor, for evermore, like Nancy—a place in France, by the way, with a bishop to it.

Think over this, as far as it goes, and we'll go further next time.

PEEP THE THIRD.

“ OURS truly Peeper the Great was prevented from giving you a peeper—I mean a paper—on the all-absorbing topic last week, in consequence of a private communication from Louey, who had his doubts as to the practicability of opening the Palley on the advertised day. “*Ki bono?*” he said to me, speaking as excellent Latin as I ever learnt at the seminary in Hammersmith which superintended my education when *in statu poopillari*. [The above is what I sent to the worthy literary individual in London, with whom I had those pecuniary relations, mentioned in the first introductory Peep.]

The truth is, the Exhibition is in the deuce of a mess, and so my task of guidance, undertaken as a labour of love, will be a work of some difficulty. As it is, I have done my shins severe injury, and have sustained several severe shocks by falls and concussions in my attempts to climb over the packages, cases, and boxes, and give you from personal inspection, the situation, number, and all possible particulars concerning every article sent for exposition.

“*Fer swee,*” said I to Louey—“*Fer swee sewer kil serar urn grong sooksay.*” It would be mere snobbishness on my

part to repeat our conversation. What I said was, "I am sure that it will be a grand success."

My best plan will be to give your readers a clear idea of how to spend a happy day in Parry. I suppose that you have obtained a bed at some hotel. On awaking you will *sonnay*, that is ring the bell, and be prepared on the entrance of the chambermaid (who is a man) to give your orders while he is in the room. Keep your dictionary under your pillow and a grammar ; I need not tell you the French words you will require, as these books will repay your careful researches.

Send for a *tas* of *shokolar* (chocolate) and a piece of dry toast (*urn morso der pang fret sek*). Refresh yourself with this, and sleep till eleven, when you will dress and go to a Kaffy to take your *dayjernay allar furshett*. If the pecuniary means at your command won't allow of this extravagance, be satisfied with *dew shokolar*, as above, and lie in bed until such time as may seem to you best adapted for combining lunch, dinner, and *dayjernay allar furshett* in one meal. Of course this method will considerably curtail your time at the Exhibition, but as the old proverb says, "You can't burn your pudding at both ends at once."

The prices for dining vary all over Parry. You may get a thoroughly satisfying dinner for half a franc (5*d.*). This depends upon what you take, and the nature of your appetite. If you can make a dinner off large lumps of sugar, you may dine for nothing, anywhere. The Parisians as a body are decidedly hospitable, but they will not ask you to dinner unless they know you ; a considerable latitude will be allowed to visitors this year, and an Englishman walking at hap-

hazard into any French gentleman's house will be received with more than open arms. The unexpected visitor will be astonished at the warmth of his reception.

Carry your umbrella with you always.

[Any reader sending me privately a postage-stamp, shall receive the address of the hotel I last patronised. This recommendation will be invaluable to the stranger, *only on no account mention your informant's name.*]

Before proceeding any further, let me ask one question. Is there anyone wishing to show himself in the Egsposissiong who has not yet applied for space?

Remember, the first of April has passed. Allowing for differences between clocks and watches of all nations, it will perhaps not come back again.

I trust that this hint will be taken in good part.

Having to go down to the Tweellyphres on business, I must defer any directions about visiting the Exhibition until my next.

[This and the following Peeps are to be taken as letters to an Editor in town. I mention this in re-publication in case a certain question between that gentleman and myself should ever come out, and not when these can be put in as evidence and my readers may be called as witnesses. My Readers, if so called, will then have a guinea a day and their expenses. There's an inducement.]

PEEP THE FOURTH.



Y first direction for visiting the Egsposissiong will be to visit the Prussian Court. In order to do this hire a man with a broom, sweep away the accumulated dust of months, and then let him give you his hand over the first set of packing-cases marked "Glass with care."

Arrived on the top of this first *Glassier*, you will look about you. If evening comes on you suddenly, wrap yourself up and lie down to slumber, like a warrior taking your rest, with your martial cloak around you. But to avoid this make the ascent of Mount Packingcaseus early in the morning. Do this, and you will be enchanted with the view which presents itself to your eye when the first rays of the sun fall upon the pale picturesque bales, the brown sawdust which has fallen heavily during the night, and perhaps a large trunk or two lying helplessly, crushed by its own weight, which has also fallen heavily during the night. When you have reached the summit of the Titanic Apollo, which, being about thirty feet from toe to top, is a fine specimen of genuine high art, pause and take some refreshment.

As at this height there are no refreshments, the best substitute is to take breath. You came up here for a blow : it

will do you good. Talking of blows, take care that the next case above your head loosely placed, and containing metal devices and small works in bronze doesn't fall upon you. Safely over the next box, what a view you obtain of the Egsposissiong ! Here I sat for I cannot say how long, lost in reverie, and utterly unheeding the admonitions of a Surgeon der Veal below.

A *Surgeon der Veal* is a policeman. Did he think I wanted to steal the Titanic Apollo thirty feet high ?

My dear visitor, if inclined to be dishonest, do not attempt such a thing : the French spies are everywhere : they would be sure to see you.

The Surgeon der Veal waited for me for some time, but I waved my hand to him, and gallantly jumped on to the next box.

This must be your line of country at present.

Sursum corda ! I mean lift yourself up by the ropes which you will find still fastening the bales together.

Excelsior ! Excelsior ! This is Latin, and is conversationally translated by "twopence more and up goes the donkey." On your part, however, never mind the twopence, but go up.

The next packing-case, containing a Titanic Apollo, which, with the assistance of another block, containing crockery, completely shuts out the Austrian Court, must be carefully ascended.

V'lar ! Voller ! This is French, and spelt *voilà*. Always say it sharply and quickly when you want to attract any one's attention. It means everything : so does *cum sar*.

So does *May wee*. Say 'em one after the other, and see what 'll happen.

I can't send any more to-day, as in consequence of making a false step I performed a rapid act of descent on to the Austrian territory, and fell quite unexpectedly into the very midst of the Royal party and the Japanese ambassadors.

The Royal party, consisting of Lumpyraw and Larmperry-treece, started back, exclaiming, "*Mong Doo!*" which means nothing more than "Good gracious!" though literally it is not permissible in English society.

I understood it, however. What the embassy from Japan observed, I did *not* understand. I fell on my knees. I do not mean when I came off the packing-case; but afterwards, before Lumpyraw.

As His Majesty wished to see the Egsposissiong, I wouldn't detain him, and he wouldn't detain me.

In my next I shall take my visitors for a turn round Parry, and then we'll go into the Egsposissiong again.

PEEP THE FIFTH.



WILL not offer a word of advice as to the dress of an Englishman when among our lively neighbours. I am not a fashionable myself; in fact, I am not Little Beau Peep. Let me merely hint that a white hat, chimney-pot fashion, turned up with green is, perhaps, a trifle ootray, which is French for extravagant. A hat in French is Shappoh; a white hat being Shappoh Blong—*Blong*, though you wouldn't think it, means *white*. While I think of it, let me give an excellent piece of advice presented gratis to me by a gentleman from Ireland:—

Always, in a hotel, on going to bed, take great care to lock your door on the outside.

As to money, never change it.

Let us take a drive before visiting the Egsposissiong. Call a cab. This is done by saying to your Congseairgsh, *Fate sarvarnsay urn voytoor*. A voytoor is a cab. When he arrives, ask him for his *Billy* (or ticket), which he is bound to give you. Jump in, and tell him where you want to go to, premising that you are taking him *parl coourse*, *i.e.*, by the course, *i.e.* by the drive, *i.e.* not by the hour. Urn frannc a d'mee (1½ franc) is his price parl coourse, and you

must give him money *poor boor* into the bargain. *Poor boor* is drink-money ; say *der soo*, i.e. two sous, about 2d.

Of course, if you have any relations in Paris your first duty is to go and see *them*, but in any case you should commence with a visit to the Mont der peatay, written Mont de Piété, the house of your Uncle. Pledge him your honour that you are glad to see him, and ask if anything can be done on the voytooriay's Billy.

Drive to the Maddy Lane, which is nothing like Drury Lane, but is a church.

Over the altar is a fine devotional picture representing Napolcon the First being received into Paradise by all the Saints of the Catholic Calendar, including the Pope whom he imprisoned. On reflection, it is wonderful that the artist should have stopped even at this point. In May, close by the Maddy Lane, is the Marshy day Fler, the Flower Market, where, if you alight at one end, you may walk through, and out at the other, forgetful of the voytooriay. It is the voytooriay's duty to look after his own business. This idea has no claim to originality ; the Burlington Arcade, and the Albany, in London, offer similar opportunities to the adventurous.

After this, drive to the Loovrrr.

The History of the Loovrrr (Compiled by Our Special Vague Correspondent).—Most interesting. It was built by Whatshisname, you know, as a place to fire cannons off from, when people storm it, and so forth. Hungry Cart did something to it, and so did one of the Loueys, and the result is beautiful. The architecture is all Græco-something or

other, unless that's the Maddy Lane, and the other fellow went to do that. (N.B. He means me by "the other fellow:" I have looked over his copy for corrections in spelling.—*Peeper the Great*.) Somewhere out of one of these windows Charles the (I forget which) fired upon the Hugynose as they ran about wild in the streets. His mother and Cardinal Reeshloo were there and loaded his gun. Either Reeshloo or Bellarmine or Brillat Savarin was the Clergyman, I mean Cardinal: if not, try Mazarine. However, there was a picture in the Royal Academy of it a year or two ago, and if any one's got it, go and call on him, and he'll tell you all about it. There *was* a Cardinal, I know. Admiral Crichton was somewhere about at the time. The ceilings are all painted. How the artists' backs must have ached. There is a Napoleon Room; no extra charge as at Madame Tussaud's.

This is, as I have said, the history of the Loovrrr.

Now drive to the Sant Shappell in Old Paris. *Ecl dla Setay* is the name of Old Paris. They are generally repairing the Sant Shappell, and you can't get in without an order. I don't know from whom or where the order is to be got. A *frank* will do as well, and better, as they sometimes refuse you with an order, but never with a frank.

See Notrrer Darm. It is the Old Church of Paris, and was built by —, but you'd better ask one of the Sacristans' who will tell you all about it, as he told our party. You'll be much interested in his account, especially if you cannot follow French spoken quickly. Whenever he stops say "wee," *i.e.*, yes; or "beang," *i.e.*, good; or "Trays arn-

tairessong." This, which one of our party took to mean "that what the Sacristan was saying was very interesting," came in very well, and appeared to thoroughly satisfy all the necessities of the case. My own idea (privately) is that the Sacristan was abusing us all the time. But what did it matter? We gave him a frank each.

Drive back again to wherever you came from, or to the Passarge Juffroy, where look out for the Denay deparry, for you'll be hungry and must dine. [For dinners generally, see Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's *Paris for the English*. How he must have dined!]

Ill fo kurn marngshay: French as spoken, mind; so come out with this, gaily and boldly, as you ascend the wooden stairs, and pay Madarm at the counter your four franks, which includes about eight courses, dessert with ice and fruit, and a bottle of wine.

Garson is waiter. I append a few words, which all will find most useful in everyday life among Parisians.

Night cap, *Bonny Denwee*.

This will go well to the air of "*Bonny Dundee*." Sing to the Garson or Fam deshambrr before you retire for the night:—

Call till you're hoarse is the rule I make when
 You call me o mattang: pray call me at ten.
 I'm only a boarder, *may, sirtainmong*, wee,
Fer mer coosh * in my *bounny*, my *bounny denwee*.

* "*I go to bed*."

This is the way to recollect a language. Directly you can compose poetry in any language, you've mastered it. What did Thingummy say? "Let who would write the something or other, *he* (whoever he was) would compose their songs." Go in for this noble sentiment: songs sell well now-a-days. I hear that a young lady named Claribel, who writes such lovely things as, "How my heart soft moanings whispers, in the glade, the lonesome glade," &c., realises something considerable from the music-publishers.

More useful words:—

An Usher, *Pcong*. (When you want to go to school.)

A Client, *Cleong*. (If you're a Solicitor.)

A Pedicure, *Paydecoor*. (That is, if you want a Pedicure.)

A Mountaineer, *Montarnar*. (If you require one.)

A Female Ape, *Guaynong*. (Might be useful.)

The Sun, *Sollayle*. (Absolutely necessary.)

A Whirlpool, *Raymole*. (No harm in knowing this: it may come in useful when you see a whirlpool.)

Ardier arpraysong, O raywor.

Translation: "Good-bye for the present. To our next merry meeting."

PEEP THE SIXTH.



OTELS.—If you want to do the grand this year, of course you will go to the best Hotel. If you really wish to do the Grand go to the Grand and leave without paying. I can imagine no more effective way of “Doing the Grand.” Why I say this is because they *are* charging *such* prices.

Contrary to all precedent, the higher the room the higher the price. I mean by comparison. Fifth story, Sir [*i.e.*, the eminent Editor to whom these lines were addressed ; *vide* parenthetical observation in Peep Third], and this is no story, eighteen francs *per diem*. Per diem means by the day, and is not French, as I thought it was before I came here. [I just mention this to show you privately why I wanted that circular note sent on *at once*. This is not necessarily for publication, as the *Times* says, but as a guarantee of *your* good faith.]

In one of my pleasant letters to you I mentioned that any Englishman might now find an opportunity to come over here and make an exhibition of himself. I have done more ; I have executed a marvellous feat of legerdemain : the other day *I turned into the Exhibition !* Shall I add, that I was very neatly turned out ? I will. But let me explain that my

turn out was unexceptionable: brown coat, blue trousers, polished boots, low hat (not French style), and etceterar, etceterar.

Your Peeper will give you an insight into the produce herein gathered. I will give you a list, which I drew up before visiting the Exhibition, embodying my ideas of what I expected to see.

Shall I say I was disappointed? I will not. I like the *Egsposissiong*. *Jay ettay lar*, "I have been there," and still would go.

Crowds this week in Parry; but *ravenong ar no mootong*, let us return to our mutton, or it will be cold. My list. "List, oh list":—

SPAIN . . . Liquorice.	TURKEY . . . Sausages.
PORTUGAL . . . Onions.	BRAZIL . . . Nuts.
EGYPT . . . The Sphinx.	PRUSSIA . . . Needles and
BAVARIA . . . Beer.	Prussian Boots.
WURTEMBERG . . . Nothing Par-	POLAND . . . Red Boots with
ticular.	Brass Heels.
ITALY . . . Oil.	BOHEMIA . . . Bohemian Girls.
CHILI . . . Pickles.	JAPAN . . . Candlesticks.
CHINA. . . . Cochins.	SIAM Twins.
MOROCCO . . . Slippers.	FRANCE . . . French Polish.
RUSSIA . . . Bear's Grease.	ENGLAND . . . MYSELF.
SWEDEN . . . Swedenborgians.	

There is a whisper going the round of the most fashionable circles that I am to be appointed on the Jury-commission of the *Egsposissiong*. As there may be some truth in this, I shall defer my notice of the several departments until the question is settled, as, no doubt, a few of the Exhibitors

would like to say a word or two to me about their goods.
Ardiur ar prayson.

Before going to bed to-night I am going to smoke one of my own Peeps. A small Meerschaum Peep. Peep means Pipe, but spelt Pipe.

PEEP THE SEVENTH.



COULDN'T write last week, in consequence of the tailors' strike. My new things had not come home, and my old ones, which were sufficiently done up to require fresh doing up by the tailor, had not been returned. I couldn't walk about the Egsposissiong in my *sack dinnwee* (that's what our lively neighbours call a night-gown) so I was obliged to lie in bed.

A friend who looked in to see how I was, casually observed that I might have written in that situation, "because," he said pleasantly, "My dear Peeper, you can lie in bed as well as out of it." If this hadn't been his *fun*, there would have been bloodshed.

I have been appointed one of the Jury. From information I've received (since my clothes came home) I understand that my department will be in the Potteries. I'm not quite clear what "Potteries" mean. However, I've ordered several works on Potteries, and the volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in which *Potter* occurs. I am quite a Frenchman now, in my new costume. I have also purchased a large collar, a *neglijay* tie, and a tall hat. The tall hat I look upon as my first step towards the study of chimney-potteries. Instead of a first step it ought to be a crowning effort. These

hats are specimens of real High Art ; they were introduced by the Freemasons of Paris. I don't mind telling you this, as we're all "tiled" here, there's no doubt about that.

Lumpyraw (I allude to Louey) said to a friend of mine the other day (a friend of mine, observe, of course not myself—delicacy that, eh?)—well, Lumpyraw said, and I must remark that his lightest word considerably illumines the present Luxemburg difficulty, he said quietly—But an *Aidykong* has come round to tell me that what was said the other morning was quite *ongter noo*.

While giving you the gossip of the day in Parry, I have quite forgotten the object I had in view, namely, of assisting the numerous English visitors. (A note has been sent to me from the authorities, saying that I'm on the Jury for Surgical Instruments. I must get up the subject and counter-order my Pottery works.)

In the afternoon the visitor, decorating himself with a bit of red ribbon in the second button-hole of his best frock-coat, will saunter up the *Bwaw dibbulloin* (spelt Bois de Boulogne) and see the pretty equipages and the swells riding and driving in this merry month of May.

Boulogne, as many people know, is on the sea, and is a favourite residence for the English. I was going to give a long account of this place, but I find that this isn't the same Boulogne at all, consequently I shall defer all my information on this subject until I can speak positively. Peeper the Great won't deceive you, so don't be afraid.

While perambulating Parry look in at the *pallay dul-larndoostree*, spelt, in spite of this pronunciation, *Palais*

de l'Industrie. Also saunter through the Arcades and Passages.

Palais de l'Industrie.—The Great Hospital for retired Chevaliers d'Industrie : a most meritorious charity. Visit it by all means.

Arcades.—There are so many Arcades in Paris that the classic visitor might be tempted to call it the Arcadia of Europe, if he was not restrained by his better nature. These Arcades are thoroughfares leading to several somewheres, and not merely in at one end and out at the other, as in the Lowther Arcade, or the Burlington, though of course you can simplify your proceedings considerably by going nowhere. But then why begin by going to Paris?

I must leave off. A note has just come from the Commissioners saying that I'm appointed on the jury for deciding upon the qualifications for admission of Fungi from the Hautes-Pyrénées. Must order works on the subject, and counterorder the others.

PEEP THE EIGHTH.



LET me direct the visitor's attention to pleasant modes of passing the time in Parry—in French, *poor passay lert Tom ar Parry*. The He-visitor, or She-visitor, can amuse themselves for hours in Parisian Riding-schools. Of course, this is merely a proposition, to be worked out by riders. The art of equitation on the bare-backed steed may often prove useful in after-life. A friend who has just dropped in says that “equitation” means “swimming.” Well, if it does, *I* mean riding. I have authorities for the word. What says the Poet? I don't know what he says myself, but if you look up a few Poets, you'll soon ascertain. It simplifies matters by calling on Mr. Tennyson. Call on Mr. Tennyson for a song—Mr. Tennyson will oblige again. But this is trifling.

It is the part of genius to invent words: let ordinary mortals solve the Sphinx's conundrums. The Tailors have finished striking, and the bill for my last suit has just come in. Send me *darjong*: that is French for “some money.” I translate so that there may be no excuse for you on account of your not understanding the language. It is settled that I am to be a Juror on the “Food Group.” My duties are, I believe, to eat something of everything, and say what I like.

Since exhibitors heard of my appointment to my department as a Juror I have been fêted every day. I hold out no hopes to any one of them, but I breakfast, lunch, and dine with all.

P.S. to the above. I find that I am appointed as *the* Juror to decide upon the advantages of horse-food over beef and mutton, of cats over hares ; and this morning, at breakfast-time, an exhibitor called to insist upon my trying an attractive dish which he had brought with him, hot, under a cover and over a spirit-lamp. I tried it : I doubted. I tried it again : I hesitated. Mossoo said two more mouthfuls would decide me. Could I guess what it was? I could not. Truffles? I asked. No ; not exactly truffles. Mushrooms disguised? No ; not precisely mushrooms. Fungi, perhaps? He didn't know what I meant by fungi, but in French the name of his new dish was *Fricassée d'Hérisson farci de Scarabée*. This sounded like an Egyptian dish. *Scarabée* was evidently *Scarabæus*. He explained that the creature was *un Scarabée noir*. Shall I proceed? No ; let me draw a curtain over the scene. I *have* eaten flies for currants, unwittingly, in buns, and fed my little nephews with them. Regardless of their bloom, the little victims ate, and their bloom went. But never, never, never, did I consume before half a dishful of fricasséd coleopterous insects ! Did you know it was a coleopterous insect? A friend has just told me so. Oh, dear ! Coleopterous !! The Clown at Astley's used to say that he knew a man who was afflicted with " Collywobbles in his pandynoodles."

There was a stratum of truth in his jest. Yes, I have partaken of Coleopterous food, and collywobbles in my pandy-

noodles will for some time be the portion of this distinguished individual. *Macbeth* can sleep no more ; *Macbeth* for this occasion only, by yours truly, Peeper the Great.

I have written to resign my post. The Commissioners will not accept my resignation, but the Exhibition will *not* be closed in consequence. I appeal to Cæsar, I mean to Lumpyraw Louey. I have appealed. Lumpyraw was not at home.

The Commissioners say that if I stick to the Food Group I shall receive the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and that my name shall immortalise all the dishes to which I award prizes. This they consider an *addishional* inducement.

I am again unable to leave my room, but there is much to be seen in Parry.

PEEP THE NINTH.



ATEST news from the Egsposissiong.

They have appointed me as *the* Juror *par*
rexsellongse on the Pickle Department, and
Assistant Juror to the Piano Commissioners.

Pickles and Pianos! Need I say I am in my element? I have already commenced an essay on little pickles, regular pickles, and, touching pianos, Piccol-omini; if the work increases, I shall soon be in a pretty pickle.

I divide my day thus: first a pickle, then a piano; then taste a pickle while trying a piano. So much for the morning. The afternoon is much the same.

The Prince of Wales has arrived—*Mong Prangse!* to use the French tongue—and appears highly delighted with all he sees. I did not read my address to him, as it has been privately intimated to me that he does not wish to be recognised by me in public. I understand Mong Prangse's motive for this. So will you.

I hear it whispered that, in consequence of my services to the Egsposissiong, I am to be ribboned and titled. This comes of Pickles and Pianos. What title should I like? I have considered the subject, and thus conclude. According to your wish, I always pay *my* distinguished visits to the

Egsposissioning in the afternoon. Well, Sir, at that time Paris expects me to do my duty : Paris looks for me, and I come. Now, Sir, there is such an honoured title as Count de Morny, *nez pas ?* (which is French for “*is there not ?*” not “nose step.”) Then why should I not be styled, Count de Afternoony ?

Lumpyraw Louey himself will not object.

Mong Prangse will not object.

You, I am sure, will place no obstacle in the way.

But do send me *larjong* (that is, money), merely for *largesse* to be thrown to the populace on that occasion.

This is what I sang to Lumpyraw the other night, after dinner, by way of a gentle hint :—

“ Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Louey is not playing fair.”

A start from Larmperrartreece (the Empress), who was accompanying me as usual on the gay guitar of her native country (would it be too much to say I allude to Spain?), nearly threw me off my balance (by the way, *do* send me a cheque ; I’ve got one joke that’s worth all the money, but never shall it pass these lips until £ *s. d.*—), but I continued my flowing numbers—

“ He promised to buy me a bunch of red ribbon,
To put in my button-hole, there.
Oh, dear ! *Helas ! Cur faire ! &c.*”

Lumpyraw rang the bell.

I had touched him. I draw a pocket-handkerchief over

the remainder of the scene. For such divinity doth hedge a king, that you're kicked out of the presence before you're well in it. No more of this.

You have complained, I hear, that I do not tell you so much about the Egsposissiong as you had expected. What *did* you expect?

Wait for my next, and then—— But this is to anticipate, P. the G.

I'll give any of my conntrymen a day's amusement in Parry. Go and see the *Ark of Triumph*. Ask the guide to explain all about Noah and his wife Joan, of Ark. Cross the *Fong Nurf*, walk straight on until you are quite tired, then see if you can get a cab (a *voytoor*). This search will occupy you for another hour agreeably. If you forget the name of your hotel, or the *Rew* (that is, street), where you are staying, ask any person to tell you. Say, *Mossoo, oo sweej kong jerswee shay mwarw, sivoo play?* (that is, "Where am I when I am at home, if you please?") You will soon get such an experience of Paris as no instruction of mine can give. *Ardewr!*

PEEP THE TENTH.



N proceeding to further details, allow me to correct a wrong impression which has got abroad, chiefly at home, about these papers of mine. I do not, as I did not, intend to give my co-nationalists long looks at this great city of Paris, but merely Peeps: peeps at the Egsposissiong, peeps at the Rews—Rew delar Pay, Rew der Rivuley, and all the other Rews—“*Lays otre Rews*,” as our lively neighbours say. Not to be personal (or shall I write it purse-onal?), you, my very dear (or shall I say cheap?) Sir, have not agreed to remunerate me for more than “Peeps.” But this is *yewn arffair ongtcairmong ongler noo a lar post*: the post is, by the way, a long time bringing that little matter, *darjong* (that is, money), concerning which I hinted pleasantly in my last.

Having explained myself openly, *rayvnong ar no mootang*.

We have had a grand *bal* here. I went. A general, or an *ay dew kong der Lumpyraw*, made some difficulty about my entering *ler grong sarlong*. I addressed him thus: “*Mong Brarve daycorray*” (he was covered with orders: *arpropo*, do send me that P.O. order of yours)—“*Mong*

Brarve, jay lonnurr aytrr arnveetay par Lumpyrarw swaw mayme, pairmettay mwaw der voo passay."

"*Nong, Mossoo !*" says he, in execrable French.

"*Nong !*" I exclaimed, pointing to the piece of red ribbon in my button-hole, to which, as a Juror in the Pickle Department, I consider myself *arntittulay* (that is, entitled), "*Cur dearbel—*"

"Come, you just hook it, will yer?" he interrupted, in remarkably plain English, which there was no mistaking. I saw there was an error somewhere on somebody's part, and to avoid any disturbance which might have had some political signification, I quietly, and under protest, retired.

A Correspondent of a contemporary informed me that there were sixty detectives present, chiefly English, and this accounts for *his* not having given any but a most correct account of the Ball. I have stopped at home expecting an apology. None has come, and so, as I said before, there must be an error somewhere.

Mong Prangse de Wales ar partey. He enjoyed himself very much, *kong il ettay raystong ar Parry*, and of course Peeper's hints were of great assistance to his R.H. The "Peeps" are to be translated into Russian for the Czar : at present they are merely caviare to the untravelled ; perhaps that's why the Czar is so anxious to devour them. I am meditating the composition of a musical address to him, with a jovial hip-hip-hooray chorus, thus—

"Hoo-Czar ! Hoo-Czar !! Hoo-Czar !!!"

Do you think he'd like it? Would you, if you were he?

Say so if you would, and I'll do it. I believe he pays *handsomely* for anything of the sort. (Ahem! But no matter.) Do not believe any report as to my being engaged to a princess, or one of Messrs. Spiers and Pond's demwauels who minister to our wants at the refreshment bars. *Snay par vray* (it is not true).

Esker jer vay der mer rarnjay? Nong, nong, emphatically *nong*, if I knows it; *see jer le say, mong ongfong, pars onghkor*.

The report may have arisen from a little difficulty about a sandwich and bitter-beer bill, which, I have assured Jane, on *your* behalf, shall be settled.

Ayyea peteay poor set jern feel lar, a mongvovay darjong toot sweet. I am not joking, *parroll donnerr, arvec mong mang sewer mong kur*; that is, on my word of honour, with my hand on my heart, *vovay voo?*

The French ladies are taking to Lay Sandwiches (*Les Sandwiches*) mightily, and to the bottled Bass.

Notable things in the Egsposissiong. I am there every day from two till four. Happy to play the *chicherony* (not a musical instrument, but an Italian word derived from Cicero, who was always showing some one up) to any of my countrymen. Do not let them pass me by with, "My countryman, and yet I know him not!"—*Shakespeare*. (Comes in well, doesn't it? I'll throw in no end of quotations—spice the article well—if you'll only send me *darjong*. N.B. Don't print *this* in the article.)

There are some beautiful pianos in the Egsposissiong. Being a Juror, I am a judge of this sort of thing. There's

one exhibited here with a handle, like an organ—music made easy—for anyone without any knowledge of music has only to turn the handle and the piano *plays itself*. [Wouldn't the proverb "Fingers were made before forks," meaning tuning-forks, come in well here? I can spice my article with lots of appropriate proverbs, if you'll make it worth my while. *Darjong*.]

There's a place where they give biscuits away every day at one. I'm there to see that no one abuses such kindness. The Gardens are in nothing like order yet: they say that the grass hasn't been properly laid down and put into form, because Lumpyrav (meaning always Louey) is afraid of plots.

At twelve o'clock everyday I walk round to the Tweellyrees and cheer Larmperrartreece, giving one little one in for *Sir petty garson, ler Prangse Armperryarl*. They like it. This is the thing *der reegur* for every loyal Aytrarnjay (foreigner) to do.

Of course, you know, you are a foreigner here. Odd, but true. *Droll, may say vray*.

Pickles and Pianos having engaged my attention (of course you've heard my *bong mo* about *pianos* being my *forte*—*kumprenny voo*?), I am now appointed sub-assistant Juror to the Pictures.

I was told to go and inspect particularly *Friday before the Judges*, by a French artist. I couldn't find it; but, as in duty bound, I criticised what it ought to have been from a *Robinson Crusoe* point of view (*Crusoe* and *Friday*, you

know), and, after all my trouble, it turned out that the subject was *Phryne before her Judges*. Such a picture, Sir! If Mr. Algernon Swinburne would just step over to Paris, and write a little poem on the subject, I've no doubt that Mademoiselle Tayraysar would sing it at the Alcazar Hall, and Lumpyrav and a few friends make her a handsome present of twenty thousand francs for singing it to them *arpray deenay*.

Talking of deenay, let all our compatriots dine at the Deenay der Parry, Passarge Geoffroy. Only four francs, including *urn bootail der vang ordinnair*, or a *demmy bootail de sooperryur* (meaning a superior sort of *ordinnair*, less quantity, better quality), and about five courses, ending with *day glass*, when hot.

The only nuisance is you *must* pay, *il foe cur voo payay* as you go in. So do send me *darjong* (literally *silver*), or to-day will be the last for some time that will witness my joyous face in the Passage of Geoffrey, at the door of the Deenay der Parry.

Yours,

PEEPER THE GREAT.

P.S. A lot about Parry and *degsposissiong in my next*. If —Remember!

PP.S. Oblige me by correcting an absurd rumour that has got about to the effect that at Lord Cowley's Ball I ate a cold fowl and a half, an entire lobster-salad, and drank a bottle of Champagne. It was the Duke of Ed-nb-rgh who did it. But I am free to own that I asked the waiter for the

above refreshment under the ingenious pretence that it was "for a lady." The following extract translated from the *Cologne Gazette* is therefore inaccurate, except as to the cotillon, *vwoylar*—

"He did not dance in the cotillon. Apparently he did not eat enough at supper, for directly the dance began he went to the supper-room and made a hearty meal of half a roast fowl and some sherry."

This Correspondent (who, I imagine, must have been one of those Decorated Detectives) adds, "that a certain distinguished young personage always blushes when any Parisian Beauty of the Court regards him with undisguised admiration." I know I am peculiarly modest (all truly great men are), and *do* attract considerable attention, but I deprecate such a notice as this.

P. THE G.

PEEP THE ELEVENTH.



HAVE adjudicated upon the Pianos, and have decided upon Messrs. Broadwood and Sons as the Prizemen. You should have heard me trying my celebrated tune on one finger, by which I tested the merits of the different instruments. Lumpyraw Louey, who was present, for a very short time, said "*Ill ay plew cur jer pwee supportay;*" in English, "It is more than I can bear." I observed tears in the eyes of several Commissioners, not to mention the Crowned Heads who had been attracted to the spot by the sweet sounds, which could be heard in almost any part of Legsposissiong.

I am sorry for Collard, but if Broadwood receives the garter and collar, then he'll be garter'd and *collar'd*. This is my latest *mo*. Say it at dinner anywhere, and see how it goes. Talking of that (*ong frarnsay arppropo*) I am thinking of letting out jokes for the season. *Bong mows* of the *premmiyair clas*, ten shillings each per night : *jerdesprees*, nine shillings for one turn at a dinner-table ; *jerdymows*, or puns, six and eightpence an evening, from ten till twelve, a reduction made on taking a quantity. A legal question arises here in my judicial mind. Could I prosecute a person for "taking" a joke ! No, I think not,—only for keeping it and using it.

Receive the assurance of my highest consideration for *larjong*, which you sent me by circular note. My tailor is also pleased, so is my haberdasher (such a Dasher as he is too ! this is a *jerdymo*), whose grey shirtings might otherwise have been brought down with sorrow to the grave.

My last new tie is the admiration of all Parry. Whenever I write specially about Parry you may put it in a separate Parry-graph. (This is a sort of *jerdyspree-aveck-jerdymo*.)

In consequence of my admirable reports on Pickles, which have been preserved (*bong mo*) in the archives of this great Beehive (*jerdymo*, this) of an Egsposissiong, the Commissioners appointed me Special Grand Juror on Platinum Boilers. I accepted the office because I had recently formed an acquaintance with a very nice young gentleman from Manchester, who, I had reason to believe, was the very man to be thoroughly up in the question of Platinum Boilers. So I asked him to dinner, and he came, as he said, with pleasure. At what point in the banquet the Platinum subject came up I don't know, but I fancy from my headache and generally nervous state this morning, that our conversation must have been carried on with great energy. Several glasses, I find, have been broken, and the *kongseairgsh*, who lives in the *kongseairgsharee* down-stairs, received several complaints about the noise *o catryaim*, my rooms, from the lodgers *o dersyaim*, *troyseaim*, *a o sankyaim*. (*Sankyaim* is spelt in French *cinquième*, and means fifth floor.)

I do not recollect what he said about Platinum Boilers. I leave off for to-day. To the Egsposissiong.

Next day.—My Manchester friend is a humbug. He *did* say he knew all about Platinum Boilers, and so I prepared my note-book and catechised him thus. (I append the examination in full, and give his name privately to *you*, so that you may be warned against applying to him for information.)

Q. What is a Platinum Boiler?

A. A machine for boiling Platinum.

Q. What is Platinum?

A. Platinum is—but you won't understand if I do tell you.

Q. Yes, I will; what *is* Platinum?

A. Well, it's a sort of a new thingummy, you know, which will in time supersede the higher class of medals (*query* metals), and to describe it scientifically—

[*Here he described it scientifically.*

Q. Oh, indeed, thank you, much obliged. Now, what is a Boiler?

A. A Boiler? oh, a fire is a boiler: a kettle is a machine for boiling, a saucepan is the same—boiled fowls, you know.

Q. Precisely: and a Platinum Boiler is?—

A. A boiler made of Platinum.

Q. Then you do not boil Platinum in a Platinum Boiler?

A. I don't—*you* may, if you like.

Q. You do not appear to me to know much about Platinum Boilers?

A. As much as *you* do.

Q. I admit that I know nothing about them.

A. No more do I.

Q. But I heard you were brought up in Manchester?

A. So I was.

Q. Where?

A. Police Court, and fined five shillings.

Moral.—Never lean on a broken reed when you want to know anything about Platinum Boilers.

I have, however, furnished the Commissioners of that department with my decision on the subject. I find that to award prizes a thorough (if any) knowledge of your subject is *not* required. Silence, a frown, a shrug, compression of lips, a short “um,” “ah,” “oh,” with perpetually jotting down hieroglyphical memoranda in a pocket-book (to which you can always safely refer anybody) will accomplish all that’s necessary. But, above everything, silence and a pocket-book. (Do not put the above secret before the public, and oblige Peeper the Great.)

Ler Prangse Armperrayarl has been unwell. I am glad to say he is all right again. On his arrival from San Klu I called, of course, upon the dear little chap.

“*Mong* Prangse Armperrayarl,” says I, on one knee, and the toe of my right leg pointing gracefully outwards; “*Kom-mong voo portay voo, par sir tom?* (i. e. “How are you by this time?”)

“*Tray beeang,*” he replied. “*Ay, voo?*”

“*Mwaw!*” I responded, “*kusee, kusee,*” which ought to mean, “But, so-so.” Somehow I don’t think it does.

“*Fer sweesongsharntay dervoo vwaw,*” he returned, and so ended the reception as far as the public is concerned. But to my promenade.

Lobsairvartwaw, or the Observatory of Paris, is well worth a visit at midday. Insist upon their showing you the moon

and principal stars. Produce your order ; and if you meet with any further opposition, threaten that you will tell Lumpyraw.

Go to the *Hotel days Arnvarleed*, that is, Hôtel des Invalides.

I forgot, in recounting the best hotels in Parry, to mention *Lotel days Arnvarleed*; that is, L'Hôtel des Invalides; much patronised by valetudinarians and convalescents. I get my information second-hand from a friend who knows Parry well, as I have neither dined, nor stayed there myself. The charges here are very moderate, and there is but one objection ; namely, that as an invalid you are subject to a sort of quarantine. I mean that all recognised invalids (no shams) in Parry are obliged to dress in cocked-hats and a kind of naval uniform with a sword attached. It is a remnant of an old custom. The old custom was in ancient Parry, to kill an invalid whenever you met one. But in order that he shouldn't be allowed to go out of the world without some fun for his money, every invalid was provided with a sword, which, however, in many cases he was not strong enough to draw. So they still keep to costume, like our blue-coat boys do. It is the only hotel in Europe, or anywhere else, where the visitors are obliged to wear a peculiar dress.

I do not know what the rule is as regards ladies. I will ascertain.

An English visitor will do well to attend the Law Courts in the *Pallayd Juicetece*. A complicated case well argued by leading counsel before an able *Joooge* (that is, Judge), is an

admirable method of passing a couple of hours, of acquiring a knowledge of the niceties of the French language. All the *Arvokars* (Barristers) wear caps, gowns, bands, and no wigs, and have in general the appearance of very busy men who are going to wash when they get home.

I am going to give a *Bal Maskay* in my room. Don't reprehend me for extravagance. I have only issued invitations to three or four people who won't know one another in masks. I shall hire an organ. Among my guests I shall probably observe L-d Cow-ey, Lumpyr-w, Larmperrartre-ce, and Abdul Azzizn't, the Sult-n. I am to be photographed in the dress of Louey Carthorse, *ler Grang Mon-nark*.

There is a guide to Paris coming out at the end of this month by sixty writers, prefaced by Victor Hugo. They have gone to press without any contribution from me, although of course they waited until the last moment. I couldn't consent, as I have my own little work (in addition to our own *Paris for the English*), *arntitulay Parry Poorl Poshe*, or Pocket Paris, in a hundred-and-twenty diamond volumes. Spectacles (ten-horse power) and case sold with each volume. Orders will be received immediately here by me only. No money returned. The Canoe Club, led by *Rob Roy Macgregor oh!* meet on the Sane in June. I called at the Tweellyrees to offer a few lessons to Lumpyraw in paddling his own canoe (he *has* got one), but *Ill nettay par shayllwee*; that is, "He wasn't at home." An English actor is coming here to play in English the eccentric *Dundreary*. The English here won't patronise it because it *is* English, and they prefer to do in Parry as Parry does; the Americans won't for the same

reason ; the Parishioners won't because they depreciate all English acting, and wouldn't understand *Lord Dundreary's* amusing inanities. Charles Mathews's *Lomblarsay* was in French, *settay urn otter shows*; that is, that was another matter altogether.

I am now going to dine at the Kaffy Onglay, and then to see *Lar Grong Dewshese du Fayrolstine*, at which Mong Prangse der Wales, when here, laughed consumedly, while the D-ke of Ed-nb-rgh looked out the *doobil ongtongs* for him in a pocket dictionary at the back of the box. I told 'em I'd tell, and so I have.

Yours,

PEEPER THE GREAT.

PEEP THE TWELFTH.



RECENTLY the Sane, following the example of the Hotel prices, has been very high. I have perpetrated an admirable *jerdymo* about the river Sane and the forthcoming English Canoe gathering.

I said quite off-hand, and without the slightest preparation, "*Mens Sana in corpore sano.*"

Not bad: but of course this sort of thing comes quite easily to me, and is the natural result of the action of a classical education upon a subtle appreciation of the humorous.

They've cut through the key (*quai*), and thrown a steel bridge over it. This I defined as "*steeling* a march." How my *kongveeves* (French for fellows dining with me) roared with laughter.

The Commissioners, who are never tired of employing me, have asked me to make an Appendix on Turret Ships. I refused politely, but firmly; but to show that I was perfectly willing to oblige, I've undertaken to award the prizes on the Marine and Pneumatic Models for Collisions at Sea.

I've always had a fancy for pontoons. I recollect a man who used to work a pontoon with his legs up and down the Highgate road. Capital exercise. A friend who has just

dropped in suggests that "Rantoon" is what I mean. I immediately was down on him with a *jerdymo*. I said "I knew it was some *toon* or other, as I always had an ear for music." He roared.

I publish it because I *have* heard some people give these things out as their own.

Prangse Narpolayong's yacht is on the Sane. The Prangse said to—well, call him a friend of mine, of course not to myself, though some correspondents would not be so modest—well, he said to a friend of mine, "*Mong sharer mee*," says he, "*Commong aynay voo sir vaysso lar*."

"*Tray jollie*," I replied, "*Voos ayt urn marrang tootar coo*." I bowed low at the same time, and *ill ettay ongsharntay aveck mong espree*.

"*Mossoo, pairmayttay voo ker noo noo prommong o boo der Bulvar*," as Dr. Johnson would have said if he'd been a lively neighbour.

Observe, *raygarraay dong*, that card in that window: "*Appartmong merblay*," that is "Furnished Lodgings."

If you are stopping any time in Paris take one. (We will go to the Egsposission presently, but I've one or two things to say most important to the visitors to Parry). In a French House there a lot of Flats. You can make one of the party if you pay more than you ought to.

On entering the House where you are going to take *Apartmentong* say to the *Kongseairsh*, "*Oo ay Lotaysse*?" that is, where's the Landlady? If you can't understand his answer, and however well you may speak French yourself, yet it is sometimes impossible to catch what a native is

talking about, smile and reply, "*Wee, sairtaynmong wee,*" when he will perhaps repeat his observations, and you may have an opportunity of catching a familiar word here and there, and be able to grasp the general sense of his answer. The Landlady or Lote (Landlord) comes to you. You will bow politely, and commence, as is always the rule in Parry, "*Mardarm jer sweesongsharntay der voo vwaw.*"

To which, if she have any manners, she will return, "*Mwaw o see.*"

"*Pweej logayreecee?*" "Can I have a lodging here?"

She will probably answer, "*Wee.*"

They *do* answer "*Wee*" when they mean yes, for which you will be prepared.

Say you, "*Mongtray mwaw eun charmbor,*" and she will comply with your request.

You see your room, and inquire "*Cumbeang?*" Now comes the difficulty ; if you are not a first-rate arithmetician—well up in decimal coinage and French—*songteems*, that is, centimes. Don't be frightened by the sound ; have it put down on paper.

"*Voolly voo aykreer set som soor oon peeayse der pappay?*"

Then you'll see how the price stands.

So much for lodgings will suffice ; it is all that is necessary : after this you've only to say "*Nong*" if you'd rather not ; and "*Wee*" if you'd rather.

On entering a kaffy always salute the lady at the bar, or sitting behind a sort of tea-urn full of dinner tickets. The

salute need not be loud, so choose your opportunity. Remember a kiss in time saves nine.

That reminds me that I must just see the wine in ice ; a very charming little *parrty karray*. Living *is* expensive in Parry. I am reserving myself for a full account of my day with the Zar, the Sultan, the Grand Slamm, the *Shar*, and some of those other fellows, who I know, as well as you do, will feel it their duty to call upon your representative here.

“*Ardear ! ay praysong !*

Receive the assurances of my consideration, the most distinguished,

Yours,

PEEPER THE G.

P.S. I have just been summoned away from my desk to meet William of Prussia. I need hardly contradict the reports about my having scribbled opprobrious epithets on his statue in Legsposissioning, and then ran away. I did nothing of the kind. I was standing by the statue and did *not* run away : I wish I had. However, the affair was soon settled with some timely *arjong*. William of Prussia has taken a great fancy to my style of bowing : I am going to give him lessons.

Lumpyraw wishes that the Czar hadn't been so good-natured as to visit Parry. The Parishioners have behaved very badly. Lumpyraw, however, with great delicacy, avoided even the slightest allusion to the sore point, and when they were driving out in their barouche and pair,

ordered the carriage Pole to be removed before the Czar got in. Very kind : *nez par ?*

When they went to the Opera their Majesties were attended (appropriately) by the *Song* guards. (*Ong Frangsay, Cent gardes.*)

PP.S. *Ardieur.*

PEEP THE THIRTEENTH.



HAVE made my greatest *jerdymo* up to the present time. It is now ready for use. It is this.

“Why——”

I regret that I must begin with “Why,” as, at first sight, such a commencement detracts from the originality of the *rayboose*, as a conundrum is called by our lively neighbours.

“Why is the Emperor of Russia like the Fine Arts collectively?”

“Because——”

The answer cannot avoid beginning with this hackneyed form. I apologise, and proceed.

“Because he is the *Beau Czar*.” [“*Beaux Arts*,” *pronong-say ong Frangsay*, “Bo zar.” *Vvoyay-voo* ?]

Terms for the above :—

For first utterance at a private party	£2	0	0
For every repetition	1	0	0
For introduction into speeches	3	0	0
For general use in conversation for the next six months	50	0	0

Several good things going to be said next week. Send early: only applications containing stamps will be attended

to. The most stamps, most attention. Subscribers will receive my Joke List for every month regularly.

Terms of Subscription per Month :—

3	English Jokes (for one person)	£2	2	0
5	do.	do.	3	3	0
<i>(Old Conundrums half price.)</i>					
2	Jokes in French	10	10	0
<i>Jokes in French or English made for a combination of two or more persons, and requiring some little arrangement</i>					
		15	15	0
1	German Joke (scarce)	20	0	0
1	Scotch Joke (fine old crusted)	11	11	0
10	Irish do. (round in the mouth)	7	0	0

Also by the year, witticisms commencing—

“As the poet says,” &c. ; “As the fellow in the play says,” &c. ; “As old What’shisname has it,” &c. ; “Like the old story, which of course you know”—(*Here follows the old story*) ; “That reminds one of Sheridan’s reply to Dick Fanshawe,” &c. (*At dinner-parties and places where they tell stories, here followeth the anecdote.*)

Cum multis aliis—which reminds me that I *can* throw in a Latin or Greek one occasionally, by way of a bonus to subscribers ; as I’ve already observed, and it cannot be too often impressed upon all my readers.—A reduction made on taking a quantity.

To which I add,—Schools treated with, half-price. A Special Class for upper nursemaids. Also,

N.B. Parties attended.

When I say Parties attended, mind, I come as an honoured guest (and only where there’s dinner and a substantial supper) with a whole bag-full of jokes. I am of very

moderate habits as regards eating and drinking. No one will lose by me. Ten pounds a-night isn't much. The French appreciate me ; my foreign *jerdymows* and *jerdy-sprees* are now attracting the attention of all the Crowned Heads of Europe.

The Sultan and the Shah,
 The Emperor and Czar,
 Who have come from afar,
 They all are here, ha ! ha !
 Ha ! ha ! for here they are !
 To join in a cigar
 Will come *Il Ray Papa*,
 Which means the Pope, hoorah !
 Perhaps Mong Prangse's Ma,
 Great Queen Victoriar ;
 So on, *etceterar*.

That's pretty, isn't it? You should hear my music to it. You now want some news about Legsposissiong, you say. Thanks for kind inquiries, Legsposissiong is getting on as well as can be expected. All well at home, meaning Lumpyraw, Larmperrytreece, *ay Ler* Prangse Armperrayarl. Hope you're the same.

Legsposissiong (as you say you "*must* and *will* have some information about it, or refuse any more *arjong*") is situated in the *Sharmd' Mar*, with the *Sane* close at hand. It measures 1640 yards, beginning from which end you like. If you doubt me, try it : tape will do the business. There is always something going on there, because the *Pallay* is

traversed by a number of passages, and there are other passages all running round the building. Now what do you want to know? There are lots of things to be seen in Legsposissiong :—

1. *Shay devvres* of Art ; 2, Foods ; 3, Instruments for Bettering the Morals of the People—Live Stock ; 4, Patent Gases ; 5, Designs for International Copyrights on Painted Windows ; 6, Water Cures ; 7, Casts of Dramatic Pieces ; 8, Apples ; 9, Machines for Impairing the Usefulness of Mankind ; 10, Bee-tamers ; 11, Rings for Noses ; 12, Specimens of Fresh Air for use in Diving Bells ; 13, Chemical Department, comprising—

(a) Magnesia, extracted from the magnesium wire ; (b) Turkey Rhubarb for Poultry ; (c) Sea-air Lozenges ; (d) Aërated Ginger on Anti-combustion Principles ; (e) Volatile Essence of Indiarubber.

But I need not continue. Produce any correspondent who'll tell you half as much as I do at the same price. There is a capital cook now at the *Tweellyrees*. His *kotlayttes o Rvaw der Proose* are delicious ! At dinner we sit thus : Lumpyraw, head of the table. *Deenay ar lar Roose*, out of compliment to the Czar. Larmperytreece, *vizar vee* to Lumpyraw. *Ler petty* Prangse comes in at dessert. I peel him a grape.

On Lumpyraw's right sits the Emperor of Roosher,
On Lumpyraw's left sits Billy, King o' Proosher ;
And next the King o' Proosher, and opposite a pie,
Like *Ariel*, where the bee sucks there lurk I.

Lumpyraw exclaimed, on hearing the above "*arm-promptew*," "*Mays yer!*" (an Anglicism he has caught from me. *Mes yeux!*) "*Kil ay Clayvuvaremen!*" (Another Anglicism, for which, perhaps, yours truly is responsible. I translate literally, "How he is clever man.")

I blushed, and retired ; I shall not dine there again.

Yours, *monger mee*,

P. THE G.

P.S. I deferred my *bal marskay* in consequence of Baron Hausmann's little party on the same night. I call him Baron New-Houseman, because he is building new streets all over Paris.

"*Voolay-voo darnsay shay mwar Sir Swawr?*" said the Baron to me.

"*May mongongfong*," I began.

"*Il fo ker voo vennay*," was his peremptory interruption. "Lumpyraw and that lot are coming," he added.

"*Fer swee vo trome*" (I'm your man), I replied, heartily, which settled the difficulty.

The numerous parties that Baron Hausmann has been giving lately has given rise to the following *jerdymow* on my part.

"He ought to be re-christened," I observed to Aleck and William, while disporting ourselves at Fongtannblow.

"What should he be re-christened?" inquired William, who is rather dull after lunch.

"Why," I returned, with a playful smile twitching the

corners of my mouth, "He should be called Baron *Openhouseman*." This was my second joke on his name.

Aleck roared, Lumpyrav split, and *mong petty* Prangse Armperrayarl turned head over heels with delight. In two minutes more William saw it. We all shrieked.

"*Taysay-voe*," said Lumpyrav; and we rose to remark that it was a very fine day (as it was) to Larmpery-treece.

Talking of William, he likes me. A small attention did it. Everbody was shouting "*Veev Lumpyrav! Veev Ler Tsar!*" and so forth. I stepped to the front of the crowd, and as the Sovereigns passed whispered in William's right ear, "*Veev Ler Rwaw! Veev Lar Proos!*" He turned and bowed to me distinctly.

The *twoylletts* of the *demwawssells* was *sharrmmong*, *soopairrb!* All the *twoylletts* were brilliant. Mine (in spite of the recent strike, which was *Ler vray Deearbul ongtrér lay tayer*), was very striking. Hair *ar lar* off the forehead, *arvec der* little curls, one on each side. Collar *ong ho*. Cravat *nwawr*, with large ends *nayglejay* style. Waistcoat a trifle *daycollay*. Imagine the rest—*coodayeel* splendid!

Ardeur, mong Raydarktur, Ardeur!

Translation. "Good-bye, my Editor, good-bye."

PEEP THE FOURTEENTH.



ER Sooltarn aytarrevay! Veev ler Sooltarn!
The Sultan has arrived. I didn't see him myself, but gather from my informant that his ostentation (or rather, by way of a *jerdymo*, his oss-tentation, because this joke is about *osses*, as you'll hear, *vwoyay-voo*?) is beyond imagination. Four Princes of his own Eastern blood dragged him in a gorgeous vehicle from the Station. Yes, Sir, in this nineteenth century, this Profound Potentate rode, I hear, in a carriage drawn by *four splendid Beys!* Such is Oriental magnificence, while *I* have to be contented with *urn Vwoytoor arvek urn sh'val*.

Oh, money, money!! Thou corrupting agent, thou destroyer, thou edificator, thou, &c. (but this style is not included in *larjong* you send me. Two hundred francs more, and up goes the style. *Excelsior!*) The Working-Men from England are all here. What does England do without 'em?

Apropos of that, I gave our old friend Bull—not John, but Nineveh Bull, who superintends the Working-Men here—a *jerdymo*, which, in order that he may not be tempted to use it as his own, I give to the world. This was it: I defined the English bricklayer here for his holiday as “The hod-

man out." We (Lumpyraw, &c., after dinner) screamed at this.

I have passed a pleasant afternoon in adjudicating on Musical Instruments. My decision as to Pianos and Pickles was so correct, that all the Commissioners implored me to decide the rival claims of the Instrument-Makers.
Jay larkseptay arvek playseer.

In the room where I was to sit as Prime Juror, there was a perfect *fool* of instruments. *Fool* is what our lively neighbours call a *crowd*. Not very far out, from what I hear of your crowds just now in town, *mong ongcong*. I gave the contending Instrument-Makers such an afternoon of it!—hoisted them with their own ophecleides. I'll give you a specimen. "*Vwoylar*," says I, pointing to a fat brazen instrument about twenty feet high, with safety-valves all over it, "*Juay sir keskersay lar*."

The maker told me its name. I could not catch it.

"*Narmport*," I returned, "*Juay, juay! oo see voo ner vully par juay jer donnyray ler free oz otrr*."

Frightened at the threat, and struck by my complete mastery over his native tongue, he jumped on a stool, and blowing into the top with his mouth, watched me nervously with his left eye, the other being on the music-paper.

"*Juay set flatchyolay!*" I suddenly cried, pointing to another instrument, when its owner least expected the command.

In a second the Exhibitor was on his knees before me, playing.

"*Taysay voo !*" I exclaimed to Number One, who was still blowing away over "*Partong poor lar Sirree-er.*"

Poor creature ! he nearly fainted. He thought he had lost the prize, and had hardly any wind left to support the blow.

"*Assay !*" I said to the *flatchyolay* player, and turning sharply on a stout man *daycoray* as to his button-hole, I bade him discourse on a sort of a tom-tom with strings, over which he was fondly bending. He was apologetic :

"*Mossoo, jer lay formay,*" he said, "*may jer ner pwce par les juay.*"

"*Crrrrrrr,*" I scrunched between my teeth, angrily. "*Var-tong !*"

And on he went as well as he could. He calls it *le dulcimer double*. He couldn't play it a bit.

"*Sonnay sir trombone lar,*" said I, to a tall exhibitor. He understood English. "Not a tune: give me a few good notes." He was impudent about it. I kept him blowing there for half-an-hour straight off with a *sairjong der veal*, with a drawn sword at his elbow.

I only let him go when he begged my pardon, and explained that he'd got a wife and family waiting for him to come home to tea.

However, there they were for the afternoon, all a-blowing, all a-growing as hot as possible, while I called first on this man, then on that, then on the other, requiring a note here, a beat there, a chord somewhere else, hitting one on the head, stopping another with my foot, and so forth, as an Imperial Commissioner should do, until the medical man, who was obliged to be called in, said that unless I gave some one the

prize at once, they would all have to be conveyed to a *Mazong der Santay*.

Then, Sir, these exhibitors dared to offer me paltry bribes. From two francs downwards, I mean. I told them I would take thirty, to show I was above their petty offers. I need only say that the meeting terminated amicably, and that there was a prize given.

Voolty voomongvoyay der larjong tootd'sweet: voo navvay-songvoyay kekshows say der s'mang. [I shall translate this into very plain English in another journal, if you don't comply. But you will, *mong ongfont*, won't you—*nez par?*]

Prices of provisions are exorbitant. Even the lawyers are charging extra for provisions in a will. (This is a specimen *jerdyspree*. *Dee frarnksurn er*, that is, ten francs an hour, see my former list. "*Raygarday dong*," as the uneducated Englishman said when he looked at a church bell. That's another *jerdyspree*: second quality. *Weet frarnksurn er*.)

Chickens are all very high.

All the pies are raised.

I have good French jokes *der sankar weet frarnk*.

International joke: rough specimen as follows:—What is the place in Paris for ready money?

Tour der Nail. If worked up this *jerdymo* would go immensely. It has the makings of a first-class witticism about it. *Ardeurar praysong*.

P. THE G.

P.S. An Exhibitor of Instruments to whom I did not award a prize, turns out to be a *Raydarktur* of a *petty*

Jewernarl in some *daypartmong* of the *Sane* or the *Lwwar*. He considers that in an article published by me some time ago, I insulted him. He has called me out. He has waived his right to choose weapons. The choice is with me. I'm hanged if I know what to do. I must fight, for the honour of Old England ; and I will, too, but at this moment I regret to say I am confined to my room with a severe bronchitis. His friend has called on me. He says he will wait till I am well. He shall.

PP.S. I re-open this two days afterwards to say that I have decided. We are to fight on horseback — on two horses' backs, of course. The *Raydarktur*, I hear, can't ride, so the duel is put off, to give him time to take a lesson. This is noble on my part. I insist upon encountering him the morning after his riding-lesson. Full particulars soon.

PEEP THE FIFTEENTH.



HAVE written to my friend Mumpson—Tommy Mumpson, young Tommy, not old Tommy, you know—to come over and be my second. Until Tommy turns up, the Fatal Affray is postponed *sine die*. However, I shall set my house in order. I haven't got a house, and my landlord has just given me notice to quit, as he has, he says, an English family coming who will pay him during Legsposissiong time three times as much as I do. You see what inconvenience arises from an insufficiency of *larjong*. Direct to me Post Restaurant, I mean *Post Restong, Parry*. I'm here to-day and there to-morrow, but where "there" is I haven't the smallest idea. I shall try and sleep under one of Spiers and Pond's refreshment counters. They won't charge for a refreshing sleep.

Legsposissiong is now really crowded, and the *Bwawder-bulloine* is filled every afternoon with *ekyparges*, brilliant and dashing. The lounge about *Lay Karstkards* is deliciously cool and refreshing, but the gritty gravel makes the promenade back to Parry very tiring. My next I shall devote entirely to Legsposissiong, as should the prospective field of carnage eventuate in my disappearance from this gay and festive scene, I shall, at all events, as I press my handker-

chief to the wound, and fall back in the arms of my Second and the Medical Man, be able to say, "*Mong Raydarktur*, bless him; tell him I—(*gasp*)—die—(*gasp—gasp*)—happy. (*Eyes of the Medical Man suffused with tears. Then turning towards my Second, I murmur*) Second drawer—(*breathing with difficulty—blue coat (gasp)—hole in the pocket—copy for next two weeks—in the lining. (They implore me not to trouble myself about such matters: my antagonist stands gloomily regarding his work. I raise myself on my left arm and point with my right to myself*). See!" I say to him, "Behold your sanguinary work!" (*Polite to the last, you'll observe.*) "May the curse"—"Oh, no! no! no! no!" cry my Second, *his* Second, and the Medical Man, all kneeling. The organ of *Notrer Darm* is heard in the distance. "Ah!" I exclaim, as a sweet, faint, light illumines my pale visage. "Ah! I—(*gasp again*)—for—(*gasp*)—give! Kiss me, Tommy! (*to my Second*) I have done my duty. *Veev Lumpyraw!*" and, with a faint cheer, I expire. [If this comes off, you'll have the earliest intelligence, in fact, you'd better print this on the chance. Head it "Fatal Termination of Our Own Special Correspondent's Duel: Reported by Himself."]

You will then take a return ticket to Parry and wreath garlands about my simple tomb in the *Pair lar Shays*. Do you know how to weave garlands? Get it up. How well you would look, *mong Raydarktur*, weaving garlands. [I shouldn't think it was a paying occupation: you might speculate in it—can't lose much.]

However, it's not all U.P. with me yet awhile. I tell you

what you might do, and do nobly, anticipate my probable funeral expenses, and send considerable *larjong*. That would be like your generous, open nature.

The International Theatre, the Commissioners inform me, will come to unmitigated grief unless I arrange a programme. "Will you do it?" they asked.

I replied with proverbial philosophy, "*Ill ner fay reang poor reang*;" which simply means, either *ong Arnglay oo ong Frarngsay*, that I don't work without pay.

All work and no pay makes Jack go without a *shimmee*.

When they didn't come down handsomely after my hard work as juror among the instruments, I said curtly, "*Ill nay par deu bwaw dong ong fay lay flew*," which is French proverbial philosophy for "He isn't the sort of chap to dance to any one's piping." *Ker ler dearbel*—how the doose these French words ever came to mean that, I don't know. But such is the fact; and oh my, ain't I just getting idiomatic! Beautiful! Idiomatic has no connection with Rheumatics, you understand, nor with idiots; though there is a *soupsong* of both words in it.

I have consented to draw up a programme for *Ler Tayar-trr Arnternarseonarl*. *Othello* in four languages, and the orchestra filled with interpreters. *Oouvrers* (female box-keepers) with dictionaries and books of the play. Each *ouvrers* will be a French mistress—I mean, will be a French master—capable of giving lessons between the Acts.

"French before Act 2," "French before Act 4," and so forth.

If Mr. Sothern, who is coming to Parry, will undertake

Othello, and poor dear old Lemaitre would do *Mercutio* with Mons. Ravel for *Leonato*, and Mdlle. Schneider for *Desdemona*, I think, with the aid of an Italian or two, and throw in a German with a Swedenborgian, we should have a bill of fare not to be surpassed. Send this advertisement to the *Era* for me :—

INTERNATIONAL THEATRE, PARIS.

WANTED, a few good ITALIANS for General Utility. Also, a First-Class DOUBLE DUTCHMAN to sing between the pieces. Three HEAVY GERMANS wanted to open immediately.

Also, a BOMBARDON PLAYER, who can read, write, and understand French, but won't be rude when asked "*Parley voo Frarngsay?*" Also, a LADY DANCER, and FIRST SINGING CARPENTER (both Russians, or as nearly as possible). Funny Couples treated with liberally in all languages. No Redskins need apply. Turks at a distance will please accept this intimation.

They say something about Mr. Toole, the eminent Low Comedian, coming here to play *Esee ong parl frarngsay*. If I was Mr. Toole, I'd like to have a holiday in Parry, and just do nothing at all. Let him come to me. I'll dine with him every day, and show him all over Parry. It'll cost him less than going with another fellow, and pay better than melting himself to a jelly in July. When the servant-of-all-work had a holiday, didn't she enjoy herself by going and helping a fellow-servant? I think that's the story. But whether it is or not, send me *lariong*, and I shall be able to defy my landlord.

Apropos of landlords, my fellow country-men should be furnished with a better dialogue-book than the one I've just come across. My fellow-countryman is supposed to ask,

"*Kumbeang daymarndayvoo poor setappart'mong?*"
 ("How much do you demand for this here apartment, eh?")

Well, Sir, there is no answer. The Landlord is dumfounded. The visitor, my fellow-countryman, takes advantage of his being staggered, to put down his bag, seat himself (I suppose), and quietly observe, "*Jee raystaray o mwoyng pondong trrwaw mwaw.*" ("I shall stop here just three months.")

Then, exclaims the Landlord, in a burst of gratitude, "*Voo laysorray ar song frarnk par mwaw.*" ("You shall have them for one hundred francs a month.")

My fellow-countryman, coolly undoing his dressing-case, shrugs his shoulders, and returns, "*Say tro share*" (too dear").

"*Ay becang!*" cries the Landlord, utterly staggered, "*voosorray lay sharmber poor karrant frarnk see raystay plew longtom.*"

There's a drop from a hundred to forty francs, on condition of his stopping *plew longtom!*

My fellow-countryman is supposed in the dialogue to be a bit of a roysterer come to see *Lar Vee Parreesyen*, for he says, first, "*Jer voodray dormeereese set nwee.*" ("I'd like to sleep here to-night.")

You'd imagine the Landlord replying, "Dear me! you don't say so." But not a bit of it. The Landlord, in this romantic dialogue, has no answer ready. He is silent. (What a Landlord! How angry I should be with him!) My countryman immediately inquires, "*Poovay-voo mer donnay eun clay?*" ("Can you give me a latch-key?")

There's a sly dog for you ! And the last words of the despairing Landlord are, "*Voo poovayzongtray kong voo voodray.*" ("You can come in when you like.")

Can anything be more grovelling, more spiritless, than this final speech of the unhappy Landlord ? What a lodger he's got for *trwaw mwaw ay pertaytrr plew longtom !*

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold should add to his Third Edition of *Paris for the English* a set of first-rate sensible dialogues. And every one should be obliged by law to learn them thoroughly, so that when one puts a question out of the conversation-book, the correct answer may be at once given. Or what is the use of a Guide ?

I am now going to run out to cheer Lumpyraw as he drives down the *Bwaw* ; and then I am hard at work at the Catalogue of Legsposissiong. Perhaps next letter may be my last. Treasure, as the words of a doomed man, the oracular utterances of yours—*Ardeenuar !*

P. THE G.

P.S. In my last I said, on the information of a friend, that the Sultan had arrived. He hadn't ; but has. Everybody is asking when will the Lord Mayor come ? and will he visit Parry in state, or *in cog.* ? It was for Narpolyong the Third to bring together two Eastern Potentates like the Sultan and the Lord Mayor in this gay Metropolis.


PP.S. *Paulopostscript.* I told you that my Landlord is going to turn me out, and that, as to lodgings, like little Bo-peep's sheep, I didn't know where to find 'em. Well, I've hit upon the idea. The Commissioners want me to become

a Juror on the Furniture Department, where are beds, chairs, sofas, washing-stands, "etceterar, etceterar, etceterAR," as the now popular Parisian song has it, and all the appliances and means of a comfortable establishment to boot.

Vwoyay voo Mongermee? I have stipulated to try one bed a night, sleeping in it from any time I like until a similar limit in the morning. They are to give me a latch-key to Legsposissiong, so that I can go to rest at my own hour; and visitors will not be admitted to this portion of the building until I am up, and have completed my *twoylay*. There will be an extra charge to pass through while I am reading the papers in my morning wrapper, which I shall do when trying the chairs and sofas. I can easily lodge in Legsposissiong at this rate for a month. My name's Easy. Difficulties merely arise, in order that I may o'erleap them. *Vwoylar too!*

The Medals are distributed to-day (Monday). Mr. Philip Calderon, R.A., is in Parry, about to be *daycoray*. Everyone to appear in uniform. Mine is that of the Manchester (Marine) Militia, recently organised. Our dress is real Manchester velvet, gray shirtings, and cocked-hats. Those who can afford them have horses; and those who have horses are our gallant horseyfers. With which *jerdymo* (at the service of my country) I conclude.

PEEP THE SIXTEENTH.

“ER Sooltarn *aytarrevay!* *Veeve ler* Sooltarn!” As I said, last week, “*Maysil ner pars arrevay dong,*” that is, he hadn’t come when I thought he had. “*Veeve ler* Sooltarn, *ay veeve* Lumpyraw, *ay veeve lar Grong Rayview meletayre!*” That is, the Grand Review at which the Sooltarn will be present. [N.B.—Since writing the above, I regret to say, that in consequence of their having *fusileer’d* the unfortunate Maximilian of Mexico, no Review has taken place.]

I mentioned in my last that my Landlord had given me notice to quit, and that I had been turned out upon the wide world of Paris. [I am writing this in the open air, in the court-yard of the Hôtel du Helder. They say there are no blacks in Paris, the atmosphere is so clear and different to London. Aren’t there? My paper is being covered with them, and I have to blow them off after every other word. How I got to be here, I will tell you. The *larjong* you sent me would never have been sufficient for a *sharmbrr* here. *Ongtresole dee frarnk par jewer.*]

Well, Sir, I thought to myself, what can I do with my luggage? A brilliant thought occurred to me. I took a *vwoytewer parl’ kourse un frarnk sankarnt*, and placing

may barggargsh in it, drove to *Lersh'mangd'faird'unor* (that is, the Great Northern Railway Station), intending to deposit it in the *sal dartongt*, by which our lively neighbours mean "waiting-room." While there, two friends came in by the train—two who knew nothing of Parry, and nobody in it either, and, having a generally vague idea of the "language, were *ongsharntay der mer vwaw*. If I would show them about, and play the *chicheronay* for them, they would put me up at their hotel while they were *daymurrong ong Parry*. I closed with the offer, and took them to the Hôtel du Helder. I had to teach them everything, even in matters of dress. One of them looked upon being in Parry as a matter of staying at the sea-side, and was coming out in a "billy-cock" hat and a purple velvet smoking coat. The other was going to drive in the *Bwaw der Bouloine* in a light tourist's coat and a slouch "wideawake." I made them buy *shappose ar lar Parreesiang* of the tall chimney-pot style, and as they had no black coats with them, I took them to a cheap tailor's (a sort of Moses & Son who advertises, in large letters, "*O bong Deearbl!*" all over Parry), and made them purchase a couple of respectable *raydangoat* (that is, riding-coats as they call 'em here), and then they *commarnday* a pair-horse carriage, and we drove in the *Bwaw* up to the *Karskard*. Lucky that I insisted upon their dressing properly, as Lumpy-raw was out, with several Kings and Princes, besides some of our English nobility in the *sweet* of *ler Prangse day Garl* (*Le Prince des Galls*, not the Prince of the Gals, as I said by way of an international *jerdymo*, but the Prince of Wales), and as I was perpetually nodding and bowing, it would never

have done for me to be seen in badly-dressed company. In the evening I took them to the *Varreeaytay*, for *Lar Grarng Dooshayes*, *mewseek par* M. Offenbach, which, as I have already said, is one of the best things I've ever seen. Better than *Lar bel Haylayne* or *Barrb Bleu*, Mdlle. Schneider being in it incomparable. *Le Directeur du Théâtre des Variétés* has been most obliging. Knowing, on my own representation, that I was *un des Messieurs les Collaborateurs* attached to *Monsieur Punch*, *et aussi un auteur dramatique, Anglais*, he immediately placed boxes and stalls at my disposal, and I told him through his representative in *l'administration*, how happy we should be to render him any service on his visiting London. Thus, Sir, may *l'entente cordiale* be ever preserved.

Next day I took my friends to *Legsposissiong*, of which I am heartily sick. The noise, the bustle, the *fool* (I mean the crowd), the machinery, the music, are too much for me. I let them walk about wherever they liked, and sat in a *ten song-teem* chair in the centre of the garden, observing the various nationalities as they passed in twos and threes, and fours and fives, before me.

The gardens *raysayrvray* and the *caffays* in *lekstayreur* are to me the pleasantest places. I took them to the *Caffay Sharntong*, where they were immensely pleased (poor simple fellows !) at being waited upon by female *garsongs* in Swiss costume. From the moment they entered Parry, my friends assumed the gay *Lothario* and *Don Juan* style. They were perpetually observing, "What pretty girls !" and had it not been that they were quite unable to express their admiration

in the language of the country, I should have had some trouble with them.

Our English Refreshment Girls justly riveted their attention, and very properly-behaved young women they are. My friends, however, had come to see the French and foreigners, not the English, and so they soon shook off the shackles of our compatriot Venuses, and betook themselves to the *Caffay Roosse*, in order to try a Russian breakfast. It will be of some use to my readers if I give them a *cart* of what to order at this Caffay, and a few sentences with which flirtation with a Russian barmaid is made easy.

Dayjernay ar lar Roos.—Pjrnmn (1st Course). Jkpqr. Vtnojmn. (Very nice, if quite hot.) Xrnopqrxj (to be drunk off at a draught), and finish up with a glass of tea with a slice of lemon in it, which you'll order in French. (*Urn vayr deu Tay ar lar seetrong.*)

Then lighting your cigarette lean against the bar, and smiling in as fascinating a manner as you can command, say to the Russian barmaid softly, "Pmnjornt enmrs Yjumnv Fnjkmr?" She will probably reply, a becoming blush mantling upon her face, "Glxzpqr Bjfrj." This is not meant rudely, but is really an encouragement to you to proceed with your discourse, which you had better do thus: "Krmjpp Mntojpar Xjzyp Dfbkmj," or words to that effect. If she then replies, "Xjqr Kvmp," you had better drop the subject; but if not, you will by this time have picked up enough Russian tongue to enable you to get on very fairly with her for twenty minutes or so.

My friends noticed Mr. Sothern's advertisements, pictures

of *Lord Dundreary*, which are all over Parry. He will have commenced by the time you get this. I'm afraid that a people who rave about *Lar Grarng Doochayse* (popular on account of Schneider, Dupuis, and the music) and *Lar Vee Pareeseang o Pallay Rroyarl* (a very mild piece, well acted by MM. Brasseur and Hyacinthe, spun out into five acts) will not care for *Milord Dundreary*.

May noo vayrrong,
I hope I'm wrong.

[I may add, now, that your Peeper was right in his prophetic surmise. Mr. Sothern *did* come, and his *Lord Dundreary* didn't go. Mr. Toole took my advice and came to Parry to do nothing at all except amuse *himself* for once.]

What my friends liked was the *arbangdong* of Parisian life. The lounge at the Caffay at night, the *sodars*, the *see-phongs*, the *granny dorrarnge* (which I have, I think, once before explained, is not the "grandmother of an orange," but, a sort of iced orangeade, most refreshing), the perpetual motion in the streets, the bright toilets, and the utter absence, apparently, of all business whatever.

Tommy Mumpson, who is to be my second, has arrived here. I quite forgot that I had asked Tommy to come. The duel *is* to come off (bother it !), as it is the fashion for literary people to fight in France now-a-days. Tommy was in a great rage on the first day. There is only one bath in the Hôtel du Helder, and as I had it first, then passed it on to my

friends, Tommy was waiting an hour for *ler bairng*, and ringing angrily every other five minutes. I think Tommy will go back again if he's not treated better. But what a state of civilisation does this absence of baths represent !

A week more, and you will know my fate. We are not to fight on horseback, but with rapiers. I have had a lesson. My master commenced with a great salute, waving his sword to the left and the right, like the King of Hungary at his coronation. If my adversary does this, I think I can run in and settle the matter off-hand. I can say afterwards that I didn't know anything about the saluting. All's fair in love and war.

Ardeeur ar praysong. Raysvay may kongseedayrarsiong plew deestarngay, &c. &c.

P THE G.

PEEP THE SEVENTEENTH.



MY days are numbered; as, by the way, are everybody else's, beginning with the 1st of January, and so on. But I mean that *mar vee Parcesseang a finny*. Not with a duel, at least, *pars ongkor*. When I am well enough, I have arranged, *sewer mar parrol*, to return and fight in the *Bwaw der Bulloine*, the survivor to breakfast, at his own expense, at the *caffay* by the *karskard*.

Taking my friends (*maysamee*) about sight-seeing all day, driving, walking, theatre-seeing part of the night, *petty soupays* at *Ler Caffay Reesh* or *Lay Trwaw Frayrs*, not to mention the *kongkong* at *Marbeel* (I have had several lessons in this national dance, and intend to introduce it in *Lar Ho Vee* of the *Bo Mongd* on my return, commencing at Islington with the Belgian ball), the Chinese *Spayktarkl* and all the etceteras which go to make up "seeing life" in this gay Capital—doing all this, I say, quite knocked me up, and I found myself one morning (the very morning, curiously enough, on which I was to have met my vicious adversary) unable to rise from my couch, with a pain all up there and all down there, and through here and over there, up the middle and down again like a country

dance, so that I was obliged to call for *ler garson*, and exclaim,

"*Dee dong, Alphonse*" (his name is Alphonse), "*savayvoo oo a urn bong Maydaysang?*" (*Maydaysang* means physician.)

He directed me to *urn Dokterr*, M. Thierry-Mieg, in Le Rue Boissy d'Anglas, which I found he had left for the *Boulevard Hausman*, where I at once applied.

Mossew (This is how I *now* pronounce this difficult word)—"*Mossew ler Maydaysang*," I commenced, "*Jay venu ar voo vvwaw, poor voo deer, ker jer sweesarfflejay arvek la marl toot par esee, toot par lar, ong ser kottay see, ong ser kottay lar, dong mar tayte, ar mal frong, ay*"—

He interrupted the account of my symptoms by remarking that he would understand me better if I spoke in English. I yielded to his weakness, and recommenced, but not with as much fluency as in French, which has now become quite a stepmother tongue to me, so to speak.

He at once prescribed for me ; and I was enabled before *onyze err aydmee* (half-past eleven I mean, A.M.) to send to my adversary a medical certificate. Duel therefore postponed *sine die*.

The Maydaysang said that I had *lar marlardee Hystairceek* (the hysterics, in fact), and must get, immediately, a change of air, perfect quiet, and sea-bathing, with pills *ar deeskraysiong*. So I packed up my traps, and having obtained from my friends the *larjong* necessary (mind this makes ten pounds you owe them by this time), I went to the Tweelyrees to make my *ardeurs* to the Imperial family.

Shall I draw a veil?

No: it was most affecting, nay, harrowing. Lumpyraw, you know, has not been well lately, and was obliged to receive me in his bed-room, he being still couched, and the imperial *bonnay der swar* still encircling that majestic brow. He was lying there with *den shokolar* and *urn petty pang* by his side, reading from last Number.

He stretched out his hand to me.

Fay tombay sewer lay jaynou, plerong bokoo.

"Attongday zurn momong a jer sayray tootarjay pray der voo raysvwaw."

I withdrew, sobbing. I heard him too choking with tears while dressing. A valet was dismissed that morning for cutting his Imperial master with a razor. *Hôt trarhesong.*

In an antechamber, seated with Larperrartreece a *lerp'ttee* Prangse Armperryearl, like a wax-work at Madame Tussaud's, was Lumpyraw waiting to receive. "*Allay-voozong*," he said sharply to such members of the nobility as were hanging about in the hopes of catching a few words of our conversation.

One alone remained, and he approached the group jauntily.

A *reed* puckered itself upon the *frong* of Lumpyraw. He frowned.

"Il so ker Mossew, vert arttongd dayhor juicekarsker M. Larmbarssarder der song Arltaysse der Fleetstreet ar fay says ardeur. Bong jewer ar prayson."

The jaunty gentleman withdrew, making a note in his pocket-book for the benefit of that daily journal which so

often records the social triumphs of its popular Parisian contributor.

Alone with the distinguished family *jay tombay, oon zegond fwaw, sewer say jaynoo.*

Lumpyraw fumbled in his pocket for a second, then drawing forth a piece of red ribbon with a pretty little glittering ornament at the end of it, he said, "*Voollay voo ker jer voo daykor?*"

"*Seer,*" I exclaimed, *arvek ayffewseong, "jer ner pwee par p'arksayptay maym ar vo mang, parsker mon Raydarkter, urn ðm arnflekseebl ay sayvayre, ner mer pairmaytterar par okewn urn day say jern ðm sarksayptay urn daykorarseong, song slar eel dayveang ar mwoynsurnduc der kek shows."*

Then *Dong sewn vwaw aytoofflay s'aykrear* Lumpyraw:—

"*Nong. Saytarmposseebl ar fair slar. Fay fay tro bokoo der noblayss dayzar."*

He was very much cast down. The Empress applied her *p'teet mooshwaw ar says yer*, and then *o nay deu* Prangse Armperryearl, who was snivelling. So I exclaimed, gaily, "*Narmport. Fer prongd'ray ler volongtay o leer der larkt."*

"*Ombrarssay mwar,*" cried Lumpyraw, *souriant soo lay larme.* I obeyed—both cheeks.

"*Ay mwar o see!*" *saykrear* Larperrartreece *rusheesarng.* I obeyed. *Kel bonnerr!*

"*Ay mwar o see!*" *saykrear* Lerp'ttee Prangse. Then we all wept: *too lay kart ongsombl.* "Farewell!" I exclaimed, and covering my eyes, rushed from the room. I wish I hadn't covered my eyes, as I missed the door and came sharply against the wall.

The Imperial family fainted: I left them insensible, and was myself carried out.

Ardeeur Parry! *Ardeeur* brilliant Capital, *Ardeeur* *Legs-posissiong*, marvellous! *Ardeeur* Mademoiselle Schneider, *votre Altesse La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein!* *Ardeeur* *Mamselles et Messieurs les Americain-Parisiens*, everything and everybody *Ardeeur!* *O rayvwaw pertaytrr, may pars ar praysong!*

By the *Meenwee deese* train I left for Dieppe, a wreck of my former self, shattered and battered in your behalf, and longing for fresh air, sea-bathing, and more *larjong*. * *

* * I will send you a line from Dieppe *ong root*.

PEEP THE EIGHTEENTH AND LAST.



HAVE peeped at Paris. This from Dieppe: a Dieppeep. * * My old enemy, the sea, now calm and tranquil, undisturbed by my proximity.

I am at the Hôtel Royal. No one would know this fact from a distance, even with a telescope. There is a Grand Duchess staying here (the real thing, but not anything like so good as Schneider with Offenbach's music), whom *les Snobs*, of all countries, specially English, though, rush to their windows to see, following the ducal steps with opera-glasses, and dying for some lucky chance which might throw their Snobships in Her Altesse's way. Sometimes, you know, at these watering-places grandees are approachable: not your English swell, unless he, or she, be a member of the Back Drawing-Room Aristocracy, brilliant in the *salons de Little Brompton*. Delightful place, this. One doesn't read much, or write much, or do anything, even lounge much. Homœopathic doses of everything. I hum, generally, Parisian tunes.

Second Day at Dieppe.—Recovering from hysterics. The prescriptions given me by *Ler Bong Maydaysang* (the good Doctor), M. Thierry-Mieg, are most effective. In four days

I am well. In four weeks an English Doctor might have got me round, and (I am talking of Hysterics) would by that time have made me into a perfect medicine cask: made, in fact, a Butt of me. Not so *Mong* Thierry-Mieg: he wraps up his nasty-tasting nostrums in sweet stuffs, and the odious draughts he disguises in syrup. He shoots an illness and kills it quickly with pill bullets and many of 'em. His rule in hysterics is "Keep quiet: moderate diet." I am happy to testify here and anywhere else to the skill of Monsieur Thierry-Mieg, who is no fictitious personage, but whom you will call upon, if you are unwell enough to require his assistance, at No. 7, Boulevard Hausman, Paris. A happy, simple life this at Dieppe. Still humming: my only resemblance to a bee, here. I walk down in *naygleejay* costume *o bairng*. I adopt a still more *naygleejay* costume, *kalsong* only, and walk down to the sea. Return, and breakfast. Meet an Italian friend, complaining. He is dyspeptic. We compare notes, and I am pleased to find that I am more dyspeptic than he is. He complains of being dyspeptic in his nose. I do not sympathise with him.

During the morning, read the papers from Parry, and hum "*Voici 'le Sabre*," from *La Grande Duchesse*. An elderly Englishman, who has been here some time, and knows the ways of the place, invariably lies in wait for the *Times*, and keeps it for two hours. He cares for nobody, no, not he, and everyone cares for him. He passes it on, by previous arrangement, to a friend, he to another of the same set, and I get it, perhaps at eleven o'clock at night, or not at all, as next morning it has disappeared entirely. Hum same tune

as before, trying to catch the second part. Failure. *Midi* some biscuits and soda-water. Sit, and debate with oneself : always humming. Shall I walk down to the sea, and read there, or sit and read here? Looks hot there : is cool here. Ought to get the benefit of sea-breeze. Will go there, presently. This debate occupies nearly an hour. Caught the second part of the tune. Hum it. Then comes a debate as to whether I'm hungry, or not. How long before dinner? This occupies another half-hour. Lost the second part of the tune. Odd. Try to find the starting note up and down the scale. There doesn't appear to be such a note in music. English visitors sprawling about, doing nothing. Delightful life ! I am told it becomes monotonous after the sixth week, but I can't believe it. I say to a friend there, that I ought to write letters. He says he ought to, too. We both ought, but we don't. We sit. I ask him if *he* knows the second part of "*Voici le Sabre.*" Let him see : he does. He tries it. 'Tisn't it at all. We don't talk after this, but look straight before us at the flowers, the grass and the sea. Another hour goes. He (my friend) rises slowly, and says, "Well, he really must go to——" The rest of his sentence is lost. I don't think he has anywhere to go to, as in a few minutes I see him lounging, like a distraught goose, over the grass towards the sea. There I lose him. I wonder where he's going, when he's gone. I wonder if there's time to write a letter before dinner. I debate with myself whether it wouldn't be better to walk, slowly, before dinner ; then come in, dress, and write a letter. Somehow or another I don't seem to have any time for writing letters. So busy. Busy humming,

perhaps. *Table d'hôte* at six. My Italian friend complains of having no appetite. He says he forces himself to eat. He must have a strong will, as he partakes largely of all the ten courses, and dessert. He is also always ready for melons and radishes. After dinner he complains that "his head is stuf-féd up." I ask several English people what they've been doing to-day. All answer, "Nothing." They've been nowhere. What have I been doing? Nothing. Been nowhere? Nowhere. So, having nothing to say to one another, we sit and smoke, under the verandah, always shady, looking out upon the flowers, the grass, and the sea. I hum my "*Voici le Sabre*" until some one rudely commences humming quite another air, when I stop. Commencing again when *he* has done, I am informed by a friend that "They'll have the rest of that to-morrow." Odd! I thought the tune was so popular.

The elderly man, who has read the *Times*, has the advantage of everyone. *He* talks, and we, all of us, try to resent his giving us information as an impertinence. We pick up bits of news and try to say, "Oh, I saw that in *La Presse*, or the *Débats*, or the *Moniteur*, or *Figaro*," but it won't do. We are overcome by superior "Later Intelligence." It is his to talk, ours to hear.

When he is exhausted, we touch on sporting matters. I find, during this, that we are all well acquainted with the English nobility, and I also discover that I am hand-and-glove with Dukes, Duchesses, Viscounts, and Lords in my own native land. If they walked into this verandah now, where should I be? where would all these sporting

English be, for the matter of that? Harmless conversation *poor passay ler tom*. I hum one bar, and stop.

We touch upon the Army. Do I know Crawforth of the 8th? I think. "No, but I've heard of him." Does he (my interrogator) know Lord Stilton, in the Guards? "No," (after some hesitation) "he doesn't." Ah, I have him there: *I do*. Good fellow, Stilton. [It doesn't occur to my friend to ask me *if Stilton knows me*. Now, I *do* know Stilton—by sight. I once used to know him to speak to, twenty years ago, when he fagged me for an hour and half in a blazing sun at a fives' wall by Eton Chapel.]

But this is Dieppe, and one *must* talk about something. In the evening some musical ladies, and a musical gentleman occupy the public saloon. There is a piano here. Charming as far as the musical ladies go; but the musical gentleman, a fresh young tenor of about sixty-two, is a nuisance. He keeps on trying songs; and very trying songs they are. I've a great mind to ask them if they'd like to hear "*Voici le Sabre*," as much as I know of it. It is a family party, apparently. Their jokes are all among themselves, and quiet guests are scared away from the public saloon. I dare say there are other people in the place who can sing quite as well as *they* can. Why don't they be sociable, and suggest it? I read a book grumpily, and sneer when the tenor attempts "*Ah, che la Morte*," wincing audibly and purposely on his coming out with some note sharp for some note natural, or *vice versa*, not being a great musician myself. Are these girls looking for husbands, and airing their accomplishments in continental hotels? Perhaps

so. (*"Airing* their accomplishments" would be an English *jerdymoy*, 10s. 6d. per hour.) My Italian friend disconcerts them once by looking in at the open door, and telling me from that distance (I am at the other end of the room) that "he is not any better." I pretended not to hear or see him, and he went away to bed. Caught the second part of "*Voici le Sabre.*"

Third Day.—Same as two others. No time to write a letter.

Fourth Day.—As before, including no time to write a letter.

Fifth Day.—The *fête* of the Life Boat. Great rejoicings, and the performance of a melodrama at the theatre, in eleven acts, and a Prompter. I saw it *all* through. It was better, perhaps, than doing nothing; but I am not sure of this. The Mayor of Dieppe gave the maritime population the munificent gift of a hundred francs wherewith to enjoy themselves. The consequence was, the maritime population kept it up till five in the morning. They kept *me* up—I mean awake—till three. There was shouting, singing, and sounds of Bacchic orgies. Either the maritime population is very small here, or gets exhilarated on very little—one of the two, as one hundred francs is, I reckon, just upon four pounds; not a vast sum to expend, for instance, upon the entire maritime population of Brighton or Dover. However, shouting costs nothing, and I know there was plenty of that.

Last Day.—Farewell, *La Belle France!* Away to peñidious Albion. * * * * Concerning the voyage, let us be silent. Englishmen are born sailors. These steamers, some one said, are very comfortable. Yes, perhaps so. But they were always having dinner below. * * * *

Tea. * * * * Up to Victoria by train.

“Now,” I cried, “to rush into *mong Raydarkter’s* arms; then to settle with him my few outstanding accounts in *larjong* ready, Cab!”

I said adieu to my Italian friend. * * * * *Veev ler Soolturn! Veev lay Volunteers! Veev Longlaitair!* And so conclude the Peeps at Paris, taken on your behalf (mind that) by your devoted and loving correspondent,

PEEPER THE GREAT.

P.S. Your boy said you weren’t in when I arrived. I saw you lifting up the corner of the window blind. I have put this matter in the hands of my solicitor. Damages no end of *larjong*.

[The case has not yet come before a jury. Perhaps it will not. But at all events it *has* come before an intelligent Public, who, after reading these Peeps, will retire to consider their verdict.

Result, of course, for the Plaintiff (me), damages £2000 a year for life.]

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

NOTE.

The traveller has now made the Grand Tour, and done Paris. Let him see the beauties of Home, sweet Home. These notices, here following, of certain Quiet Watering-Places, will be found of the greatest possible use to him now and always.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

CHAPTER I.

WINKLEBEACH.



HAVING been deputed to fill the Office of Chief Travelling Explorer and Paid Official Adviser to the Committee of the D. U. Q. W. P. E. Company (Limited), which initials mean, as you are by this time probably aware, the Discovery-of-Unquestionably-Quiet-Watering-Places-in-England Company (Limited), I, on their behalf in particular, and in the interests of Society in general, have recently commenced my tour. The following is my report :—

Winklebeach, Sussex Coast.—Winklebeach, so called from the splendid specimens of the 'Winkle tribe found on its rocks, was recommended to me, as an out-of-the-way spot, by my young friend Shrymper, whose father, it appears, is the owner of some considerable property in the neighbourhood.

The Railway has not yet reached Winklebeach. The

nearest station is four miles distant. A message by telegraph is unknown. The *Times* is a luxury; an enterprising general shopkeeper procures an occasional copy of *Punch*, which he permits to be read in his shop at a halfpenny a head, finally presenting it, munificently, to the Mayor and Corporation of the Town. The Mayor is the monopolising baker, the Corporation is represented by the aforesaid enterprising general shopman. The Civil Executive Force consists of one un-intelligent policeman, who is under no sort of control, having refused to take any oaths on conscientious principles; he is on and off duty all day and night, taking turn and turn about with himself. The inhabitants chiefly get a livelihood either by lying on their backs on the beach, or walking out to the Downs, and then walking back again. The Elders of the people disappear usually at the early age of One hundred. There is a church, and an Independent chapel. The latter is remarkably independent, and seldom opens its doors. There are only six houses in any way worthy of the name; numerous thatched cottages; and an ancient hostelrie called The Old Inn. These particulars having been obtained from Shrymper, I decided that this, of all others, must be the shop for Quiet. Through *my* humble instrumentality, I foresaw the future Quiet Greatness of Winklebeach.

Of the means of Conveyance to Winklebeach.

Monday, July. Extract from Note Book.—The only traveller alighting at the New Station of Swashborough. Nobody cared about taking my ticket. At length, after

some trouble, a deaf old lady was summoned from her tea, by a small boy, who was digging potatoes. "Grandmother," cried the lad, "here's 'un wants to give tickutt." His aged relative received the pasteboard, and was returning to her placid meal, when I stopped her by asking, "if I could get a conveyance to Winklebeach."

"Sure," said she, and straightway gave directions to her grandson, who ran off somewhere or other, and in the course of a quarter-of-an-hour returned with Something or other, which we will term a vehicle. Such a vehicle! it wasn't a hackney-coach, because it was a bathing-machine, and it wasn't a bathing-machine, because it was a hackney-coach. In I got with my portmanteau, and an uneasy time I had of it over the rough half-made roads; for the hackney-bathing-coach-machine had not been fitted with patent springs, and was unprovided with a cushion. I cheered myself with the inspiring thought, that, at all events, the nuisances and annoyances of cockney civilisation had not reached Winklebeach, and, despite the fact of my being unable to remain on the seat for more than two consecutive minutes at a time, I was happy, idealising.

FIRST DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

4.30 P.M.—Arrived at the Old Inn, Winklebeach, facing a beautiful green leading on to the beach. Clear view of the sea. Everything charming. Not a soul about. Boy wants six shillings for driving me. I appeal to landlady. It appears that he is entitled to ask what he likes, there being a monopoly of fancy bathing coaches in these parts. I pay

him. Will I have a room? I will. Facing the sea? By all means. Dinner? Certainly. When? Now, or as quickly as possible. What will I have? What *can* I have? Oh, anything. Good. Then, let's say lamb. Oh! can't have lamb. No matter: a small leg of mutton. No mutton! No, not to-day, because it's Monday! What, not a chop? Oh yes, in twenty minutes. Chops be it, "Prawns and 'Winkles to follow, of course?" Of course. Platefuls of these are brought in after dinner. Like prawns, doat on 'Winkles.

5'30.—I have unpacked, made myself comfortable, and sat down to my chop. The sea-breeze fans me through the open window, and a peppering of sand sprinkles my plate. "The Sea! the Sea! the o-o-pen Sea!" and so forth. Here is quiet: real quiet. How very odd: I heard something like a cheer. Another. I am informed by the waiting-maid that a Cricket-match, *Trade v. Gentry*, is just being finished. Ah! a gala day, probably. Oh no, there's Cricket every day about this time of year, and a match once a week. Ahem! Well that's scarcely a drawback. I hear no more cheers. I will light a cigar and stroll.

7'30.—Not a soul on the beach, save a few fishermen mending their nets. So picturesque! they smoke while thus employed. *Pax vobiscum*, ye fishermen: go on mending your nets by all means. *Pax vo*—I can't help fancying that I heard an oath. Another. Another. Their conversation is limited; but seems to consist chiefly of oaths,

and objectionable terms of endearment. I shall quit the beach.

8 o'Clock.—In my room! Will have tea? What should I like? Oh, as usual. They bring two plates full of enormous prawns and 'winkles. Shall commence my report of this quiet place for my employers. "Winklebeach is the quietest place in——" Very strange, there must be a quarrel going on outside. In front of my window are assembled, I should say, *all* the inhabitants, mostly fishermen, fisher-boys, fisherwomen, of various ages and sizes; some sitting on the low sea-wall, some squatting, some standing,—but all, as far as I can gather, talking simultaneously. I ring for the handmaid. I am informed that "there is nothing the matter, they are only talking over the Cricket-match. They always do that." Oh, do they! Then I will slightly modify my report and say, "Winklebeach is, except in one trifling particular, the quietest——" By the way, the Cricket-match was between the Trade and Gentry. By this light I cannot distinguish the Trade from the Gentry; nor does their language materially assist me to discriminate.

8:30.—A great clattering, a shuffling of feet, and a confusion of voices in the room under mine. I ring my bell. Not fire, I hope. Oh dear no, the Cricketers are sitting down to supper. Do they sit down in this manner *every* night? Oh no, not every night. Thank you. "Winklebeach is, except in one or two trifling particulars, the quietest——"

9'15.—The tinkling of a banjo ! It is, there is no doubt about it, it *is* in the room below. Ha ! the burden of a well-known song arises ! Can I believe my ears ! “Is the Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green.” *Chorus*, everybody trying to mark time with their thick-soled clumsy feet, each man according to his own idea. “She’s as beautiful,” &c. I ring my bell. Does this go on every night ? No, this does *not* : man with banjo is a visitor. That’s lucky ; dropped in by accident, eh ? Oh no, he generally comes on a Cricket-match evening. Oh ! thank you. “Winklebeach is, except on Cricket-match evenings, when the man with the banjo comes, the quietest——”

10.—Somebody has taken to sing sentimental songs, with much chorus. As the night advances, the songs seem to be all chorus. Some rustic is trying *his* hand on the banjo. I shall go to bed. The wind has begun to howl.

10'30.—Cricketing Party breaking up. Rain. Cricketing party very noisy. Hail, I should say, judging from the pattering at my window. Stones, as I live ! Small stones. Crash ! I look out ; and am jeered at, perhaps by the miscreant with banjo. Feet scuttling away in all directions. An Englishman’s room is his castle. What a cold I shall have to-morrow. I light a candle to write this, and go to bed. How the wind has got up ; that reminds me, so have I. To bed. One line more. “Winklebeach is, with the exception of cricketing, supper-parties, and banjos, the quietest——” Puff ! Candle out. Bed.

SECOND DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

TO CONTINUE—*Tuesday Morning*.—Not slept well. Complain to chambermaid of being bitten. She asks, “did I go on the beach yesterday?” I did. “Ah well, great many fl**s on the beach. I must have brought ’em in.” Glorious weather. Fresh sea-breeze coming in at my bed-room window. My watch has stopped. The old clock on the stairs strikes five. One gets up early by instinct here. Few nursemaids and children about, and somebody in the distance bathing. “Early to bed and early to rise,” &c. Bah ! what a smell of stale tobacco and rum in the passage: bother the Cricketers and man with banjo. Order breakfast. “Up betimes,” say I, affably to the maid. Not earlier than usual. Oh ! I mustn’t mind the clock on the stairs ; the works are out of order. To-day it’s five hours behind. “What will I have for breakfast?” Oh, anything. Very good. Prawns and ’winkles.

11 A.M.—Walk out towards the beach. A few fishermen sauntering about. After all, this *is* a quiet place. I lie down and try to count the large waves. Little child wants to know what time it is. How can I tell? Dear me ! here’s quite a crowd of gentlemen coming on the beach. Excursionists, I’m afraid. No, not gay enough for excursionists. Surveyors, perhaps: inspectors of breakwaters or fortresses, only there are no breakwaters or fortresses. I’ve got it, they are the Gentry who played Cricket against the Trade. Five of the party, most respectable elderly gentlemen, sud-

denly take off their shoes and stockings, and dance bare-footed in the waves.

Three others commence leapfrog on the beach. Healthy, but eccentric. I ask a lounging boatman if the Cricketing gentry do this every day? Lounging boatman informs me, "Them ain't Cricketers, them's a party brought down, once a week, for a holiday, from the 'sylum." The Asylum? "Ay; them's lunatics."

I quit the shingle and enter a note. "Winklebeach, with the exception of the Cricketers, the Banjo and the Lunatics, is the quietest——"

12.30.—What will I have for dinner to-day? What *can* I have? Oh, anything. Well, say lamb. It appears that I may *say* lamb, but can't get it. Why not? Because it's Tuesday. As this is a perfectly satisfactory reason to the landlady, I content myself with saying, "Oh yes, of course," not liking to appear ignorant. Well then, mutton. Not mutton to-day, Sir, I'm afraid, because to-morrow's Wednesday. Well, a duck or a fowl. A fowl be it.

Note.—"The provisions at Winklebeach must be chosen according to the day. The butcher, it appears, kills something or other on Wednesday: it is therefore well to watch the butcher's proceedings closely."

One o'Clock.—Bring me luncheon. More prawns, more winkles, larger than ever. There is a broad green in front, specially adapted for loungers, who do not care about the

beach. Dear me ! what is that up there on a wall ? An advertisement, as I'm alive ! "Flickster's Mammoth Circus with an Elephant. Tumbling Clowns, and the Greatest Wonder of the World, Little Boolu ! The Grand Spectacle of Blue Beard !!!" Have I avoided London and the Gaslighted Theatre to fall into the clutches of Little Boolu ? It cannot be. Yes, it is, though. Coming events cast their shadows, and already the little children, freed from school, are frisking over the green—the lounge's quiet green—playing at the elephant, the horses, the tumbling clowns, Blue Beard, the Mammoth, Little Boolu and the Circus in general, by anticipation.

Note.—"Winklebeach, with the exception of," &c. &c. &c.

2 P. M.—I will seek a quiet spot under the cliff, where the circling seagull builds its nest, and all is chalk and cheerless. Solitude, I woo thee. What are those two boys doing with that gun ? Climbing about with the deadly weapon at full cock. Hallo ! Hi ! don't point it this way. The ruffians laugh. They pretend that they mistook my white wide-awake for a seagull. Here's twopence not to let off that gun near me. They take the twopence and promise. Good boys. Pop ! bang ! I knew it. They saw a gull and fired. Saw a gull ! Yes, I should think they did.

2.30.—Back to luncheon. From my window I see somebody in a uniform. "We shall be quite lively this afternoon," says the landlady. Lively ! Horrid idea. What does the

good woman mean? "Why, there's to be artillery practice and volunteer firing on the ramparts." The ramparts? "Yes, I can see the ramparts from my window." So I can, there's one cannon on them, and a flagstaff. Do they often fire the cannon? No, not often; but they will to-day.

3.30.—Volunteers take possession of Lounging Green. Every one comes out to see them. There are six volunteers and a corporal. There is a grand review. They charge the corporal, and storm the ramparts. The cannon is then fired at the sea; and Winklebeach trembles to its very foundations. This sort of thing oughtn't to be allowed. I have not read a line all day, and am so nervous from the firing, that I can't open a book.

4.30.—All over. Every one gone to dinner or tea. Perfect calm. Shall write and read. After all, Winklebeach is a very quiet—ah—what—An Organ!—An Organ!!! playing *La mia Letizia* very slowly. Can't he be sent away? Sent away, indeed. Residents pay him to come and amuse them periodically. There is a crowd already round the grinning Italian; all the Winklebeach windows are open, and trade generally is suspended. Away! Away! Over the Downs into the Weald of Sussex! Away! Away!

6.—I have been caught in the rain on the Downs, and have returned for dinner. Good duck. Organ-grinder gone. The wind has changed, and I fancy I smell drains. On inquiry I find I am right.

8.—After dinner, the Winklebeach Volunteer brass band play on the Green. The organ was better than this. The landlady thinks “they don’t play so bad considerin’.” Send for the bathing-hackney-machine-coach. I’m off. There ain’t no more trains to-night. *Houp-là tchk!* Here’s the Circus coming in: five caravans and another brass band. Everyone comes to the Old Inn. The Organ-man has not gone away! the Man with Banjo returns, the Artillery-men come in to drink, the Volunteer band fraternise with the Circus band, and all assemble, in the tap-room under my sitting-room, for orgie.

9.30.—I will avoid them and lie on the beach in the stilly night. It is no use, out of doors they are setting up Circus tents, and the hammering is unbearable. Their camp-fires smoke, and their lamps smell.

10.11.—In my room. Tea. Hang the prawns! take away the ’winkles! The bands playing in the room below, talking, singing, shouting, jingling of glasses and shuffling of feet. I ring my bell five times, and am not attended to. Will this noise last long? No, not long, most of the gentlemen (save the mark!) are going to bed. So it appears! Bang bang bang, stamp stamp, scuffle scuffle, up the stairs about twenty of them apparently. “Good night, Bill! Good night, Jim!” Bang bang bed-room doors. Row up-stairs, some one got into somebody’s room by mistake. Bang bang, scuffle scuffle. “Which is my room?”—“Where’s the candle?”—“Don’t make that noise!” (This request is shouted at the top of

somebody's voice.)—"Hallo ! Hi !"—"You're disturbing the house, Jim."—"Ha ! ha ! ha !"—"Here's my room," bang bang—"Here's mine !" bang bang—"Here are our rooms," bang bang bang bang, *ad lib.* Thank heavens ! While all sleep I can read Zimmermann *On Solitude*, and calm my agitation. They've begun throwing the boots out into the passage. More jumping and kicking and stamping overhead. The Circus Acrobats have got the room above and are practising for to-morrow. To bed.

Note.—"Winklebeach, with the exception of a Banjo, a Circus, its own native Volunteer band, its own Cannon, its weekly Cricket matches, its evening convivialities, is naturally one of the quietest—" Out, out, brief candle.

One o'Clock.—I relight my candle, in order to try and catch a confounded moth that won't let me go to sleep. Over the bed ; on to the drawers ; I've got him, with a towel, on the wall : no, I haven't. Hang the brute, I've fallen over the hip-bath. Somebody stamping above ; *knocking* at wall. "Will I be good enough to make less noise, as no one can get to sleep." 'Pon my word, that's cool. The moth is now secured under a tumbler. Such a specimen for naturalists, as big as a mouse ; a marine moth ; something between a large prawn and a bat : peculiar to Winklebeach, I hope.

THIRD DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

Wednesday Morning.—*Houp-là, tchk !* Boom, bang, boom ! Walk up ! walk up ! Full band belonging to the

Circus playing all the morning. I will hie me to the Downs. Winklebeach shall yet have a chance of quiet immortality. I will spare it yet one day. Breakfast. I loathe the sight of prawns and detest 'winkles. What will I have for dinner to-day? What *can* I have? "Well any part of the mutton." This is a puzzler. How many parts has a mutton? Shall I say a round of mutton, or a saddle, or a haunch, or a brisket, or a chine (if it has a chine)? All these sound to me like family joints. I leave it to the landlady. I seek solitude among the Downs. Rabbits may peep at me, sheep-dogs may grin at me, the hawk may circle round and round my head, the lark may carol aloft; I care for none of them; I am free! free!

1 P.M.—The mountain air induces appetite; I must return to Winklebeach. *Houp-là, tchk;* boom bang, boom! still at it. Swallow my biscuit, drink confusion to organ-grinders and street-musical nuisances in an inspiring draught of Bass: then off to the Downs to my friends the circling hawk, the savage sheep-dog and the bleating fold. Away! I will take my note-book and philosophise. I choose a retired spot. Certain itinerant minstrels on their road to Winklebeach insist upon playing to me. They look ferocious, and are three to one. I give them money, they pass on.

In my note-book, in pencil.—It occurs to me on the Downs that Winklebeach is a good place *to go away* from: that its proximity to the grand lonely Downs offers advantages to the contemplator of Nature that—

At this point I must have fallen into a sound sleep, from which I was abruptly awakened by great heavy drops of rain on my nose.—N.B. When it does rain at or near Winklebeach, it *does* rain : there's no mistake about it. In a few minutes I was wet through, and was forced to seek my Inn. Everyone driven from the Circus tent by the pelting rain into the Inn : the band as well. Boom boom, bang bang, in the tap-room.

4 o'Clock.—Squeaking of pipe. The *Pifferari* of the Abruzzi have arrived. Keep it up.

5, 6.—Rain. Performances going on down-stairs. There is, providentially, a lull during my dinner, in order to allow a Conjuror, belonging to the *troupe*, who has volunteered a performance, to make his preparations.

7.—Boom boom, bang bang ! By permission of the authorities the large room in the Inn is to be cleared for the Conjuror. "Will I come and see it?" No, I denounce the Conjuror and all his works. They'll all be gone to-morrow, says the landlady. Thank goodness !

9.—The Conjuror is doing a trick with pistols. It has appeared to me that for the last half-hour most of the Conjuror's tricks have been done with pistols. Tea. What can I have? "Nothing, except prawns and ——" Bah ! Shut the door.

10'30.—Singing and supper as before. *Pifferari* give an entertainment consisting of noises of their own native land.

11'45.—Winklebeach policeman is in bed, and won't come.

FOURTH DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

Thursday Morning.—Circus gone. Capital. Fine day. Delightful. Landlady says she's glad it's a fine day, because of the Regatta. The what? The Regatta. Where? Here, at Winklebeach: it begins at eleven, the German band from Wilfriston will be here at ten o'clock. What! another band! Landlady says it will be a very gay day. What, gayer than yesterday? I ask. Oh, yes, much gayer than yesterday. There'll be crowds of people here. Oh! What'll I have for dinner? I shall not dine to-day. Bring me *Bradshaw*. Send for the bathing-hackney-coach-machine. There's a train at 9'45 before the band. Farewell, Winklebeach.

Summary of Report for the D. U. Q. W. P. E. Company (Limited).—Winklebeach may be the quietest place, except in the Winklebeach Season, which I am informed lasts during the summer months. The living is pretty good of its kind; but restricted chiefly to prawns, 'winkles, and parts of the mutton. On the whole, in Summer, avoid Winklebeach. \

CHAPTER II.

GWRYSTHLOGWDD.



HERE have I *not* been since quitting Winkle-beach ! I've been roaming, I've been roaming, and I shall go roaming still ; but I'm coming, but I'm coming, to the conclusion that a really Quiet Watering-place is nowhere to be found. [This is the statement which I have had to put before the Company (Limited) in whose interests, coinciding, as they do, with those of my own mental and physical requirements, I have been lately travelling.] From Sussex to Wales.

First day.—Arrived at Bangor, very early in the morning. Went to bed in the Bishop's Arms. At breakfast asked Boots where was the Quietest Watering-place in the neighbourhood. In his opinion I couldn't do better than go to Gwrysthlogwdd. What name did he say ? "Gwrysthlogwdd." Oh, thank you ! Would he be good enough to write it down ? The Landlord would. Oh ! thank you again ! It was a place only just started, he informed me. Capital fishing. Beautiful falls. "The Menai Straits, as it might be here," he illustrated this with his napkin, and I said, "Yes,"—"and the sea round as it might be here," napkin again. Was there bathing ? "Yes,

he should say there was bathing : he knew there was shooting, because Sir John Llanrooster, who was as it might be the Squire, lived in the Castle which you'd see as you went by the road, which lay here as it might be"—in the direction of the ham on the sideboard. Very well ; then I would go in the afternoon.

Would I have a car or a boat ? I might go to Beaumaris by steamer, and cross to Gwyrstlogwdd in a small boat. I'd better to do this, as there wasn't a car in.

4 P.M.—Landed at Beaumaris. Where did I want to go to ? I showed paper with unpronounceable name written on it. Boatman couldn't read it. Intelligent person on pier deciphered it. Oh, thank you, very much ! No boat to be obtained just now, but if I'd wait an hour or so, something would happen to the wind or the tide, or both, and I could be taken across. Owen Owen would take me. Where was he ? Oh, somewhere. Very good, then I would leave my portmanteau in charge of the intelligent man at the pier, and visit the town.

4.30.—At Beaumaris Castle, viewing the ruins. In the chapel. Ah ! here the peaceful old monks used to pass their hours in silent meditation. How soothing ! How calmly could I here rest, and fancy the organ pealing forth—Toodle tum tum—tiddle tiddle tum. An organ ! by all that's inharmonious ! Playing "*The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue*" if I mistake not. I will seek the remains of the grand old refectory. Here at all events—"Just a little more lobster salad,

old fellow.”—“Don’t give him *all* the champagne.” Pop, pop, pop! “Oh dear! there’s a nasty grasshopper in my tart?”—“I say, we’ll make that old organ chap play a dance,” ha, ha, ha! “Of course.” A dance! in these hallowed precincts. It only wanted that to complete it. Away to the wilds of the watering-place with an unpronounceable name.

5’30.—On the pier. Intelligent man with my portmanteau not to be seen. Has gone to his tea. Oh, thank you! Owen Owen had sailed about a quarter-of-an-hour ago with the gentleman’s portmanteau. He thought I wanted taking across. He often does jobs of that sort. Does he? “His mate’d take me.” His mate is sitting on the pier railing, engaged, I take it, from the movement of his cheeks, in the exhilarating occupation of chewing tobacco. He expectorates obliquely, and nods. Evidently a man of few words. After a pause, during which I am looking at Owen Owen’s mate, expecting him to make an observation, he descends leisurely from his perch, and goes down a ladder at the pier side. Two more mates leaning over the rail commence a conversation in some guttural unknown tongue. Of course they are speaking Welsh. I *should* like to know what they are saying. They occasionally look at me and laugh, from which I gather that I am the subject of their remarks. Pleasant honest dogs, these sons of the ocean.

6.—Down the ladder and into a little cockle-shell of a boat. Very damp. After a good deal of bumping against the pier,

and shipping a considerable quantity of water, we are taken by a sudden gust which almost capsizes us, several yards (do they measure at sea by yards? no, it's fathoms or knots, I think—say knots) down stream—or up stream, for I can't make out which way the water is going; it appears to me not to know its own mind. "Rather dangerous sailing here?" I inquire of Owen Owen's mate. "Very," says he. Evidently, as I remarked before, a man of few words. "A mate o' mine was drown'd here," he says, in a husky voice. "I never can pass this here point," he adds, "without drinking summut."

While engaged in this touching tribute to his friend's memory, he gave me the sail line (is that the name?) to hold. I do this cheerfully, but nervously, withal.

Ten Minutes afterwards. He is still drinking the pious memory, occasionally stopping to meditate. I gently suggest, that if he would not mind steering a little, we might get on in a more even manner. At this moment, there comes, what Owen's mate calls a lurch.—I finish this note on landing. Oh, ye gentlemen, who live at home at ease, how little do ye think upon the dangers of crossing from Beaumaris to Gwyrsthogwdd. In a second the large sail was anywhere, nowhere, flapping about in the breeze. He told me to hold the line loosely, and I did. I, myself, was jerked on to the floor (is it floor?) of the boat, where I lay, with the ballast. Owen's mate used language unbecoming a Christian and a Welshman. Being in his power, I pretended rather to enjoy his observations than otherwise. We couldn't get up to the

shore, on account, he said, of the tide. The land was half a mile distant, and not a soul to be seen anywhere. I was strongly impressed with the quietude of Gwrysthlogwdd.

“Halloo !” cried Owen’s mate. No answer. Owen’s mate used language, and said, that I must help to get the blanky boat in, unless I wanted to sit there, till turn of blanky tide. When might that be? Oh, three blanky hours hence. Evidently a man of few words, and those of an emphatic character, which he uses as often as possible. We prepared to jump into the briny deep, and tug the boat to shore. When I say *we* prepared, I mean, *I* did. Owen’s mate going in, boots and all. Owen’s mate did give way to his temper, fearfully. I explained as politely as possible, that I had not been brought up to this kind of work. It never struck me, until now, that Owen’s mate had been drinking. Gwrysthlogwdd is, at present, too quiet a place, at least, just in this quarter. There’s not a creature to be seen, and the inebriated son of the ocean insists upon leaving his boat, and carrying me on his back to land. I submit, without my shoes and stockings. Through a lot of sandy, slushy mud, we gain the beach. Owen’s mate had kept himself on his legs, and me on his back, in a wonderful manner. What is his fare? Five shillings? He shakes his head. Six? He won’t hear of it. Seven? He’s impracticable. H’m ! I see a fisherman on the beach. Here, my good man, how much shall I give Owen’s mate? Fisherman, a good-humoured looking person, shakes *his* head, and says, down in his throat, some words which sound as if consisting chiefly of “g’s” and “r’s.” Is it possible, he doesn’t understand English? Another fisher-

man comes. "How much shall I,"—Good gracious! he is shaking *his* head. They are all shaking their heads; Owen's mate sleepily.

Two more inhabitants, female, come down on to the shingle. Two little boys make for the boat, returning at a run, with my shoes and stockings. Upon these I seized, and after putting them on, presented Owen's mate with half a sovereign. Seeing this, the male and female natives, and the two little boys, set upon Owen's mate.

7.—From this distance, *i.e.*, the door of the Inn of Gwrysthlogwdd, I can still see them fighting for the prize. The mate's boat has disappeared, and this is how you get to this new Welsh Watering-place, by water. I have since ascertained that the way here by land is only safe to those thoroughly acquainted with the Mountain Geography.

First Note. Made in my diary, on the door-step of the Old Village Inn. This is, *indeed*, a Lovely Quiet Place. I will knock and inquire concerning accommodation, and, by the way, my portmanteau.

7 P.M. *A Beautiful Summer's Evening.*—Before knocking at the Inn-door—it struck me that it must indeed be a *very* quiet place, where one had to knock at the door of the hostelrie, in order to attract attention—before knocking I surveyed the exterior. It was everything in a rural way that could be desired. Honeysuckles, wild roses, and tame roses too for ought I know, mingled with the ivy, that, in

climbing up to the roof, almost hid the windows from view. I cannot say whether it was the ivy that mingled with the honeysuckles or the honeysuckles with the ivy, not being a horticulturist, but the general effect led me to exclaim, with much feeling, "This is indeed quiet; this is indeed charming: here could I stay for ever: let me enter within the pretty rustic porch, and make inquiries."

I fancy I hear a growl. No doubt about it. Within the rustic porch, right in front of the door, lies an enormous dog, of a shaggy and uncompromising appearance. Let me see: let me try to remember some anecdotes of savage animals, and the way to master them. There's nothing like fixing your eye upon them. I do this, and he fixes his eye on me. I advance one step: the intelligent animal lifts his nostrils up quiveringly, and displays his teeth, still growling. If I retreat, he will follow me; if I advance, it is evident that he will be down upon me—very much down upon me. I say "Poo' fellow, there, poo' old f'low!" and try to appear as if I wasn't afraid of him. He's not to be taken in—evidently a dog not to be trifled with. 'Pon my word, it's very wrong to leave him out here. It's very dangerous. Where's Owen's mate, and the rest of the combatants? All disappeared. My involuntary turning at this moment towards the beach has roused my canine detective. He is on all-fours. I never saw such an uncouth beast. I have been since informed that they are very common in Wales, and run about loose over the mountains.

The inn-door was suddenly opened by a gentleman, who (as I subsequently ascertained) filled the lucrative offices of

Boots-and-Stableman ; this undaunted person said grrrrrrrrrr to the dog ; and the animal, who, was nothing more than a bully after all, making a great show before a stranger, slunk off, growling and gurgling within his hairy self.

“Is my portmanteau come?” I inquire. A buxom, trim-looking, elderly female appears. The Landlady, doubtless. Yes, a portmanteau has arrived. There it was. Mine? Yes. Now, if you please, would you show me to a room? Can’t do that. Why not? Because there isn’t a room. Oh! “At least, not empty. You see, sir,” she goes on to explain, “It’s Saturday.” This did not at first sight make the case much clearer, and strongly reminded me of Winklebeach and the Butcher. “And on Saturday, you see, sir, there’s them Excursionists——” The what? “The Excursionists from Bangor, and Beaumaris, and all such places. Lor’ bless you! and we has ’em from Chester too, sometimes, for the fishing and picnicking.” I sat down on my portmanteau. “The pleasure parties” (Pleasure parties! confound ’em!) “all stops here.” Bright idea! I will go where the pleasure parties do *not* stop. Come, Boots, shoulder my portmanteau to the other Inn. “The other Inn! Lor’ bless you! there ain’t no other Inn!” But I can’t get back to Beaumaris. No, they say, I can’t do that. Well, then, what *can* I do? I want dinner and a bed: only for to-night. Landlady looks at Boots, Boots at her. They’ll manage it somehow. There are some young College gentlemen, who are on a reading party, as wouldn’t mind my joining them. *They’ve* got the sofas, and a mattrass or two, in the parlour. I can have a shake-down under the

table, or on it, if I like. Here's a prospect! Where are all the people now? Oh, they've not come in yet. They're out fishing and amusing themselves: some have gone out to the coast by Llandudno, shooting Puffins. Did I ever see a Puffin? No: hang the Puffin! What'll I have for dinner? As usual, what have they got? Well, there's a nice piece of beef. Good! the very thing. "They had that for luncheon," says a neat waitress, who has been summoned to the conclave. Who's they? The young gentlemen from College. Well, what else besides beef? A nice cold fowl. Good! By all means, fetch the fowl. Waitress is afraid there aren't much left o' that. It turned out that there was *nothing* left of that. "The young gents had taken it out, with some Tongue, thinking as they might be hungry." What young gents? Them from College. Oh! Well, what *is* there? "They're a cooking dinner now," says the Landlady; "but tain't to be ready till half-past eight, and I dare say they won't mind your dining with 'em. They're very nice young gentlemen—full o' life and fun." They must be: I'm sure they must be. But I wish they wouldn't take a whole larder out with them. Will I have some bread and cheese? Yes, just to stay the appetite. I nose the cheese coming along the passage, and confine myself to the bread.

8.—While they are preparing the table for the high-spirited young Collegians, I sit by the open window, in full view of the Menai Straits. There is a peaceful air about this place, that inclines me to commune with myself, in my

note-book. The hum of the insects soothes me. I wish that man had not begun mending something or other in the yard. I don't know what it is, but it seems to require a great deal of hammering. The Landlady comes out smilingly. She is saying something to me. I really can't hear a word. She gives me to understand (by dint of shouting, in opposition to the hammer), that they can accommodate me with a bed, but not a room to myself. They've got an old iron bedstead, which Owen is nailing together. Oh, thank you. That is, in fact, the cause of the hammering. Oh, thank you, again. She said Owen, I believe? Yes, that is the name of the Boots. It is *her* name, also. It is, in fact, the name of most of the people about here. When they're not Owens, they're Evans; Evan Evans, Owen Owen, or Evan Owen or Owen Evan, for variety.

8.30.—Whoop-whoop! Who-whoop! I hear shouting: I hate shouting. Perhaps the approach of savage Welsh tribes. More whoowhooping! "Hollo! Mrs. Owen!" "Here we are again!" More senseless whoowhooping and shouting announces the arrival of the Three Jovial Collegians.

Mrs. Owen explains my peculiarly painful position. They say, "Oh, all right!" and dispense with any further ceremony by at once hoping that I have a good appetite, and asking me whether I should prefer having my dinner at once, or adopting the alternative of waiting until I got it? This was put to me by the shortest of the three, and elicited a roar of laughter. Such laughter! you could have heard

it miles off. "We've only," said the tallest, "a very quiet little dinner!" Quiet! Is it possible? It may be; but not another day do I stop here, if I can possibly help it. Dinner.

8:45 P.M.—At this hour we dined. When I say "we," I mean the three Jolly Companions from College, and myself. The name of the first—I call him the first, because he was the tallest, strongest, and loudest of the party—was, as I gathered from the other two, Scissors. He had another name, I presume, but I didn't catch it. The second was known, among the friends of his youth, as the Gorilla. I need not dwell upon the peculiar fitness of this title; if Du Chaillu had seen him, he would have shot him out of hand; and serve him right. The youngest and smallest was invariably addressed by an initial letter, J., and always spoke of himself in the third person, as J. W. H.

I was very hungry; "so were they;" and this announcement on their part, seeing that they outnumbered me by two mouths, was, on the whole, rather unsatisfactory.

"There, Stranger," said the Scissors,—at this appellation, by the way, there was a roar of laughter,—politely giving me the first ladle-full of soup, "Peg away. If you want any more you must holloa." It was a very small ladle and not quite full; I smiled, as cheerfully as possible, by way of answer, thereby wishing to intimate that I should be ready to "holloa" in a very short space of time. I hate holloaing, and should have preferred saying politely, "Mr. Scissors, if my honourable friend will permit me to call him so, will you kindly

oblige me with some more soup." The others were still hard at work with their spoons, and of course, though I had finished in less than a minute, I did not like to intrude my wants upon their necessities. J. having scarcely swallowed his last spoonful, had no such scruples, and at once reached out his plate to Scissors.

"Allow me," said I, handing it for him in my most elegant manner.

"All right, Stranger." All laughed at this. "J. W. H. is the boy for soup," said J., speaking of himself. It is but justice to him to say, that he was the boy, not only for soup, but as it afterwards appeared, for beef, poultry, tart, cheese, and anything that came to table. As I handed J. W. H.'s plate, the Gorilla was waiting with his. My turn came next, but Scissors somehow managed to get another platefull, while I was ringing the bell at the request of the Gorilla, who was, in point of fact, much nearer the bell-handle than I was.

"Hullo, Stranger!" another roar that went through my head like a cannonade. "What do you want?"

I explained that soup was my object. More laughter. Scissors was afraid that there was no more soup. I could have the tureen if I liked. Roars of laughter.

"If you'd only sent word that you'd been coming, you see, J. W. H.," said that young gentleman, "would have killed the fatted veal." More laughter, during which the waitress enters, to know what we want. Strange to say, one after another deny the fact of ringing.

"The Stranger rang," growls the Gorilla.

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" Shouts of laughter.

I am obliged to own that I *did* touch the bell, and am in the foolish position of being unable to say for what purpose.

"Sherry," suggests Scissors.

"A bottle of Sherry," orders the Gorilla, surlily.

"J. W. H. is the boy for sherry," says the least of the Jolly Collegians, winking at me. Mrs. Owen sends in her best sherry (Heaven defend me then from Mrs. Owen's worst !) and the repast proceeds.

Oft as I have regretted my want of a College education, I never felt the want of it so much as at this moment. The cheery young fellows gave me many opportunities of joining in their conversation, of which I was no more able to avail myself, than if I had been dining with the chiefs of a Red Indian tribe conversing in their own native tongue.

J. W. H. would ask, for instance, "Did I know Baxter of Corpus?" Well, I didn't, and though I tried my hardest to interest myself in an anecdote concerning the aforesaid Baxter, yet I could not but perceive, that my ignorance was a subject of pity to my companions who, while Baxter was on the *tupis*, did not even try to make their remarks intelligible.

It was much the same when Scissors began. "Do you recollect old Smith?" Well, both the Gorilla and J. W. H. recollect old Smith, and for the matter of that, so did I; and what was more, I said so. This astonished them. I was about to observe, jocularly, that Smith was not such an uncommon name as they might imagine, when the Gorilla inquired "whether I meant Smith of Keys?"

"Of Keys? No. The gentleman I was alluding to was neither a locksmith, nor"—

Roars of laughter, in which I joined, having evidently made a joke without knowing it.

"J. W. H. drinks your health, Stranger, and that of Keys!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" Whereupon I nearly choked myself in my endeavour to laugh heartily, and drink to J. W. H. at one and the same moment.

The Gorilla here rose from his chair, and slapped me violently on the back. He said he had heard it was good for that sort of thing. Thank you, much obliged. Should he do it again? No, thank you, not again.

"Keys," they informed me, was spelt *Caius*: but I wasn't to be taken in like that.

10.—The Dinner is over, and the Least of the party has announced that "J. W. H. is the boy for pipes." And so it appears; having a store by him of short black, navvy-looking clays, old meerschaum pipes, and wooden dittos. I am no great smoker, but agree to the proposition that a quiet cigar after dinner—a *quiet* cigar, mind you,—will be most acceptable.

We sit at the open window, and are happy. Let us stroll out. A drop, two drops, a pelting shower. Let us step in. By all means. Boots says it will rain all night now, and—here come the excursionists, on donkeys, on mules, on ponies, in cars, on foot, huddle-muddle, sopping, soaking, in they come, a party of damp strangers.

"Will the gentlemen allow a few of the party in their room?" asks Mrs. Owen.

"No ; J. W. H. knows a trick worth two of that," is the accommodating reply.

Whereupon the moist Tourists, who have been, and still are, counteracting the effects of the water outside by taking restoratives internally, become abusive, and breathe vengeance and brandy. Collegians defy the Tourists, and Tourists defy Collegians. Tourists prepare to storm the sitting-room. "If you please," I say, "I think I should like to go out." Pooh ! Would I side with those Snobs of Tourists ? No, never ! "We (the Collegians) will give them a licking. J. W. H. is the boy for a row." Confound him : he seems to be the boy for everything ! I attempt to demonstrate that the Tourists, though undoubtedly Snobs, have the advantage of us in point of numbers.

"What of that ?" asks Scissors. Well of course I say, not much ; only that perhaps instead of our licking the Tourists, who evidently are, I confess it, Snobs, it may eventuate in the Tourists——

"Get out of the room, Sir." Gorilla has commenced. "Gentlemen, I really must——," voice of the Landlady. "What the blank—who spoke to you?—as much mine as yours—pitch into him. I hope you'll consider—leave the room—shan't—bang, bang. Bow-wow-wow. Grrrr." Window smashed—charge of the Boots, and arrival of Owen Owen and his mate, in a dreadful state of intoxication ; also Evan, Evan Evans, and other boatmen, who have been drinking in the tap. Owen's mate will interfere. Owen Owen threatens him in very strong Welsh. Row in the parlour still going on. Fearing lest I might be led to do something rash, I have

escaped by the window, and am viewing the exciting scene from a safe point, in the rain. The boatmen threaten Owen Owen. Owen Owen retorts. Owen's mate hits somebody, who has not spoken. Bang, bang ; scuffle, scuffle. The row has become general, inside and outside. In the midst of this I hear the rattle of wheels and smacking of a whip. I wish I could be driven away ; but I can't see any vehicle, and very soon I can't hear it.

11.—Bang, bang ; crack, crack ; scuffle, scuffle. Mrs. Owen is frantic. I endeavour to console her. She says if I was a man I would stop it. What was I doing there, sneaking out in the wet ? I do believe she wanted me to join in the fray.

I showed her how unreasonable she was. "Nonsense : it was all my fault, what did I come setting people by the ears for ? If it hadn't been for me, this wouldn't have happened." "My dear Mrs. Owen——" "What did I say—oh, yes, I was laughing at her, (*sob*) when she'd done everything to make me (*sob*) comfortable ; but not again would she put herself out for the likes of me, sneaking about in the rain, while people were being murdered, (*louder*) murdered, indoors. Oh, I needn't try to hush her, (*louder*) she knew what she was saying—and—and" (here she became very violent and vague)—"and she wasn't going to be put upon by an Outcast !" (By "an outcast" I believe she meant me.) "Oh, I needn't come soft sawdery and carneying her." The row suddenly subsided, and general attention was attracted towards me.

"He ain't been insulting you ?" says the Boots. I ! insult a female ! And what's more, my hostess !

Come, we'd better say no more about it, and get in—"But I ain't to be bandied about and put here and there in this manner—no, not for the Emperor of the Indies, or the whole lot of 'em." Theoretically inappeasable by the blandishments of the potentate, or potentates aforesaid, she yet allowed herself to be mollified by Owen the Boots.

11.30.—Every one has subsided. Those who are lucky enough to have bed-rooms have gone to them. Our parlour is being fitted up for the night. The Collegians are smoking and laughing in the porch with some Tourists, with whom they have now fraternised. I am writing on the only sound chair in the place. The iron bedstead, which Owen was hammering at in the afternoon, has just been brought in for me. It appears to be ingeniously constructed of loose pieces of sharp iron, painted blue, and unattached screws. They have no mattress, but produce a couple of blankets. If they will bring in my portmanteau, I shall be able to—ahem!—the waitress understands me and retires. She returns. "Did the gentleman bring a portmanteau?" *Did* he? Why she saw it. She doesn't recollect. Well the Boots saw it. "He don't recollect nothing of the sort." Well the Landlady saw it. In the passage. Oh, yes, the Boots remembers. Good fellow the Boots. Gave him sixpence. "It was the one with the label for Bangor on it." Yes, yes: sharp chap that Boots. Well, where was it? "Well, sir, Evan Evans' cart were here in the middle of that there row—" Well, well! who's Evan Evans? "The old deaf Carrier." Well! "Well, he took it off along o' him about an hour or so ago."

That explains the smacking of the whip and the rattle of wheels. Confound Evan Evans, and I've been standing in the rain all the evening.

[*Parentetical Note.*—Since the publication of my first paper on Gwrysthlogwdd, I have received some fifty or sixty communications, by letter, by telegram, by prospectuses, by local newspapers, in which strongly-marked lines were described about certain paragraphs intended for my special notice, and through the various other media afforded us by the enterprising activity of this progressive age, informing me concerning the existence of small retired watering-places of that very character, which it is the highest aim and object of the Limited Company, whose representative I am, to preserve. Should, however, these places become generally known, our great and good object will be defeated. Suppose Gwrysthlogwdd to be the spot required (which, as I have already demonstrated, it certainly is not), then if Mr. and Mrs. Mundus (under this name you observe I playfully, yet with somewhat of a classic dignity, express the World and his Wife), then, I say, if Mr. and Mrs. Mundus come down “to be quiet” at Gwrysthlogwdd, how long will the quiet of Gwrysthlogwdd remain? No; let me receive private information, by all means, about such places, but none of your flaming advertisements, sent hither and thither through the length and breadth of the land. Our Company will quietly buy up any promising village or small town of the required description. We shall establish a quiet hotel, where the servants, chambermaids included,

shall be dressed in quiet colours ; the bar shall be provided with quiet cigars ; quiet pipes shall induce postprandial snoozes. The hired horses shall be " quiet to ride or drive." The only approach to anything like a manufactory in the place shall be a Still ; and if the village possess but an unpronounceable name, so that to answer the question, " Where are you going to stay ?" or " Where have you been stopping ?" or, " To what place does such and such a road lead ?" will be a verbal impossibility, then we shall have arrived at something not very many degrees removed from perfection. I have offered the above remarks in the most charitable and friendly spirit, for it is a grief and a pain to me to see such a chance thrown away by publicity, as occurs in the following advertisement, kindly forwarded to me by a most estimable lady, whose name I have thoughtfully erased :—

PLAS MAWR, Penmaenmawr, North Wales.—A first-class MARINE RESIDENCE, to be LET, for the month of October, containing four entertaining rooms, and fourteen bedrooms, with a private bridge over the railway to the beach. Apply to —, Plas Mawr, Penmaenmawr, Conway.

With four entertaining rooms, one person alone need never be at a loss for society. I should like to see a sketch of the marine residence in water-colours. Then the name ! Any attempt at pronouncing it would throw the bold divulger of our secret into strong convulsions. There are, I believe, masonic words which may not be breathed save in the most hushed whisper. But this—Oh no ! we never mention it, its name is *never* heard ! The local government should

issue a law against penning or in any way engraving the title. There should be no chance of the place being "written up," because no penny-a-lining scribbler should be allowed to write it down. Alas! it is another's, it never can be mine!

I beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for the lengthiness of my parenthetical remarks; but, as you see, the grave necessity of the case must be my excuse for this introduction. I have done, and resume.]

12.—*Midnight*.—The Collegians have retired to what they call rest. I cannot get a wink of sleep. After a few turns I begin to know where the sharp nails and screws are in the iron bedstead. By lying on my left side angularly, I find that these inconveniences may be avoided. When I say angularly, I mean as if I were sitting; so that an imaginary line drawn from my chin to my knees would form one of the sides of a triangle containing a right angle. Occasionally oblivious of consequences, I produce one side of the triangle, and come in contact with something unpleasantly sharp. Being no Stoic, I cry "Oh!"

"Don't make that infernal row!" growls Gorilla, from a dark corner, where he has a comfortable sofa.

"Throw something at him," suggests J.

Scissors, who has been accommodated with a regular portable bed, turns himself sulkily about, and asks why the blank I don't go to sleep?

I begin to explain the reason. "The fact is," I say——

"Oh! *do* hold your row," growl the three in chorus.

I cannot get to sleep. Clocks, that I had never heard before, are now ticking supernaturally loud. It seems as if I was in a watchmaker's shop. Somehow or another the Collegians don't mind it, and drop into the arms of Morpheus without any difficulty. For the first time this evening they are quiet. Quiet! did I say? Scissors has commenced snoring. Such a snore! I really thought at first he was choking, and in my agitation to render prompt assistance, sat upon the sharpest nail—I should certainly say *the* sharpest—with which I had as yet met. Confound Owen, the Boots!

Some one grumbles out something sulkily from the corner: it sounds like a horrid threat. I must be still as a mouse. Absurd simile! I could swear I hear a couple of these little brutes scrambling about under the fireplace. Possibly imagination! Let me hope so.

It strikes One, solemnly. The church tower takes the lead, and is followed, at intervals of two or three minutes, by four diffident house clocks. A miserable piece of mechanism on the mantel-piece of our room, makes a great fuss with a disjointed nondescript bird, and then finishes by striking two. Scissors gives a single snore by way of correcting the eccentric little timepiece, and all is again quiet. A rat begins scratching inside the wainscot. There *are* mice; and *in* the room. I detest rats and mice.

The moon is shining in through the chinks of the shutter. Another of the party has begun to snore, in a different style too, and alternating with Scissors. Is there anything more annoying, more irritating, than snoring? Snuffing and

smoking may be selfish habits ; but oh, the selfishness of snoring ! The rat in the wainscot has been joined by other rats, and the walls are alive. I shut my eyes, and try to, as it were, play at being asleep. The effort makes me more wakeful than ever.

I even try, by way of furthering the illusion, a sort of amateur snore, but give up the attempt as entailing physical suffering, and a probability of waking my companions. Was that a blackbeetle on the floor ? I have heard dreadful stories about blackbeetles. There is no crime I believe that a blackbeetle will not commit. Supposing that one should get into my boots ! I am somewhat nervous about stretching out my hand to lay hold of my boots, lest a blackbeetle should crawl on to my fingers. I will leave it to chance.

The church clock strikes something or other, I am unable to say what, perhaps a quarter to some time, or half-past. I make a reference to my own watch, which having stopped at eleven on the previous night, is of not much use to its owner. The boards begin to crack, at intervals. So do the chairs and the other articles of furniture. The rats are enjoying themselves. I wish it was daylight. I try to count ten backwards and forwards. As a mental exercise it has its advantages : considered as a method of inducing sleep, it is a failure.

Dear me, how strange, J. is getting up. I inquire after his health. He takes no notice. He walks to the window with his watch in his hand. "My dear sir," I say. He opens the shutters. This strange white figure standing bolt upright in the pale moonlight makes me feel very uncom-

fortable. He's walking in his sleep!!! I'm in a cold shiver. At this moment recurs to me a horrible story about some traveller who was stopping at a monastery and forgot to lock the door of the cell in which he was placed for the night. I recollect that a sleeping monk walked into this cell with a knife, and——ugh! What is that he has in his hand? Oh! only a watch-key: he can't do much harm with *that*. He is winding up his watch. He sighs heavily. He must be very cold about the legs. I wonder the others have not been awakened by the moonlight. Yes! they *have* been disturbed, and are now moving. Scissors is the first. I try to attract his attention to the condition of his friend. He understands me: at least he gets out of bed and walks across the room. Heavens! He *doesn't* understand me. He approaches the window. Good gracious! is it possible? He too is walking in his sleep. What are nails in a bed to this? I have seen the nuns in *Roberto* at the opera, and the statue in *Don Giovanni*. I remind myself that I am no believer in ghosts. It won't do. I think of Amina, and try to whistle an air from the *Sonnambula*. My lips are parched, and I feel as if I was going to be very ill. I whisper across, fearfully, to the Gorilla. Perhaps he knows how to deal with his friends in this state, and will kindly awaken them. The Gorilla rises. I beg him, over the edge of my blankets, to be cautious. He heeds me not. Ha! ha! The horrid truth breaks in upon me, stronger than the pale moonlight! *They are all walking in their sleep!* What on earth shall I do now?

I fully expected that in the morning I should find my

hair turned white, as did those celebrated prison locks in a single night. My mental relief, when the three somnambulists safely returned, each one to his own couch, may be, if you allow me the use of a novel phrase, "easier imagined than described." Unable to close my eyes or my ears, I endeavoured to amuse myself with my note-book. With the results, the Limited Company have been already made acquainted.

3'30 A.M.—Day breaking: evidently too early, as this morning's light is getting confusedly mixed up with last night's moon, the effect being to make the paper of my note-book a pale bluish colour, and I am writing this very line in a large round-hand scrawl, not unlike what I have been informed are Spirit characters, which will be perhaps illegible by broad daylight. Spirits, indeed! Pooh! I can just see to write POOH in capitals. And yet in this strange hazily-lighted hour, the no man's land between Yesterday and To-morrow, my imagination can picture Unsettled Existences on the confines of space, Beings neither altogether unearthly nor entirely ethereal, Incomprehensible Agencies capable of visiting us mortals even in our own rooms! What's that? Oh, nothing. Isn't it, though? Can Nothing open that door which I could have sworn had been locked by Scissors? Yet the door *is* being opened without any visible cause. Perhaps it's the wind; perhaps it isn't. I will get out and boldly examine the phenomenon. On second thoughts, I think I'll do nothing of the sort. I can hear my own heart beating loudly under the blankets. I am now

altogether under the blankets. The notion occurs to me of burglars. I have heard some bold persons say that they'd rather meet flesh and blood at night than Spirits. Supposing that Burglars are flesh and blood, I think I'd rather meet Spirits. Shall I rouse the Collegians? Let me see. It would take a minute at least to wake them; another minute for them to gain a clear idea of their frightful position; and in the meantime what would the burglar, or burglars, be doing? Is any man, at any time, in any way, under any circumstances, justified in imperilling a life, called merely by courtesy, his own? Under favour of the blankets, between whose folds this colloquy between caution and temerity was carried on, I decide in the negative. As a chivalrous hero, I picture myself leaping forth to the combat; as an unmuscular Christian citizen, I breathe as quietly as possible, and allow one eye to peep out, over the blanket, as a cautious reconnoitring party.

Something is moving about somewhere—crawling, as far as I can make out: puffing occasionally, blowing slightly; proceeding for a very short distance at a great pace, then stopping altogether for the space of a minute, then setting off again in another direction. Is it the savage dog? No; nor does it sound like a cat. I know I shall be very ill to-morrow morning. Will these fellows never wake? The creature, whatever it may be, is on the floor at the foot of my bedstead. I feel a tug at my blankets. More blowing and sputtering, and uncouth sounds, like partially-formed words. Oh! if I do but live over this, farewell to Gwyrsthylogwdd, the Haunted Watering-Place! A bump on the

floor, and another pull, ever so much more violent than before, at my blankets. I am in a cold perspiration. Ha ! Something terrible has happened in the passage outside ! There are footsteps, and female voices. The Landlady, quite dressed, followed by a maid, enters the room with a light. "Sorry to disturb me," she says. Sorry ! Bless her ! I am delighted to see her. "Oh, Mrs. Owen, there have been such terrible——"

"Here he is, mum !" cried the maid, jumping forward towards the end of my bed.

"Oh, Sarah, how could you leave him ?" said Mrs. Owen, reproachfully.

Sarah ! Leave him ! *Him !* Whom ! Was I dreaming ? Were they talking of *me*, in my presence ? Had the events of the night turned my brain ? or was I in a trance ? Sarah was on her knees, as far as I could make out, struggling with some resisting power on the floor by the foot of my bed. "What a young monkey it is !" said Mrs. Owen.

A Monkey ! What an escape I had had ! perhaps from a juvenile Gorilla, presented to the place by some seafaring man, amenable only to the voice of its recognised keeper, Sarah ! I remember Edgar Allan Poe's horrible story, founded on fact, of an Orang-Outang, who committed atrocious acts with a razor, and I shuddered gratefully.

Where was the imitative caricature of Man ? Still on the floor. I would not attract his attention, lest he might break from his Sarah, and fly upon me. Those animals are so uncertain.

"Do get the blanket out of his mouth, Sarah, and take him away," said Mrs. Owen.

Take him away, by all means ! What ! swallowing a blanket ! Does the creature unite to the mischievous tastes of a Monkey the digestive capacity of a Boa Constrictor ? Is it a monster only known in Wales—one-third Monkey, one-third Boa, and the remaining third Constrictor ! Horrible !

"A naughty icky sing that wants to feel its tootsy-pootsies and go a walking it does," said Sarah.

"Hey, what ? Fondling a brute like that ! Why surely, Mrs. Owen——"

"It's just your time that you wanted to be called : the clocks is wrong, sir, church one and all," said Mrs. Owen, throwing back the shutters and letting in broad daylight. "But I'm sorry as the little 'un should have worried you, sir."

This was said to me : the others were gradually turning and waking.

"The little 'un ? the monkey ? the boa constrictor ?"

"Lor' no, sir ; you ain't arf awake : it's BABY here," she answered.

Yes : in Sarah's arms, wriggling to regain the floor, was a large-headed no-haired infant.

"He's just a beginning to walk, the young monkey, and when his nuss's back's turned (you mustn't leave him again, Sarah) he'll just crawl in and out anywhere."

Did the Landlady and the nurse tell the story to the Collegians and the Tourists, who, within an hour, were all bustling about the place preparatory to starting upon their

several expeditions ! I do not know ; but as I drove away from the inn, in a springless vehicle much patronised by the natives, the crowd waved their hats (which considerably fringed the horse and myself), and a detestable excursionist brass band of amateurs struck up an air to which J. W. H. sung loudly an absurd song commencing “ I would I were a Baby ! ” which caused such shouts of laughter among the giddy Tourists, as rang in my ears biliously for half an hour afterwards, and only ceased altogether when we were half way on our road to Bangor. At Bangor I found my portmanteau.

Note.—I hear that Gwyrsthllogwdd is always, during the summer, in this state of excursionist commotion, and therefore cannot be recommended to the Limited Company as *The Quiet Watering-Place* of which I am in search.

CHAPTER III.

FRESHCHURCH.



OW it ever occurred to me to choose the Isle of Wight, I don't know, except, perhaps, it was at the recommendation of an old gentleman who got into the train at Chester. To him I detailed my miseries.

"Why," he asked, unhesitatingly, "Why don't you go to the Isle of Wight?"

Well, I couldn't answer him. Why didn't I go to the Isle of Wight? Why hadn't I gone there long ago? He really appeared so personally hurt by my neglect, that I felt inclined to beg his pardon ; but didn't.

From my Diary.—I recollect having been taken to Freshchurch, in the Isle of Wight, at the early age of ten. The subject of our present memoir—I mean myself—was accompanied by his respected parents, who, I know, loved quiet no less than does their unhappy child. Well do I remember Freshchurch ! (I make this note in the railway carriage, which is joggling about from side to side, most unpleasantly.) We lived in a pretty little cottage facing the sea, and backed by the loveliest scenery in the island. There *was* a village—

a quiet, miniature village—whose chief feature, in my recollection, was the shop of a General Dealer, who, in one emporium, united the trades of butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, haberdasher, tailor, grocer, and, on my word, I know not what beside. The goods seemed to have sympathised and intermingled their separate flavours with one another. The shop had a brown holland smocky-frocky-printed-calico-treaclely smell, and a peculiar closeness of its own, which, mellowed by the presence of ground coffee, tallow candles, and large cheeses, produced a compound scent, pleasant enough, perhaps, in the nostrils of the proprietor, but slightly overpowering to a chance customer. Here my nurse used to buy me a spade and sand-boots : the former lasted me for a fortnight, the latter for two days. As far as I remember, we were the only visitors there. Delightfully quiet. Yes ! I would get out at Southampton, and steam over to Freshchurch, Isle of Wight, *viâ* Ryde.

Ryde.—I find that I could have gone on in the boat to Freshchurch. No matter—I can drive over. Pretty country, if I recollect aright. During a walk up and down the inclined planes of Ryde streets, I come to the conclusion that I am the only member of the male sex on shore. Within my recollection I have never seen so many ladies in a town. And so pretty ! Had some cherry-brandy at a pastrycook's. Such a pastrycook's ! The Queen of Hearts ! She made some tarts, and I had the pleasure of eating them ! Heigho ! Here is my fly, with my portmanteau. Away ! for Freshchurch and tranquillity ! Ho ! During my drive I con-

gratulate myself on my admirable forethought. In years gone by, the Dolphin was *the* Inn, the small, old-fashioned hostelry of Freshchurch, wherein my father used to occupy a pleasant apartment, "number forty." So I had sent on a letter, only yesterday, to the landlord of the Dolphin, ordering "number forty" to be reserved for me.

Freshchurch.—Is it, indeed? Very much altered. "Werry much so," says the flyman. "'Ere's the Dolphin." Then the Dolphin has grown pretty considerably—that's all I can say. And here is the Landlord, who has grown very considerably; has, in fact, been changed altogether. Yes, I am the gent for number forty. "Take Forty's luggage up." A great ringing of bells. Hate bells. I wish they wouldn't do that on my account. Neat chambermaids flash before me: a muscular Boots shoulders my portmanteau, and disappears. The Dolphin, impersonated, and myself are at the door. What is that I see from here? A pier? A pier! Dear me. And people landing, too, from a steamboat, and other people looking at the people landing. "Yes," says the Dolphin, with pride, "Freshchurch is quite a gay place now." Gay! You don't say so! He *does* say so, however, and, what's worse, evidently speaks the truth. There are three steamers at the pier-head now. A bell rings. Rush of people. Another bell. More people running to the boat. Horrid excitement. Bell again. And may I ask does that—ahem!—bell *often* ring? "Oh, yes; pretty well." What does he mean by "pretty well?" "Well," the Dolphin explains, "it gives notice ten minutes afore a boat's a going to start: then it

rings again to let passengers know as there's only five minutes more afore they go: then it rings—a good long 'un—to fetch up the stragglers at the last moment: that's all." Oh, that's all, is it? "Well, the look-out man's obliged to ring when any boat's a-coming in." And are there often boats a-coming in? "Oh, mostly every quarter hour or so." Oh, this is charming. Gracious! there's another bell? What's that for? "That's for the navvies to leave off work: it rings to bring 'em to it in the morning, and then for their meals during the day. Yes, Sir," says the Dolphin. "What with the churches in the town, and the boats, and the workpeople, we're pretty well off for bells." Yes, I should think they were!

And this is Freshchurch! The romance of my boyish years has vanished! Now I look about me, I see there's a Marine Parade, and a Cliff, and a Sea-view Terrace, and a Belvedere Mansion, and all is green, white, glazed, bilious, vulgar, and bustling. There are Coastguard-men on shore, and men belonging to the Customs on the pier, and there's a toll-keeper with a creaking wicket-gate. I suppose he has a bell too, somewhere, just to ring when he's nothing better to do. "Will I have a goat-chaise?" Pooh! go along, little boy! The goat has bells on its abominable harness. I wonder my landlord hasn't bells in his cap. P'raps he has: on Sundays. There are donkeys and Bath chairs; "and," my Landlord informs me, "we've got an excellent—" I stop him—I know what you're going to say—no watering-place is without it—a Band! "Yes, that's it," he says. I thought so: and they play at four o'clock, don't they? "Of

course." Ha ! Ha ! I knew it. On the pier ? "Yes." Naturally. This is the style of thing. And perhaps there's an opposition band ? Eh ? Don't tell me there isn't. I am becoming ironical. He does *not* tell me there isn't ; because in fact there *is*. It plays in front of the Dolphin ? "It does !" Charming !! Glorious !!! Oh, Freshchurch, how art thou fallen !

I continue my pleasantry. Are there fireworks in the evening ? Oh dear, yes, he should think there were, rather. Oh, the Dolphin would think there were, rather. Eh ? Very good. Rockets, and squibs, and wheels ? "Oh, yes," says the waiter, "and a couple of cannon, and a Storming of Sebastopol, with a hexplosion !" A hexplosion, indeed. About what time ? I ask, calmly. "Oh, atween eleven and 'arf-past." Ah ! just when I like to be getting off to sleep ! Delightful ! And of course there's a ball now and then ? "*A* ball ! There's one every other night at the Assembly Rooms" (Oh dear ! there are Assembly Rooms, too !), "and there's a dance in the Dolphin's Blue Room, when there ain't any other ball a-going on." Charming ! And public pic-nic parties, and yachting parties, and archery meetings, of course ? "Oh, of course, lots of them." I could have sworn it. And Volunteer Reviews ? Eh ? "Ay, and Naval Volunteer Reviews and Artillery practising, too. And then there's the Tivoli Gardens, with a theatre, and swings, and games, and such like. Lor', sir," says the Dolphin, "you can't be dull here." Oh, no, you can't be dull : you can't even sleep, I should say ! "Then, once a month, there's the Mammoth Circus——" Eh ? What ?

No, don't say Flickster's? "Yes, Flickster's." What, with little Boolu, Blue Beard, and the Elephants? "That 's it. Do I know it?" *Do* I? Was I not driven away from Winklebeach by it? "Well, they 'll be here to-morrow morning." Will they? Then my resolution is taken. "They come always, it appears, about race time." Race time? Yes, the Dolphin informs me that in *his* opinion I am rather in luck's way, as I've just arrived when the horse races and yachting matches are beginning. "The Jockeys and Sporting gents arrived this afternoon. They always patronises the Dolphin. Rather lucky as you ordered your room in time, sir," observes the waiter, "as number forty was sure to be taken. Dinner, sir? Yes, sir; there's honly a hordinary at six." I abominate public dining. "Well, I could have it after the gents was done! But we always does a hordinary—a *tarbul don't* as they calls it—during race week." The waiter wouldn't recommend, he says, my dining *after* the gents was done, as there, perhaps, wouldn't be much left, and that not very hot. Cheery prospect! I'll think over the matter. "It's a quarter-past five now, sir." Very well, I'll dine at the "hordinary." Now to my room. I'll sleep here to-night, if the bells and the fireworks 'll let me, and by the first boat to-morrow morning I 'm off, or I 'll know the reason why.

"Number forty, sir? Yes, sir. Chambermaid, show Forty to his room." "This way, sir." Rather small this room, eh? "It's the old part of the house, sir." And, dear me, a smell of stables, I fancy. "Well; it *may* be," she says. Why so? "Because—in fact, the stables are just

underneath." Oh, indeed! "Yes, sir, the racers have got 'em now, and the jockeys." Well, I'll have another room. "Can't change now, sir, as we're quite full. All the rooms is taken during the race week." Hang the race week! Number forty ain't used as a bed-room generally, it seems; being appropriated to harness. "We only gives this usually to the Trainers, or such like gents, as likes to 'ave an eye on the 'orses." Yes, but I'm not a trainer, nor a gent as likes to 'ave —— "No, sir, but you sent word on as we was to keep number forty specially for you." Ah! so I did. Pleasant.

6 P.M.—Alarm bell rings. Goodness! Fire? "No, sir, it's the hordinary." I am ready.

After the Ordinary.—With an extra ordinary attack of dyspepsia. Have I ever dined with Bears? I never had that pleasure: probably if the chance were afforded me, the Bears would dine, and I shouldn't. I here merely record the fact that such a set of Bears, as sat down to the "hordinary" at the Dolphin, Freshchurch, I never met. "Nev-ar, Nev-ar, Nay-var!" as Mr. J. B. Buckstone would emphatically declare, with a distension of cheek and a shaking of head, irresistible. How they *did* eat! and in what a fashion! I really felt inclined to warn one closely-cropped gentleman against so rash a mode of using the knife, as that in which he was indulging. Judging from one or two of his remarks, which were somewhat of the unnecessary-strongest, that he was not the sort of person to take a stranger's interference

in good part, I restrained myself, and trembled for his safety. An accidental twist of the knife, one slice either to the right or the left, and there is no knowing what amount of food this already capacious mouth might have, at one and the same time, accommodated. I could not choose but watch him; and, watching, saw the knife sliding about the very edge of this elastic crater, and in the midst of beans and bacon paused in horror. These gentlemen generally seemed to be rather partial to an approach to the raw material in their victuals. The cook knew their palates evidently. He, or she, had left undone everything that ought to have been done; and he, or she, was a sinner above all others, in consequence: hence my dyspepsia; hence this note, writ immediately after the bear-fight. There were only two waiters to twenty-five or thirty guests, and this pair attended, specially, to three or four very horsey-looking gents, tight in the trousers, stiff in the neck, red in the hands, with a ring, a pin, or a watch-chain of such an obtrusive character, as to attract your attention some seconds before you had connected these phenomena with their exhibitor. They scrambled for greens, they dashed with knives, spoons, and forks, at potatoes; they shoved the salt about anyhow, and pulled the mustard-pot away from one another, without a word of apology. While yet their mouths were full, they would ask for more, but utterance being impossible, they ingeniously knocked the backs of their knives against the tumblers, to imitate a bell, and thereby summon the attendant. The waiter, having evidently his master's interest at heart, came when he chose,

and didn't come when he didn't choose, which latter case happened once in every three calls.

8 o'clock.—More bells than ever on the pier. I am told it is the last boat coming in. I think I shall walk on to the pier, and rejoice over the last boat. Crowds on the promenade. I will avoid the promenade and affect the pier, which I see is less frequented, just now, than 'twas a few minutes since. It is two-pence to go on to the pier. Well, two-pence is not dear for peace and quietude. The toll-taker stares at me. Why not? perhaps he can't help it. Yes, here I can walk alone, and view the broad expanse of waters. Nothing save the Blue, the Fresh, the Ever Free beyond the pier-head, except—"Yeo heo! Yeo heo!" Hullo! what's that? Nautical sounds. Sailors landing at the pier-head. Smugglers, p'raps. No! Yachtsmen. They are lugging something up. Can't they do it without all that noise? What *are* these people doing? Will I "bear a hand" with a pole? No. Then I'd better "get out." I get out accordingly, and ask the toll-taker what is going to happen. The Mayor and the pier authorities, it appears, have granted permission for an *al fresco* dance on the pier, to be given by the yachtsmen. "It'll be a pretty sight." Will it? But it *may* rain? Yes: that's one comfort, it *may* rain, and that'll stop the noise. "Ah! then, they'll have it in the Dolphin." Heaven forbid!

10.—It has begun; on the pier; and, as far as I can see and hear, it has begun everywhere else. In the hotel, out

of the hotel, on the promenade, on the pier. I am getting accustomed to the sound, and shall go to-bed. The bells are at it again. Talking of bells, I will ring and ask at what time the first boat starts in the morning. Dear me, where *is* the bell? There is not such a thing. I should say that this is the only room in Freshchurch without one. No matter, I 'll call.

10.30.—I have been calling for about a quarter of an hour. Oh, here's some one. "Did I want anything?" Did I? Yes I do. The boat starts it seems at seven in the morning. "There's sure to be some one up at that time." Very good. To bed.

11.—Not asleep. The noise won't let me. Music everywhere. When I say music, I judge that it *is* music when you are close to it, and take each band separately. But, from my position, a conglomeration of sounds reaches me, peculiarly unmelodious.

11.30.—Fireworks. They cheer each rocket, and shout unmeaningly at everything else.

12.—Dancing in-doors. I light a candle and try to read. I blow out my candle, and give it up as a bad job.

1 A.M.—Noises, banging of doors, people going to bed; more noises and scuffling. Why can't they go to bed with-

out scuffling? However, that they *do* go to bed at all, is a thing for which one must be thankful.

2.—Now I shall sleep. Hullo! Somebody comes into my room. A gentleman, in evening dress, carrying a candle. I start up and say, "Hullo!" He will apologise and retire. Nothing of the sort. He walks up to me, holds the candle unsteadily before me, smiles and shakes his head. He is drunk; and, with a candle, dangerous. He wants to show me how the fireworks are done. I object, and request him to leave the room. Where's my bell? Oh, I forgot, there isn't one. He tells me, in an idiotic fashion, that I am a jolly good fellow, and then makes a miserable attempt to give the same sentiment musically. I ask him politely why he doesn't go to his room? He says, "this is his room." I point to the fact of *my* being here, as negating his assertion. He says, indistinctly, that "he's very glad to see me; and allssshallbeverglad to see me." He means that he shall always be very glad to see me. For my part, I don't care if I never set eyes on him again. He takes a seat, and shakes his head at his boots, in a reproachful manner. What on earth am I to do? Hi! Somebody else at the door. Another gentleman in evening dress. Also intoxicated? No. He apologises for the intoxicated person, who, he says, is his friend, and then, with some difficulty—owing to the incbriated person's still existing desire to show me, practically, how the fireworks are done—removes him.

3.—I will now sleep ; and at seven good bye to Freshchurch.

At seven I left Freshchurch. At eleven I was in the train for London.

When at home I began to arrange the above notes of my travels There and Back, and finding that, in consequence of the emptiness of London, I was likely to have "the conversation all to myself," I set to work to consider the compilation of a Guide to Conversation. "I shall attempt," I said to myself, "to treat the subject systematically and philosophically." How I have succeeded it is for my readers to decide.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

NOTE.

You are back again in town, say for the winter. One want has presented itself during your travels: you wanted topics of conversation. The student will find the whole subject treated in the following pages, and will hereafter be ready for any place and any society.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

CHAPTER I.



SOCIETY has "long felt the want," to quote any modern Prospectus, of a Conversational Guide. You meet your dearest friend, and display the most tender interest in the state of his health by inquiring, "Ah ! How *are* you ?" To which Dearest Friend returns, by way of answer, "Ah ! How *are* you ?" and there the matter ends. It is all one to both as if the reply had contained the most ample information upon the subject. Everything must have a beginning, and this will serve as the initiative step in a conversation.

Some people are utterly flustered and dumfounded on being suddenly met, and after the first greeting which may be as above, remain silent, each nervously waiting for the other to begin. Perhaps the next movement is for both to speak at once, and then for each to withdraw his words in favour of the other.

A. sees B. in the street ; he doesn't particularly wish to speak to him, and has nothing of any especial consequence to

say to him, yet he finds himself compelled, as if by a sudden inspiration, to stop him.

A. (stopping B. and taking his hand). Hallo ! How are you ?

B. (whose powers of thought are immediately prostrated). Ah ! How are you ?

[Awkward pause, during which A. begins to wish that he had only nodded and passed on, and B. is considering what novel observation he can make.]

A. You 're looking well.

This is said in a tone implying that the speaker isn't to be taken in by mere outward appearances, and that there is no use in his friend's saying he 's very well if he isn't.

B. Yes, I am very well

This is boldly outspoken, albeit somewhat rashly, as he straightway remembers that he has been laid up with sciatica for the last ten days : so he delivers himself of a sort of corrected copy of his former statement.

B. (confusedly). When I say I am well, I mean I haven't been well lately.

(It is evident of course that he never meant anything of the sort.)

Another awkward pause ensues, after which A., finding that his friend manifests no interest whatever in *his* physical condition, volunteers the following information.

A. Well, I 've not been near so well lately as I might.

This conveys the idea that he might have been better in health if he had liked, but he didn't choose to take a mean advantage of his privileges,

And here it may be noted that if you tell an invalid that you yourself are far from well, he immediately takes it as a personal affront to him ; a piece of coolness on your part in intruding upon his unhealthy domain not for a moment to be tolerated. It is not unlikely that the slight mention of your complaint will make him literally boast of his physical infirmities. You 've had a headache you tell him : "Ah," returns the invalid, "but you don't have pains shooting right through the head, and all over the eye, like sharp knives. That's a headache, if you like," says he, as if it was something to be proud of rather than otherwise. You humbly admit his immense superiority in this respect, and piously express a hope that *you* may never know his sufferings. Yet somehow or another even as you speak you are dissatisfied with yourself, and would like to be on an equal footing, or rather, heading, with him ; failing that, you set him down for a bit of a humbug, a man who makes "such a fuss about a mere bilious headache." You congratulate yourself that you are *really* as ill as he is, only you won't show it, and are bearing up like a martyr, while you can't help feeling annoyed with him for trying to obtain sympathy under false pretences.

To continue ; B. doesn't wish to hear A.'s symptoms, so observes, that "he is afraid that he is rather in a hurry." Why "*afraid*?" Why "*rather* in a hurry?"

By the way, there are some men who are always in a hurry. That fellow Twinch knocks at the door of my chambers, "*must* see me immediately," I hear him say in the passage, and in he rushes.

"Hallo, Twinch !" I say, "sit down."

"Can't sit down," says Twinch, placing his hat upon the table and immediately taking it up again. "Can't stop a moment. I only just looked in to see how you are."

I thank Twinch, and offer him a cigar.

"No, No, No! can't! haven't time," says Twinch, shaking his head fussily and walking to the window, out of which he stares for five minutes at the pump or the porter in the court below, while I continue my work.

"Well," he says, presently clapping his hat on his head, "I must go." With that he places himself with his back to the fire spreading out his coat-tails. I go on steadily with my pen, taking no notice.

"I won't disturb you, now," says Twinch, after a silence of about three minutes, during which he has been gazing up at the topmost and dirtiest window-pane, "I see you're busy."

"No, not very," I tell him, for courtesy's sake.

"Ah! but *I* am!" returns Twinch, rousing himself and hurrying to the door, which he partially opens, "Must be off. Most important—most important." This he says while rattling the door-handle. (I can't bear anybody rattling a door-handle.)

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"Eh! Oh! Ah! Well I don't quite know; but I can't stop."

"But what are you going *for*?"

"I don't know, but it's most important—most important. Good bye." And with a bang of my door (can't bear a man who bangs my door) he is off.

Not for good ; oh, no. He returns in something under five minutes and pops his head in.

“What now?” say I.

“Oh!” the exclamation invariably serves him as a sort of apology, “I wanted to ask you if you know a fellow of the name of Mumpton, John Mumpton, eh?”

I own that I have never even heard of Mumpton.

“Ah!” Now he’s rattling the handle with one hand and some keys in his pocket with the other (can’t bear this trick).

“Ah!” he repeats, with the air of a man who had been utterly thrown out of all his calculations by an unexpected discovery, “Then you don’t know Mumpton—John Mumpton. Ah! well! it doesn’t matter, or else it might be important. Mustn’t stop any longer!” And off he goes again, this time in real earnest.

It is all through Twinch that I have gone astray. The present writer set out intending to give you many valuable and useful hints upon Talk for Travellers, a kind of pocket *Itinerarium* containing what to say and how to say it, but *on his road he met with a*—Twinch “with his Roley Poley,” or something no less idiotic than that insane chorus ; and so having been thus delayed, he can only safely promise more hereafter upon this now generally interesting social subject.

CHAPTER II.



OUR Profound Thinker, chiefly on account of his being perpetually lost in the profoundest thought, is the worst possible hand at opening a conversation if suddenly addressed in the street.

Codger is one of this sort. In his own study Codger will sit in a perfect bath of papers covered with intricate equations and logarithmical approximations. In the matter of times and seasons I had rather have Codger hung up in my hall than my present barometer, on which the younger members of my family are fond of marking whatever kind of weather best suits their fancy, thus causing me considerable inconvenience in the matter of great coat and umbrella. Now, although Codger is such as I have stated him to be, yet I have known him to become absolutely imbecile when unexpectedly hailed in a public thoroughfare. On a pouring wet day I came upon Codger, or rather we came against one another at right angles.

"Hallo, Codger!" I exclaimed, and immediately added, by way of a jest, which he from the nature of his pursuits would appreciate, "Quite tropical weather this, eh?"

And Codger, who was totally unable to bring his tre-

mendous powers of mind to bear upon the manifest absurdity of my observation, gravely replied :—

“ Yes, quite.”

Now I dare say that after we had parted, Codger, on his senses returning to him, began to consider that his reply had not been the best that could have been given by him under the circumstances.

Some there are who being thoroughly taken aback by their friend's salute, have a happy knack of making up for their want of readiness in conversation, by pretending to make an attempt at recollecting what it was they wanted to say to you.

A. (stops B. in the street without any particular object in so doing). Ah, Bodger, I thought it was you. (After making this sensible remark, A. smiles in a most amiable and friendly manner.)

Bodger (making an equally sensible reply). “ Did you ? ” (They both smile.)

A. Yes. (Smiles again, and looks at Bodger, as much as to say that he can't keep up the conversation all by himself, and that it's his, Bodger's, turn to speak now.)

Bodger (who has not got the faintest notion of what is to come next, adopts a cunning method for gaining time and collecting his scattered senses). Let me see—what was it I was going to say to you? (puts his head on one side, like a raven).

A. To me ? (This in a tone of surprise, but merely for the sake of saying something.)

A. feels that Bodger is acting a part, and Bodger is per-

factly sensible that his friend sees to the bottom of his shallow device.

In this little game they waste perhaps ten minutes out of the real business of their lives. Perhaps it does them good.

A. (after Bodger has been in deep thought for a few seconds). What was it? can't you remember?

Bodger (pretending to be in despair). No, *(after an interval of thought shorter than before),* No!

A. Well, it couldn't have been of much importance, whatever it was. *(This, incredulously.)*

Bodger (knowing full well that he is detected, but playing out his part to the last). Yes, it was though; I shall think of it presently. All well at home?

Of course he neither wishes nor waits for an answer to the anxious inquiry, but straightway nods his head, smiles on his friend as if encouraging him to keep on being "quite well at home," and with a mutually hearty shake of the hand, they say, "Good bye."

And away go Bodger and A. in opposite directions. Does "what he couldn't recollect but wants particularly to say to A." ever trouble Bodger's mind again? Not a bit of it. That laughable farce is over for these two at present.

With some folks, to be recognised from a distance in the street is even worse than being happened upon while sharply turning a corner. For instance, Dumpkins going down the street, sees Eddiwigs, at some eighteen feet from him, coming up, on the same side; and at the very same moment Eddiwigs sees Dumpkins.

"Here's Dumpkins," says Eddiwigs to himself.

"Here's Eddiwigs," says Dumpkins to *himself*.

The next thought not expressed in words that occurs to both is, that the meeting is very awkward, and that they wish they could get out of each other's way. As there is no escape, without absolute rudeness, each rather slackens than quickens his pace ; Dumpkins looking from left to right as if unconscious of the approach of Eddiwigs, and Eddiwigs looking straight before him, but not at Dumpkins, but over his head, at an imaginary point in the atmosphere. They have plenty of time, each silently to himself, to arrange at least a fair opening for a sensible and useful conversation ; yet such is the fascination that the approach of Dumpkins works upon the otherwise strong-minded Eddiwigs, and so powerful is the spell worked by the advancing Eddiwigs upon the vigorous intellect of Dumpkins, that each tries to ignore the presence of the other, and each vainly endeavours to distract his own attention from the coming trouble.

Dumpkins must in all human probability meet Eddiwigs at last ; and so must Eddiwigs Dumpkins. I verily believe that were there no personal convenience consulted, they would choose rather to be whirled up in the air, or to vanish somehow suddenly, than come across one another at that precise moment. However, they do meet. Hands are shaken. What is coming now ? Nothing. Speechless ! grinning feebly at one another like a pair of nervous idiots. Dumpkins is the first to rouse himself to something like a sense of the absurdity of his position. With a violent effort, he says, hesitatingly, "Well ?"

This cleverly throws the *onus loquendi* on Eddiwigs.

But of what *he* says, and of what any one else says, and of what every one under the circumstances ought to say, with the method of saying it, I will leave to the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.



THE last picture, uniting two subjects, to which I begged to call your attention, was that of Codger surprised in the street by myself, and of Bodger in the street surprised by A. These together would form an admirable cartoon, and Mr. E. M. Ward is welcome to the idea; whereupon I drink a water-glass to his health (to *his* by the way distinctly not to *mine*, not being a hydropathist) and return to our theme. Two persons unexpectedly and suddenly meet one another in the street, and straightway each is more abashed by the presence of the other, than would be any pickpocket caught redhandkerchiefed in the fact. As it is my intention presently to show what *ought* to be said, and what ought to be left *unsaid*, I must, in order to represent what actually *is* said on such occasions as the above mentioned, very briefly recapitulate a portion of the previous chapter.

Stand up, don't breathe upon the glasses, keep both eyes open and observe,

SCENE—A Street in London. TIME—Mid-afternoon.

Our Dramatis Personæ consist of Two Friends, whom we will call 1st and 2nd Citizen. This may be termed Method No. I.

1st Citizen (meeting 2nd Citizen, and feeling compelled to stop him as if he had got something of the utmost importance to communicate). Ah !

This in a tone of surprise, accompanied by handshaking.

2nd Cit. (in same tone). Ah !

Now these exclamations ought to be written after the fashion of the libretto of a duet.

1st Cit. } Ah !
2nd Cit. }

1st Cit. How are you ?

2nd Cit. (with remarkable originality). How are you ?
(Then with some slight originality). Eh ?

We have previously noticed that no answer is expected by or from either party.

1st Cit. Well ! (Smiles at the top button of 2nd Cit.'s coat.) Well ! (Suddenly.) What are you doing with yourself now, eh ?

This is given as if expecting to hear that his friend is the same good-for-nothing worthless fellow that he always was, only worse. Now on hearing this question, *2nd Citizen* somehow or another does not feel altogether comfortable, and entertains some hazy idea in his mind that, under no circumstances, is an Englishman bound to criminate himself. Consequently, as if he had some deep designs to conceal, he replies, in a careless and indifferent manner, evidently assumed, "Oh ! um—much-as-usual-you-know" (all one word), "much as usual."

Now this style of answer takes it for granted that his friend has been, for some time previous, deeply interested in

his movements ; his friend, it need hardly be said, has never thought or cared a rap about him. By the way, this phrase “to care a rap” is expressive, and was even more significant when knockers were the sole means of making oneself heard at the street-door. One who “does not care a rap for you” evidently means a man who never thinks of calling at your house. But to hie back.

“Now,” thinks *1st Citizen* to himself, “I’ll show him that he isn’t everybody, and that *I* haven’t even heard of him for an age.” This is, as it were, an aside for—

1st Cit. (*aloud and in an offhand manner*). Still living at Camberwell?

2nd Cit. (*roused to a sense of snobbish indignation by the thought that there should exist a creature who remembered when he lived at Camberwell : says, as if trying to recollect the time of such residence*). Camberwell? Camberwell? (*Repeats it like a sleepy ’bus-conductor.*) Let me see— (*Suddenly.*) Oh—ah—yesyesyesyes (*all one word, a string of affirmatives*)—Oh ! we’ve left *there* a *very* long time.

1st Cit. (*utterly uninterested*). Oh ! then you’re—(*cleverly*)—then you’re somewhere else now, eh?

This is not a bad hit as far as a mere guess goes.

2nd Cit. Yes. Oh yes, we’ve moved. (*Debates within himself whether he shall communicate the causes that urged him to his migration ; decides that he will do so*). Yes, we’ve moved ; for the fact is that (*alters his mind*) Camberwell was all very well (*contradicts himself*), but it was rather a nuisance, and so (*finds that he’s getting into difficulties*), and so we moved.

1st Cit. (*who thought that his friend would never come to the end of the story, says with an air of relief*). Ah !

Pause. During which they eye one another, then clear their throats several times, as if they'd each swallowed a chicken bone.

1st Cit. Well—er—

2nd Cit. Well—er—

1st Cit. (*not wishing to be abrupt*). Good-bye. I'm very glad we met.


2nd Cit. So am I. (*And evinces his delight by at once saying*). Good-bye.

1st Cit. (*as he moves off calls*). Look in and see us one of these days, do. (*Rushes off before his friend has time to ask for his address.*)

2nd Cit. (*speaking really to nobody*). With pleasure.

Of course *1st Citizen* does not want to see *2nd Citizen* again, and *2nd Citizen* never intends to call, and so ends the First Method.

CHAPTER IV.

“ES,” you will say, whoever you may be, “the First Method of Street Talk is decidedly faulty; but how shall it be mended?” Thus:—

In order that you may never be taken by surprise, and your conversational powers utterly paralysed by the sudden apparition of an acquaintance, be prepared with certain sentences, which shall be equally well adapted for all occasions, ordinary or extraordinary. With such assistance be it mine presently to provide you.

I purpose giving you certain idiomatic phrases; these can be easily acquired, and glibly rattled off at a second’s notice. But there will occur to every thoughtful and provident mind, a case of two persons meeting, where, though *one* may be ready with the pre-arranged words, as just now mentioned, the *other*, either from not having duly studied this work, or from a naturally defective memory, shall be unfurnished with a fit and proper reply. This difficulty shall likewise be overcome.

The student must adapt the conversations here given to his own peculiar circumstances. He must also take the *pabulum* set before him *cum grano*; for there will be certain things on table to suit some tastes, and others others.

EASY AND FAMILIAR PHRASES AND DIALOGUES FOR USE
IN THE STREETS,

*Arranged chiefly on the old Ecclesiastical Plan of Versicle
and Response.*

THE JOVIAL GREETING.

V. Why, Jones ! (*Raise the eyebrows, smile, bring the right hand down with a slap on that of your friend ; this is intended to convey the notion of heartiness.*)

R. Ah, Smith ! (*Imitate the above pantomime, and grasp Smith's hand manfully.*)

V. Hallo, old boy ! (*Applicable to a person of any age, from sixteen years old upwards.*)

R. Well, old fellow ! (*A modification of the foregoing.*)

This may be termed the Prelude. Now then comes the Topic. In all cases, be it understood, that meteorological and valetudinarian questions be compounded and dismissed as follows :—

V. I see that you are pretty well, perhaps very well—it is immaterial to *me* ; and so am I—that is immaterial to *you*. At least, I won't enter into particulars about *myself* ; nor do I wish you to say anything concerning *yourself* ; time being far too precious to be wasted in details so totally uninteresting to each of us.

R. You are right : and, as you have a pair of eyes and a constitution of some sort, it will be superfluous, on my part, to inform you as to what kind of a day it is.

Instead of commencing, “ Did you read the account of the

debate last night?" or, "Seen the *Times* to-day? By Jove, how Gladstone did," &c.

Politics will be thus discussed :—

V. If, my dear Jones, you have seen to-day's papers, I am unable to add to your stock of knowledge ; if not, I have got something better to do than give you a *resumé* of the *Times*.

R. I have read, my dear Smith, the daily papers, and have arrived at the conclusion, that a slipshod discussion on important public affairs by two private individuals in the street, can to no great extent advantage the policy of the Nation.

In lieu of commencing social topics with the hackneyed observation, that "Town's getting very full," or, "Not many people in Town now," according to the time of year, the conversation, unaffected by changes of season, shall flow on invariably in this stream :—

V. You know, as well as I do, what's going on in Town, and whether it is a gay or dull season ; and if you do not, it doesn't matter to me.

R. I've not seen you about anywhere ; but, of course, I've not looked for you, nor have I missed you.

V. Particulars concerning the operas and theatres you have, probably, as much chance as I have of ascertaining for yourself.

R. True : and your opinion upon such matters will not affect my enjoyment : nor, as I am aware, will mine, yours.

V. I daresay we shall both be at the Derby, or Ascot, or Newmarket. As we neither bet, it doesn't signify.

R. I've no doubt I shall go. Whether we meet there or not is indifferent alike to me and to you.

V. I think that this conversation should now come to an end.

R. Decidedly so.

V. Let me, therefore, say, that we are all quite well at home, or not all well at home, whichever you like.

R. Oh ! I don't care ; and so are we, in any state you like.

V. Thus having satisfied conventionality without an effort, let us shake hands and say good-bye.

R. Good-bye.

You may dispense with any Hearty Humbug about, "Look us up, old fellow," "Mind you drop in and see us at any time," and so forth ; but let the originally jovial character of the salutation be kept up in the valediction, thus :—

V. "I am very glad that we have met," as it will obviate my calling upon you, and we need not stop one another in the street for a long time to come.

R. "I am really delighted to have seen you," and do not care if I never set eyes upon you again.

V. Good-bye, old boy (*kindly*).

R. Good-bye, old fellow (*patronisingly*).

These V.'s and R.'s should be got by heart, or rather, by head and mouth, the heart having but very little to do with it. Supposing that you have mastered this dialogue, then, on meeting a friend, at once proceed to throw out a feeler in the shape of the first Versicle ; should he not return the proper Response, try him with the second ; should he fail in this also, I will explain to you in another Method how the difficulty may be surmounted.

CHAPTER V.



BEFORE coming to other methods of Street Duologues, I will devote a few lines to the combination of three or more parties in the street.

Let it be supposed that you, Mr. A., Mr. Anybody, accidentally fall in with B., Mr. Boobitty, and C., Mr. Coobitty.

At a distance of twelve yards you catch sight of one another. "Hullo," says A. to himself, "here's Boobitty and Coobitty." Straightway he feels that in the approaching engagement he will be overpowered by numbers. He looks to the right, he looks to the left, with half a mind to dare the perils of a crowded road, rather than encounter the united forces of Boobitty and Coobitty. "They've seen me," he reasons with himself, and very cowardice impels him onward towards his fate. Irresolutely smiling, in painful consciousness of his weakness, and, with his head so well in hand (if I may be allowed) as to be ready to return the slightest acknowledgment on their part.

While A. is thus bracing himself up, B. says to C., interrogatively, not being quite sure as to the extent of the latter's intimacy with A., "Why that's A., isn't it?"

"Yes," returns C., guarding against any display of

emotion, which might possibly be offensive to B. "So it is."

From the moment that they are aware of your proximity, a sudden blight falls upon their conversation. It is sustained, if at all, with difficulty. A few steps and A. meets B. and C. face to face.

Now comes a puzzler ; with which of the two is A. first to shake hands? He avoids the difficulty by offering this manual greeting to neither. This negative commencement produces an air of constraint, and all three are obviously embarrassed. A. tries to notice impartially both B. and C. at a glance ; and is uncomfortably impressed with a sense of utter failure in the attainment of his object. In his opening sentence he makes a similar attempt, and is equally unsuccessful.

A. (looking from B. to C.) Well, you two? (*Focosely.*) Where are *you* going to? Eh?

This is false step, bordering, in fact, upon an impertinence ; as such it is resented by B.

B. (in an offhand manner). Oh, nowhere.

This, of course, is absurd ; and so Boobitty feels, for he immediately adds, "at least, nowhere particular," which is as much as to say, "Wherever it is, we don't want *your* company, my hearty."

During this exchange, Coobitty, whose right arm is supported by Boobitty's left, becomes deeply interested in the passers-by, equestrian, currustrian, or pedestrian, and apparently pays no sort of attention to the duologue.

A. (conscious of having been snubbed). Oh!—Ah—um—

well—er. (*Then suddenly inspired*). You're both of you looking very well.

This, you see, is but a multiplication of the old conventionalism.

C. (*unwillingly lugged into the conversation*). Yes—I'm—a—(*Relieves himself from further embarrassment by pretending a curiosity about a dashing young lady on horseback.*) Who's that, do you know?

This is addressed to B., who "ought to know," he says, "but doesn't." A. can't even lay claim to acquaintance with the features of the fair creature, and owns that "he hasn't got the smallest idea."

B. (*to whose mind, after looking at A. for a few seconds, an idea presents itself*). You're in Town now?

A. (*dubiously, as if he wasn't*). Ye-es. (*Wishing to interest B.*) I suppose you are too? Eh!

B. (*decisively, as if Town couldn't get on without him*). Oh yes, yes. For some time.

Up to this point the dialogue has not been so preternaturally sparkling as to preclude the necessity of introducing some enlivening topic. A., oppressed by the fact that he is the third party, the one *de trop*, makes a last effort to be brilliant before pursuing his onward course. He remembers a common friend, and with an air of great anxiety, asks, "Do either of you—" Note how cunningly he tackles them both, "Do either of you remember—er—(*Suddenly forgets all about it*)—er—dear me, what is the fellow's name? You know, he used to—um—Lor'!—You'd know the name if I mentioned it, directly."

C. looks at B. inquiringly, and B. (without the most remote notion of whom either A. or himself is talking). Do you mean E.?

A. (who doesn't know what he means). No, not E. It began with——

Here occurs an incident requiring, on the part of A., the utmost coolness, polite tact and presence of mind. For, while he is yet speaking, a couple of gentlemen, one of whom is a friend of his, saunter past. If A. turns to speak to him, it must appear as if he wished to cut B. and C. If he only nods to F. *en passant*, F. may possibly feel himself slighted. If he takes no notice of the new arrival, it will be for F. to conclude that B. intends a deliberate insult ; and this problem, specially to a nervous man, becomes very difficult of solution. The whole case is, I own, of a complex nature, and it may be, exceptional. Yet must one be prepared. In order, therefore, properly to grasp this stupendous subject, and cut the knot sharply but delicately, I will commend the position to my readers' careful study, begging them to send me their ideas as to how *they* personally should act ; and it shall be my task to point out to them, should not their own ingenuity or experience render my services unnecessary, the only proper method of gracefully extricating themselves from this perplexing predicament ; giving them, to speak, as heretofore, alphabetically, and in some sort, algebraically, the process whereby A. is to be eliminated.

CHAPTER VI.



IN the last paper upon this subject I entangled my travellers in a complication of street conversations, and in that network I, somewhat unfairly, as it may seem to a few of the Unthinking, left them. The case proposed was one requiring deliberation. To it, I will, at some future time, venture a return, since it appears to me, that I have incautiously advanced my students into the sixth book, as it were, of street-conversational problems, before they have thoroughly mastered the rudiments of the first.

Let us then consider the Triologue, Quartologue, and Quintologue, &c., as subjects above our reach for the present. Let the last number be unto us as an interpolation ; and, herein we will continue the subject of the Simple Duologue.

And, be it known unto all men, that the present writer's object is, not merely to find fault with the mode and style of such street conversations as come under his notice, but to improve, or rather to induce his fellow-man, by a careful cultivation of expressions, sentences, salutations, and valedictions, to improve the art of Travelling Talk, hitherto so lamentably neglected by even the highly-educated classes of Great Britain, and I may, without offence, add, Ireland. To this end speaks your Peripatetic Philosopher.

A few there are who, determined to import something of originality into their dialogue, will, after the exchange of the first unanswered greetings (I need not repeat them), come down upon you with the statement of a fact, or a piece of news, which demands a show of interest upon the part of the person addressed. As thus, the invariable prelude being finished :—

A. Well? (*Looks at B. smilingly, wondering if he's going to say anything.*)

B. Well? (*Would like to make some remark upon the weather, but thinks he'd better leave that for a last resort, in case nothing better turns up.*)

A. I saw Charley in Town yesterday.

B. (*not at the moment remembering who Charley is*). No ; did you ?

A. Yes. He's in Town now.

B. Oh ! (*Here the conversation would come to an abrupt conclusion, but that B. summons up sufficient courage to observe in an inquiring tone.*) You mean Charley Twiggletop ?

A. No, no. Charley ; my Brother. (*He says this, as if it were absurd to suppose any other Charley could possibly be intended.*)

“Oh !” says B., implying that this explanation has materially altered the question, whatever the question might, could, would, or should have been.

A., having stated his fact, can only further impress it upon B. by repetition. “Yes,” says he, “I saw him yesterday.”

"Ah, indeed!" returns B., to whom it now suddenly occurs, that Charley, being his informant's brother, he, B., ought to exhibit some extraordinary interest in him; so, with this idea, he adds, "I should like to see him."

"Well," answers A., "he'll be in Town for some time."

"Oh!" says B., and seeing that he has necessarily committed himself to a visit, feels compelled to ask, "Is he staying at——?" This question ends with a blank form, to be filled up by the other party.

A. No; he's at home. (*This answer is intentionally vague, A. not being quite sure as to whether a call from B. would be desirable.*)

B. Oh! at ——? (*Blank again, to be filled up.*)

A. (*who won't fill up the blank, and, thinking it high time to finish the duologue, begins to move off, saying jocosely and sociably.*) Yes—same old shop. Glad to see you. Mind you drop in.

B. I will, with pleasure. (*Then, with a view to probing the depth of this hearty invitation, says*) When?

A. (*seeing through it, and not to be done.*) Oh! any time, any time. Good-bye! (*adding more heartily than ever,*) take care of yourself. (*Goes off quickly.*)

B., taking this last unnecessary piece of advice as an impertinence, merely smiles knowingly, concealing his thought by a pleasant double nod.

Now, you see, in the foregoing example, B. is undoubtedly at a disadvantage. A. comes prepared with his statement. This same piece of information, you may be sure, A. will

repeat over and over again to everyone whom he may meet, for the next week to come. After seven days or so, his commencement will be thus varied :—

“Charley was in Town last week.”

Then, in due course,

“Charley was in Town a fortnight ago.”

After a month his single bit of information will assume this form :—

“Oh ! Charley was in Town some little time ago.”

And finally, retrospective observation yields to the prospective, and A. tells you, with increased pleasure, that

“He expects Charley up in Town shortly,” or

“Charley’s coming up next week.”

Thus, my dear students, you will note how great an advantage it is to be possessed of one invariable subject of conversation, which, by a mere mutation of time, will serve you during an entire existence. Perhaps you may be, unfortunately, obliged to substitute some other name for the familiar one so often used. Ah ! even in the midst of these most superficial dialogues of the streets, we stumble upon a Reality ; and if it should one day chance that, when we meet A., he omits the old formula concerning his brother Charley, let us be cautious how we mention what he avoids. Yes, my fellow-students, in the casual meetings of the merest acquaintances, each, under cover of the hackneyed greetings and the stalest forms of conventional salutation, may be practising the most thoughtful and courteous consideration for the feelings of the other. There are times, when the depth of the hatband will be, not only a valid

excuse, but a sufficient reason, for discussing the state of the weather, the aspect of the country, present and future, the police news of the day's papers, or last night's Debate in the House.

CHAPTER VII.



TRULY the Peripatetic is also among the Preachers ! A thousand pardons for having detained you cooling your heels in the street. You will be crystallised where you stand ; or, if it be a broiling hot day and you wear goloshes, your sole may be sticking to the flagstones ; *anima tua adhæsit pavimento*. A little exertion ! good ! Let us rouse ourselves, like merry merry men on a peculiar sort of day, (for further particulars see the popular glee by the late Sir H. Bishop), and bestir ! bestir !

To return.

He who adopts the Caroline or Charleian method, has great advantages over the man of unsettled plan. *Mrs. Gamp*, it occurs to me, was a Professor of this method. She never could fail in a conversation, as long as she stuck to her *Mrs. Harris*. Make therefore for yourself a *Mrs. Harris*. All difficulty vanishes at once ; never shall you falter in a duologue.

Thus : You make Wiggins your conversation-peg.

Good. You meet X : How are you, &c., &c., &c.

“Wiggins asked after you the other day,” you then begin. If your friend is taken aback, as he probably will be, or does

not wish to own his ignorance of one, who appears to have felt such an interest in his welfare, he will say, as if in pleased surprise. "Did he?"

Upon which it is evident that you have it all your own way, and can continue in what strain you will. For instance,

"Yes! he says he never sees you now." Here your friend may feel compelled to account for not having been seen by Wiggins: if he doesn't make any remark, go on. "By the way, I fancy he's going to be married. I don't know, I merely fancy so." This may lead to a confession; if not, continue:—"I should like you two to dine with me, at the Club, one of these days." Of course he will be delighted to meet Wiggins, and may admit at this point, that he can't call to mind where he has become acquainted with Wiggins, though, he will inform you, the name seems familiar to him. "Oh!" you will answer, "he knows you, well enough, by reputation." This will please him, whoever he is. "And you must meet him. What do you say to one day next week?" Your friend has nothing to say to one day next week, or next month for that matter; but after some show of consideration, he tells you that "he shall be disengaged on certain days," and then looks at you, expecting the invitation forthwith. "Very good," you reply. "Then I'll ask Wiggins, and find out when he can come. Good-bye. Don't forget." As you move away, be very particular on calling out, "Don't forget!" it's just as good, real, and as hearty as if you had given your friend a positive invitation, date and time fixed. He departs, impressed with the idea that he's going to dine with you, on one day next week to meet Wiggins, and subse-

quently accepts other *bond fide* invitations conditionally. Well, the dinner never comes off. What of that? At some future time you two meet again. "Well," says he, quite seriously, "I suppose you couldn't get Wiggins." You must take care that this does not throw you off your guard; for ten to one but you have forgotten all about the proposed Wigginsian festivity. Be ready: do not appear puzzled—saying, "Wiggins! let me see—let me see—Wiggins!" or he *may* find you out, and, henceforth, in all conversations with *him*, you'll have to be provided with some new topic; which is vexatious. You will therefore say "Ah! old Wiggins; he's *so* busy I can't get away for a moment! But he's going to take a holiday very soon, and then—then—my boy—we'll—; here, wink knowingly, or use any action or facial expression, that will best describe the Indescribable, without committing yourself to anything. And then? Well then,—

Well—what then?

On my word I am disgusted. I give it up as a bad job. Do I not well to be angry? After preaching all this time, after pointing out unto my fellow-citizens the faults in their every-day street conversations, hang me if they are not just as bad as ever they were!

Can I struggle with the inevitable? I am a Peripatetic, and to me is not the Stoical patience. Yet will I make a last attempt at a reformation. My boy in buttons shall follow me, carrying a Diogenic tub, something between a caviare barrel and a five-gallon cask. This shall he place at the corners of frequented streets, and I, mounted upon the top of it (Buttons will also carry a pair of steps), will fulfil my mission.

CHAPTER VIII.



IRS, I was walking down St. James's Street, observant : from afar off, I noted a gentleman walking towards me, with whom I have more than a slight acquaintance. "Now," said I unto myself, "here comes one who will have something to say for himself,—one who, as *Falstaff* hath it, will 'Talk wisely, and in the street, too ;' whose senses will not be scattered before the breath of my salutation, like chaff before the wind." I knew him to be a careful student of these papers ; and at a recent dinner-party he had entertained me with his highly instructive and interesting conversation. Intending that my own form of salutation, and his direct answer to it, should be a model for all passers-by, I stopped him, and greeted him in a loud tone, thus :—

"Ah ! my dear Mister Guzzle ! How *do* you do ?"

To which he *should* have replied,

"Quite well," or "Far from well, I thank you, my dear Mister Peripatetic."

But, alas ! for this great creature—this man of science—this brilliant dinner-conversationalist !—he was—how can I express it ?—he was flabbergasted ! I am not sure of the exact meaning of the word, but I am interiorly convinced of

its sense, and do here affirm that if ever a man *was* flabbergasted, Guzzle was that flabbergasted individual. He said, with an idiotic smile, too, that meant nothing, "Ah ! How d 'ye do ?"

Oh, contemptible Conventionalism ! enchaining even the spirits most impatient of control ! I pitied, and gave him another chance—

"Thank you," said I, with much emphasis, "*I am very well.*"

This method, you will observe, was adopted by me, in order to show him, that, though *his* question, coming, as it did, in the second place, had been courteously met, *mine*, put first, still remained unanswered.

He lost his opportunity : he took no heed of the opening thus afforded to him. It was *his* turn to speak, so I held my tongue, wisely, and my breath, anxiously. The words came at last—

"Well," said he, "how do these East winds suit you, eh ?"

Oh, heavens ! Had I not already told him that I was Quite Well ? If it had *not* been so, why should I have lied unto him ? If the East winds *had* done me injury, I should, in my answer to his first question, have made it my theme.

Thus, then, I silenced him ; reading him a lesson which I sincerely hope he will never forget :—"Sir," I answered, in a Johnsonian style (my friends tell me that I resemble the great Doctor—specially at dinner) : this by the way. "Sir, had the meteorological" (I can say this word very effectively, dividing it into well-enunciated syllables), "had the meteo-ro-logical"—take your *meteo* short and crisp, *ro* very long,

finishing up with a very rapid *lōgīcāl*, as if your pronouncing machinery had got wrong, and was running down with a whizzle—"Sir, had the mětěō-rō-lōgīcāl fluctuations of this variable climate in any degree affected my general state of salubrity" (here I took breath), "I should have made you acquainted with the interesting fact, when replying satisfactorily" (this word *must* be given with two *l*'s, if you're to make anything of it at all—thus, *satisfac-torilly*) "to the question, which you have already thought proper to put to me. Sir, you have not given me any answer to *my* question, as to the state of yqur own health; I must therefore suppose, that, you either have 'no health to speak of,' or that you consider any inquiry of this kind, upon my part, as an instance of such unwarrantable curiosity, as has not its parallel in the history of created man. I regret, Sir, that your disdainful conduct has necessitated these observations, and I now leave you, trusting that my words may not be entirely thrown away upon you. Fare you well!"

With that I, lifting up my hat towards high Heaven, with stately gait pursued my onward course, and left him quailing where he stood.

Proudly wayfaring, I proceeded Pall-Mallwards. At this point I hide my face in my hands—I weep bitter tears of humiliation. I have fallen! *Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa!* I fell, in the street; on that pavement of which I was the strutting Chanticleer!

My fall was moral. In the ears of two sentinels guarding British Art, in the ears of certain members of the Oxford and Cambridge Club—not to mention nursery-maids,

nondescript loungers, a commissionnaire, a War Office clerk, and an intelligent policeman, who had overheard my previous exhortation, and had followed me from St. James's Street, bent upon instruction—yes! in their hearing I fell with a great ruin, and, to the honour of their charity, be it spoken, they did not point the fingers of scorn at me.

I will tell all. To me, conscious of rectitude, there came a jaunty young fellow, who, by profession, is a barrister, but by practice is not. He seized my hand—"How d'ye do? How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" said he.

"Ah!" said I, "HOW ARE YOU?"

Flying words! Irrevocable!

Fiendish laughter rang in my ears. I fled—past the sentinels, through St. James's Park, to the ducks—

"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Oh, horrid chorus! cruel imputation! I sped onward, onward, onward.

"Hallo! old fellow!" cried Young Sumwun, in a fast Hansom, "HOW ARE YOU?"

Gracious Powers! I had not even a second given to me to frame a reply. He was gone—gone, perhaps, for ever! and his question still unanswered. I jumped into a cab, imploring the driver to pursue that rapid Hansom. I was determined that I would retrieve the miserable past, and answer his question at all hazards. We dashed after him. We had gone nigh to catch him, when there met us a four-wheeler, with luggage on the top, likewise being driven furiously. "Hallo!" cries Doodle, from within, "HOW ARE YOU?"

The answer stuck in my throat, like *Amen* in *Macbeth's*. Should I turn back? No, my bounden duty was to answer in order, beginning of course with Young Sumwun, who was number one.

And yet—at this moment an omnibus stopped the way. “Ah!” cries a voice from the knife-board, where Noodle was seated, like a sweet little cherub aloft, “HOW ARE YOU?”

I thank my stars! Humbly, heartily, do I thank my stars, that I was able to answer *him*.

“I am far from well, I thank you, Noodle!” said I, loudly, yet modulating my voice with a bass, as it were, of melancholy.

The omnibus ceased to obstruct our passage, and our conversation was thus abruptly terminated. I had been permitted to redeem the past, and as further pursuit of the Hansom would have been expensive, I paid the Cabman, and hurried to my own *sanctum*.

CHAPTER IX.



HY should we not touch upon Equestrian dialogues, having done with Pedestrians?

The Horse presents at once a subject for remark, and removes all difficulty in opening a street conversation. Whether you understand a horse's points, or not, is of no consequence. A. is on horseback, and B. is on foot. If both were pedestrians they would be at a loss for a topic, merely repeating some few of the inanities, which have been, in these papers, so often reprobated. As it is, B. is the first to speak, and either placing his hand on the horse's mane, if near enough to the kerb, or critically examining his hoofs, he says,

"That's a nice animal you've got there."

B. calls him an animal, as if uncertain whether it is a cow, a pig, or a buffalo that his friend is bestriding.

"Yes," replies A., slightly stooping forward, and patting the horse; "he's not bad."

"A very nice nag," says B., who will not commit himself to particularising, by calling it a mare, or a horse. He would probably like to venture upon saying something about a cob or a filly; but as names of this sort are likely to lead the user of them into the difficulties of an unknown country, he adopts the safer course of generalising.

"Have you had it any time?" he inquires. Observe that B. does not venture upon saying Him or Her. Of course it is perfectly immaterial to him whether the horse has belonged to A. for one, seven, fourteen, twenty-one, or any other term of years.

"Yes," says A., vaguely, being quite aware that whatever information he may give is a matter of not the slightest interest to his interrogator; "I've had him some time." He then adds in an off-hand manner,

"He suits *me* very well."

This is to give B. to understand that *his* opinion, whatever it may be, will have not the slightest weight with A., and therefore B. need not trouble himself to form one.

"Yes," returns B., "he looks a good, useful,—er—sort of —er—"

B. has some difficulty in finishing the sentence: he doesn't like the sound of "horse." Mare, from his friend's conversation, is evidently not the word; and it sounds insulting to call him a beast.

So, after a few seconds of er-er-erring, during which he eyes the hind quarters, he happily hits upon a way out of his muddle.

"Yes," says he, making a sort of corrected copy of his speech, "a very useful sort of creature."

"I only hack him," observes A.

"Ah!" returns B., as if this was exactly what he had expected.

"You don't ride much yourself, eh?" asks A., feeling that it is his turn to start afresh.

Mark what an absurd form of question this is. B. either rides or he does not. If he rides, he rides, himself ; whether much or little is not to the purpose. It is himself who rides, when he does ride.

"No, not much *now*," answers B.

By this B. would imply, that, at one time, he used to keep six horses at least, and ride every day and all day.

"Going into the Park?" asks B.

"Yes, I think so," answers A., hereby implying that his friend can't suggest any better destination for an equestrian.

"Well," says B. "Good-bye."

The horseman only nods a farewell, and so they part company.

The above dialogue, translated for general use, will run as follows, and should be learnt by all Equepedestrian Conversationalists :—

B. I see you are on horseback and I'm afoot ; but you're not a bit the better for all that. I speak to you because I rather like to be seen talking to a man showily mounted.

A. I permit you to stop and talk to me, because I feel some sort of pity for your situation on the pavement.

B. I don't know anything about a horse, but it's not worth while abusing it, so I may as well say it's a nice animal.

A. My dear B., I don't care a rap for your opinion one way or the other, but as you say it *is* a nice animal, I do not mind informing you that you are right.

B. I should like to find fault with him if I could, and, I've no doubt but that a horsedealer would tell you the brute isn't

worth sixpence ; yet, as it in no way concerns me, I repeat that it seems a very useful sort of creature.

A. Yes, and you would be very glad to have such an one yourself. I don't think you can ride, I'm pretty sure you can't afford to keep, or hire, but I'll just flatter you, my poor fellow, by asking you if you ride much yourself? I'll stop for your answer merely out of indolent politeness, only I hope you will give it as quickly as possible, because I've really had quite enough of you.

B. You're not acquainted with my means, and for aught you know, I can ride as often as I like ; however, as you have never, to my knowledge, seen me when mounted, it will be as well to answer that I don't ride much *now*. As an impertinent fellow like you, may ask certain other needless, but uncomfortable questions, I will suggest your pursuing your road immediately, by asking if you're going into the Park.

A. I am, because that's what I came out for ; but I shall not say so for certain to you, or else you'll make a point of following and nodding to me in Rotten Row, or waylaying me at the corner of the Drive. Ta-ta, my poor B., I am for an Equestrian Swagger among Equestrian Fellow-Swaggerers ; for aught I care, while I wave my hand and smile cheerily upon you, you may go to the blank. Ta-ta.

My Mission is accomplished. Henceforth I will be silent ; oysterwise. Dumb until, that is in good Latinity, dumb, *dum* the voice of necessity evokes again the Social Prophet and Reprover.

Farewell, my Pedestrians of Piccadilly. Remember my lessons, short and easy. Give to every man, as his due, such answer as befitteth his question.

Farewell my Equestrians !

Forget not, my Riders, my propositions. Ye mounted ones in Hyde Park, know that Society is Rotten at the Roe.

Farewell !

The voice of the Peripatetic dieth away.

His heart is full : so, soon shall his mouth be.

Lo ! he dineth.

Peace to his Hashes. *Tace !*

THE END.



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